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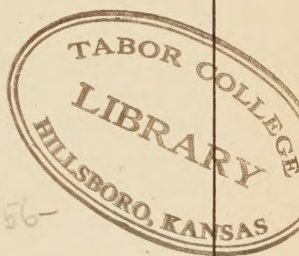
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The Story-Life of Washington

A Life-History in Five Hundred True Stories,
Selected from Original Sources and
Fitted Together in Order

BY
WAYNE WHIPPLE

Author of
"The Story-Life of Lincoln,"
Etc.



With Reproductions of Paintings, Engravings and Manuscripts

1730

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INTRODUCTORY

Remarks about the Real Washington

It has long been the fashion among those writing lives of Washington to state that their readers had never until then enjoyed the privilege of becoming acquainted with the real George Washington. Nearly every recent biographer has announced that he was now taking down the wooden image called "Washington" from its high pedestal and reviving it, somewhat as the statue of Galatea became a living woman before the astonished gaze of Pygmalion, the sculptor who had fashioned her beautiful form in marble. These resuscitations have been going on for a generation, and several of the so-called "true" Washingtons bear hardly a family resemblance to one another, so it is reasonable to infer that some of them, at least, have as little likeness to the great original himself. The variations in the many portraiture are doubtless due, not to the different colors of the eyes of the several painters, but to their varying points of view. Each of these pictures is good, as far as a single full-length portrait can go. It is the intention here to avail ourselves of hundreds of these and focus them together like a composite photograph, or rather, from all sides and angles of view, make a solid, living, moving picture of George Washington and his wonderful career. The well-rounded result shall speak for himself, as far as possible, from his journals, letters, addresses and reported conversations, which have been systematically recorded and carefully preserved, apparently, for the special benefit of the reader of *The Story-Life of Washington*.

Where the personal equation of the biographer cannot

be eliminated entirely, this is shown to be impossible and the reader can make his own allowances. The stories are chosen with an eye single to the aim of *letting*, not *making* the observer see George Washington, as he lived and moved and had his being in and through the troublous times in which his life-lot was cast. These five hundred stories are given, without comment, for the American reader is capable of drawing his own conclusions if he is but permitted to see things as they were. This is one great advantage offered by the *Story-Life*, for by it the present author is enabled, largely, to leave himself out of the narrative. He can shed many lights around the life and character of this wonderful subject, whereas, if he held up only the lantern of his one limited view, he might cast his own shadow across the very object he wishes to show to others.

Still, it is not an unmixed evil, this tendency of the painter to paint himself upon his historic canvas. It is equally natural for the biographer to write his own character into the characterization of his subject. For instance, "Parson" Weems shows little George Washington to have been a small prig, and develops the great George Washington into a pompous, pedantic sort of a demigod. But the writer's personality may relieve and shed light, instead of casting shadows upon the character he portrays. Mark Twain, in his beautiful story of Jeanne d'Arc creates a novel Maid of Orleans, with a keen American sense of humor, using slang of such modern vintage as "ramshackle." In this way the dull but devoted damsel of Domremy is endowed not only with the "*defects* of her own qualities," as the French say, but the *perfections* of the *author's* qualities.

Many writers still inveigh against the Rev. M. L. Weems, but their worst accusations seem to be that he fiddled, and peddled his own books from door to door. As for his making out the little Washington boy a prig, it should be said that all authors for "the young," from Maria Edge-

worth down to the father of the "Rollo books," fabricated little prigs after the same pedantic pattern for the delectation of their readers. As to Weems's painful attempt to evolve a demigod out of his model boy, all the authors and orators of Weems's day, and even later, did the same with regard to Washington. The worst thing about Weems's life, in the opinion of other writers, seems to be that it became popular, and the apocryphal stories in it have continued with us unto this day. It is stated, on good authority, that the hatchet-and-cherry-tree incident did not appear in Weems's "Life of Washington" until 1806, and when some one took him to task for making up that little story, he sweetly smiled and asked, "Was it not good for the boys?" This benevolent bit of fiction seems to be original with Weems, though he was a poor writer, unless the story was really told him by that aged relative, as he states, which is neither impossible nor unlikely. At all events, if the parson errant made up that story "out of whole cloth" with criminal intent, as is often maintained, the evil was overruled for good to Young America, for the cherry-tree incident stands out in bold relief, as almost the only thing in the life of the Father of his Country that the popular mind has grasped, aside from the fact, perhaps, that he was a general in the Revolutionary War and the first President of the United States. The hatchet and the cherries have become symbols in the minds of many millions, of George Washington and truthfulness. A French traveler and *littérateur* has written that the reason American children have come up with a deeper regard for truth than those of any other nation under heaven is because they have been brought up on the story of the little boy Washington's early regard for truth. Dr. Edward Everett Hale claims that this story is as true as many that are told in Plutarch's "Lives."

The very biographers who seem to have no religious regard for truth in the abstract have much to say about

the falsity of the story that Washington, at any time in his life, "could not tell a lie," and stoutly claim that he afterwards overcame that disability—if he ever had it!

It should be remembered especially that "all is fair in love and war," and Washington was much in one or the other, or in both, for he was always attracted by a pretty face, and was fond of drinking tea with a "bevy of females." He was considered a great ladies' man, and is said to have seemed more at his ease among women than among men—later in life, at least. In his earlier days Washington was shy and reserved with everybody but his own family and intimate friends.

Once in a while some one evidently desirous of notoriety, cheap and brief, rushes into the newspapers with so-called proof that George Washington perjured himself, on occasion, by swearing away a small sum in taxes. It is sometimes stated, on the same kind of authority, that John Hancock, Sam Adams, and other Revolutionary patriots and leaders, were frauds and embezzlers, going into the rebellion business for what they could get out of it. Nothing could be more ridiculous or inane, for Hancock, as an example, was a merchant prince, with much to lose, in material wealth, and nothing to gain but liberty and self-respect. The British discounted such stories of those "rebels" whom we now call patriots, by discovering at once that they were rascals and guilty of all the crimes in the calendar, besides being traitors and outlaws.

Some of the writers about Washington would like to be called iconoclasts, but they are really scavengers. These are the night-soilers who seem to enjoy circulating unsavory tales about the Founder and Father of his Country, and who take pleasure in quoting Thomas Carlyle, the dyspeptic philosopher, who took ghoulish glee in slapping American visitors in the face with this remark: "Jarge Washington was no' a great mon!" Yet, in spite of the old pessimist's want of perspective, and his consequent admiration for

Napoleon, Carlyle's favorite, was a colossal failure and Washington became an immortal success. Napoleon, at close range, illustrated the Right of Might, while Washington is demonstrating to the ages the Might of Right.

"Seek and ye shall find" apparently applies to vices as well as virtues. A man is not like a chain, only as strong as its weakest link. Men should be measured by their strongest points. It is unfair not only to Washington but to the American people to disparage or explain away his true greatness. It is unworthy and mean to teach the rising generation that young Washington earned a reputation for being close-mouthed because he had unsightly teeth, and his solemnity, in later life, was due to the fact that his "false" teeth fell down whenever he laughed—statements which bear only a remote resemblance to the truth and are more dangerous than out-and-out lies. The neighbors and friends of a great man are not the best judges of his greatness. It is stated, on good authority, that Washington's last years were embittered by the knowledge that if he had allowed his name to be used for a third term of the presidency, Virginia, his own State, would not have voted for him, though the other twelve would gladly have elected him again. With a great man it is as with a high mountain, a low hill viewed from a nearer point may hide the loftiest peak. There are still living in Springfield, Illinois, men who "knew Lincoln," yet they are eager to tell any newcomer that there were a dozen greater men right in Springfield when Abraham Lincoln only happened to be nominated and elected to the presidency.

A Scotch neighbor, Davie Burns, who had owned the field in which Washington was superintending the building of "the President's palace," and had sold much of his land for the site of the national capital, gave expression to a warped and petty estimate of the greatness of the Father of his Country one day, when Washington called to remon-

strate with him about hindering the hauling of stone across his land from the river landing to the place where the "palace" was in process of erection. The former President reminded the peppery little Scotchman that the building of the President's house and of the "Federal City" there had been the making of David Burns, and but for that the disoblighing Scot would still be a poor tobacco planter. Old Davie's "Scotch" was up in an instant.

"Aye, mon," he retorted, "an' what would *you* have bean, Meesther Washington, if ye hadn' merried the Widdy Coostis an' all her *naygurs*? Ye'd 'a' bean a land surveyor the day, an' a *mighty puir ane a' that!*"

Cranky old Davie Burns's notion must have been a novel one to Washington, but it was not so strange as the misconceptions of his character expressed in some of the many histories, stories and articles on Washington. Weems's maudlin ideas have been referred to. Sparks's editing the human life out of Washington's correspondence, to make him a model, did much toward making him a wooden image instead.

Little is known of Washington's mother. Most writers, assuming that he got his greatness from his mother, try to "restore" her whole life from incomplete fragments, as the scientists reconstruct a whole animal of which they have found a single joint. They reason in a circle, evidently saying to themselves, "He must have got his greatness from his mother, therefore she was a grand woman, and had a mighty influence in moulding his great character, so he must have resembled his mother, therefore his mother must have looked like her illustrious son." As a matter of fact, Washington himself claimed to resemble his father in appearance and character.

Mary Washington's too narrow devotion to her eldest son would have interfered with his grand career if he had always heeded her wishes. Though obedient to and considerate of her, the time came when the call of his country

was stronger than his mother's. Late in life her complaints that he neglected her were a grief and annoyance to him, especially when she persisted in accepting financial aid from people who were no relation to her, by giving the impression that she was in needy circumstances, after she had been amply provided for by her celebrated son. On several occasions George mildly expressed his displeasure at this trait of his mother's, in letters to his brother and sister. But the annoyance he felt did not warrant a recent writer in making Washington give vent at every turn, in a supposed biography, to sarcastic reflections on his mother—years after her death! Whatever provocation Mary Washington may have given her son, such pettishness in his attitude toward his mother was entirely out of character.

In gathering, from a hundred sources, largely from the many admirable biographies extant, over five hundred stories, some of which have never been in print, it is the intention to show Washington in many lights, but to keep the resultant impression in a temperate middle ground, while a few extravagant conceits are inserted to show the absurd lengths to which some writers have permitted themselves to go, somewhat as a theologian might flash certain "side-lights from profane history" upon a Scriptural narrative.

It is not generally known that Washington had a broad sense of humor. He greatly enjoyed jests, sometimes good-natured practical jokes, and generally welcomed a chance to laugh. It is said that even during the "long and dreary winter" at Valley Forge, he found relief now and then from the sadness and misery of his environment in hearty laughter. He showed a disposition to make the best of everything, even to laughing until the tears rolled down his cheeks over the sallies of his adopted children and friends who visited Mount Vernon. He made many gibes himself at the expense of a certain "blue-blooded" jackass which had been presented to him by the

king of Spain,—sometimes comparing the solemn little beast to his former owner, the king himself!

A good story is told of two judges, Washington's nephew, Bushrod, and John Marshall, long Chief Justice of the United States, who came to pay the Washingtons a visit of respect. Not wishing to present themselves, travel-stained and dusty, at Mount Vernon, they turned aside into a grove on the estate to change their clothing throughout. When they were completely stripped, their colored body-servant opened the portmanteau to give them their changes of raiment, but found nothing for them to put on but an assortment of tape, needles, thread, fancy soaps, perfumery and the like. The man had exchanged packs with a peddler at the last inn. The consternation on the servant's countenance and the absurdity of their predicament set the two visitors laughing at each other. The master of Mount Vernon, who happened to be near, came at once to inquire into the cause of this merriment. Recognizing the dignified members of the judiciary in the undress of the Garden of Eden, dancing about in his grove like a pair of satyrs, hiding among the trees, and comprehending at a glance their ludicrous plight, Washington, the solemn and austere, was so overcome that he threw himself upon the ground and rolled over and over, holding his sides, convulsed and shrieking with uncontrollable laughter!

This is wholly at variance with the popular notion of the distant, cold, and taciturn First President of the United States. Story after story is to be found in this collection illustrating Washington's warm-heartedness and hospitality. In a letter he mentioned the fact that he and his wife would have to sit down to dinner that day without a guest, *the first time in twenty years*. One visitor at Mount Vernon tells of his astonishment, after retiring for the night, to see the stately form of George Washington enter the room,—looking more gigantic than ever because clothed in his

nightshirt—coming to bring his guest a cup of hot tea for his cold, about which the host was most solicitous, though Washington would never take anything for a cold himself.

These glimpses of his humanity, hospitality and humor are agreeable and refreshing, helping us to understand and love him as we learn to know the real Washington. Although he was not, himself, like Lincoln, a master storyteller, the greatest writers of history and fiction have related many thrilling and beautiful stories, and have narrated much that is full of keen and lively interest about the Father of his Country. From Washington's own diaries, which he faithfully kept nearly all his life, his letters, his addresses and state papers, much good material has been drawn which should reveal the actual life of Washington.

The Story-Life of Washington is designed to give true views of the First American from every point of vantage, leaving the reader to see and feel and know the great Washington. This is presented as a *life*, and not a *libel* on that great and good man,—“first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.” There are many questions about which historians do not agree. But “when doctors disagree, who shall decide?” After all the facts and facets of his character are presented and illuminated, who shall be better able to recognize the real George Washington than the reader himself?

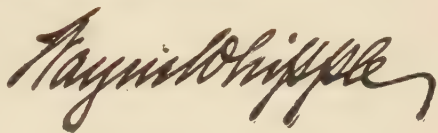
A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "August Whipple". The script is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping tail on the final letter.

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The Story-Life of Washington

CHAPTER I

WASHINGTON'S ANTECEDENTS

Genealogy of the Washington Family

The Washington family is of ancient English stock, the genealogy of which has been traced up to the century immediately succeeding the Conquest. At that time it was in the possession of landed estates and manorial privileges in the county of Durham, such as were enjoyed only by those or their descendants, who had come over from Normandy with the Conqueror, or fought under his standard. When William the Conqueror laid waste the whole country north of the Humber, in punishment of the insurrection of the Northumbrians, he apportioned the estates among his followers, and advanced Normans and other foreigners to the principal ecclesiastical dignities. One of the most wealthy and important sees was that of Durham. . . .

The princely prelate of Durham had his barons and knights, who held estates of him on feudal tenure, and were bound to serve him in peace and war. . . .

Among the knights who held estates in the palatinate on these warlike conditions was William de Hertburn, the progenitor of Washington. His Norman name of William would seem to point out his national descent; and the family long continued to have Norman names of baptism. The surname of De Hertburn was taken from a village in the palatinate, which he held of the bishop in knight's fee; probably the same now called Hartburn, on the banks of

the Tees. It had become a custom among the Norman families of rank, about the time of the Conquest, to take surnames from their castles or estates; it was not till some time afterwards that surnames became generally assumed by the people.

How or when the De Hertburns first acquired possession of their village is not known. They may have been companions in arms with Robert de Brus (or Bruce), a noble knight of Normandy, rewarded by William the Conqueror with great possessions in the North, and among others, with the lordships of Hert and Hertness in the county of Durham.

The first actual mention we find of the family is in the "Bolden Book," a record of all the lands appertaining to the diocese in 1183. In this it is stated that William de Hertburn had exchanged his village of Hertburn for the manor and village of Wessyngton. . . . The family changed its surname with its estate, and thenceforward assumed that of De Wessyngton.

When Richard Cœur de Lion put everything at pawn and sale to raise funds for a crusade to the Holy Land, . . . the De Wessyngtons might have followed the banner of St. Cuthbert to the holy wars.

Nearly seventy years afterwards we find the family still retaining its manorial estate in the palatinate. The names of Bondo de Wessyngton and William his son appear on charters of land, granted in 1257 to religious houses. . . . On the list of loyal knights who fought for their sovereign in the disastrous battle of Lewes (1264), in which the king was taken prisoner, we find the name of William Weshington, of Weshington. . . .

In the reign of Edward III we find the De Wessyngtons still mingling in chivalrous scenes. The name of Sir Stephen de Wessyngton appears on a list of knights (nobles chevaliers) who were to tilt at a tournament at Dunstable in 1334. He bore for his device a golden rose on an azure field. . . .

Such were the warlike and stately scenes in which the De Wessyngtons were called to mingle by their feudal duties as knights of the palatinate. A few years after the last event (1350) William, at that time lord of the manor of Wessyngton, had license to settle it and the village upon himself, his wife, and "his own right heirs." He died in 1367, and his son and heir William succeeded to the estate. The latter is mentioned under the name of Sir William de Weschington, as one of the knights who sat in the privy council of the county during the episcopate of John Fordham. . . .

For upwards of two hundred years the De Wessyngtons had now sat in the councils of the palatinate; had mingled with horse and hound in the stately hunts of its prelates, and followed the banner of St. Cuthbert to the field; but Sir William, just mentioned, was the last of the family that rendered this feudal service. He was the last male of the line to which the inheritance of the manor, by the license granted to his father, was confined. It passed away from the De Wessyngtons, after his death, by the marriage of his only daughter and heir, Dionisia, with Sir William Temple of Studley. By the year 1400 it had become the property of the Blaykestones.

But though the name of De Wessyngton no longer figured on the chivalrous roll of the palatinate, it continued for a time to flourish in the cloisters. In the year 1416, John de Wessyngton was elected prior of the Benedictine convent attached to the cathedral. . . .

Finally, after fighting divers good fights for the honor of his priory and filling the abbot's chair for thirty years, he died, to use an ancient phrase, "in all the odor of sanctity," in 1446, and was buried like a soldier on his battlefield, at the door of the north aisle of his church, near to the altar of St. Benedict. On his tombstone was an inscription in brass, now unfortunately obliterated, which may have set forth the valiant deeds of this Washington of the cloisters.

By this time the primitive stock of the De Wessyngtons had separated into divers branches, holding estates in various parts of England; some distinguishing themselves in the learned professions, others receiving knighthood for public services. Their names are to be found honorably recorded in county histories, or engraved on monuments in time-worn churches and cathedrals, those garnering places of English worthies. By degrees the seignorial sign of the *de* disappeared from before the family name, which also varied from Wessyngton to Wassington, Wasshington, and finally to Washington. A parish in the county of Durham bears the name as last written, and in this probably the ancient manor of Wessyngton was situated. There is another parish of the name in the county of Sussex.

The branch of the family to which our Washington immediately belongs sprang from Laurence Washington, Esquire, of Gray's Inn, son of John Washington, of Warton, in Lancashire. This Laurence Washington was for some time mayor of Northampton, and on the dissolution of the priories by Henry VIII he received, in 1538, a grant of the manor of Sulgrave, in Northamptonshire, with other lands in the vicinity, all confiscated property formerly belonging to the monastery of St. Andrew's.

Sulgrave remained in the family until 1620, and was commonly called "Washington's manor."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, pp. 25 to 38.

Early Ancestry of Washington's Mother

The courtly knight, Sir John Froissart, the famous chronicler of the time of the Plantagenets, drew with a brilliant pen a bold sketch of a "crazy preacher of Kent," as he called him, who was an irrepressible reformer, and a leader in Wat Tyler's rebellion against the nobility of England in the 14th century.

John Ball was the mad preacher. He was of the class of married priests so hated and harried by St. Dunstan

centuries before. A sturdy democrat—a prototype of the socialists and nihilists of our time—John Ball, for fully twenty years before he was silenced by the sharp and conclusive argument of the executioner's axe, had harangued the yeomen in Kentish churchyards, in market-places, and at fairs, always taking for his text his favorite couplet—

“When Adam delv'd and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?”

Every Sunday, after mass, as the people came out of the church, they gathered about John Ball. On one of these occasions, he exclaimed, says the chronicler, “My good friends, things cannot go on well in England, nor ever will, until everything shall be in common; when there shall neither be vassal nor lord, and all distinctions leveled; when the lords shall be no more masters than ourselves. How ill they have used us, and for what reason do they thus hold us in bondage? Are we not all descended from the same parents, Adam and Eve? and what can they show, or what reasons give, why they should be more the masters than ourselves?—except, perhaps, in making us labor and work for them to spend in their pride. They are clothed in velvets and rich stuffs, ornamented with ermine and other furs, while we are forced to wear poor clothes. They have wines, spices, and fine bread, when we have only rye and the refuse of straw; and, if we drink, it must be water. They have handsome seats and manors, when we must brave the wind and rain in our labors in the field; but it is from our labor they have wherewith to support their pomp. We are called slaves; and if we do not perform our services, we are beaten, and we have not any sovereign to whom we can complain, or who wishes to hear us and do justice.”

The people murmured, “John Ball speaks the truth.” But for these utterances he was imprisoned by the Archbishop of Canterbury. This act, and an unjust tax levied at about that time, set England ablaze, from sea to sea,

with popular indignation. A hundred thousand Kentish men and others led by Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, entered Canterbury (1381), plundered the Archbishop's palace, took John Ball from prison, and set him on a horse as their leader, and pressed on towards London, killing every lawyer by the way—"for not till they are killed will the land enjoy freedom," shouted the peasants. They sang doggerel ditties, many of them composed by John Ball, which were scattered among the people to arouse them to revolt.

One of them ran thus:

"John Ball, Greeteth you all,
And doth for to Understand he hath rung your Bell,
Now Right and Might, Will and Skill,
God speed every Dele.
Now reigneth Pride in Price,
And Covetise is counted Wise,
And Lechery without Shame,
And Gluttony without Blame," etc.

King Richard II. just enthroned, was then a lad of sixteen. Advised by his mother, he acted wisely, though deceitfully, at this crisis, in quelling the insurrection, by meeting the malcontents face to face.

"We will," shouted the insurgent peasants, "that you free us forever, we and our lands, and that we be never named or held as serfs."

"I grant it," cried Richard; and he bade them go home, pledging himself to issue charters and forgiveness, a pledge intended to be broken. The insurgents dispersed, all but about thirty thousand who remained with Wat Tyler to watch over the fulfilment of the royal pledge. A quarrel with the mayor of London brought on a conflict. Wat Tyler was killed. John Ball and Jack Straw were seized, and their heads (cut off by the king's command) were, with Tyler's, displayed upon pikes on London Bridge.

What has all this to do with Mary, the mother of

Washington? it may be asked. Much—it may be *very* much. Possibly the democratic spirit of our beloved patriot was inherited through a long line of ancestry from the “mad preacher of Kent.” Washington’s mother was Mary Ball, of English descent, the second wife of his father, and there are weighty reasons for believing that she was a lineal descendant from John Ball, the mediæval champion of the rights of man.

Mary and Martha, Benson J. Lossing, LL. D., pp. 1 to 6.

Two Ancestral Homes

Of the many thousands of Americans who throng to Stratford every year, perhaps only a small number are aware that the ancestral home of the Washingtons is only a few miles away. Still smaller is the number who make a pilgrimage to Sulgrave or to Brington, ten miles further, though the memories and traditions of these places are so closely connected with the ancestors of the Father of his Country. True, his stately home by the Potomac is not neglected by his countrymen, but every American should be deeply interested in the English forefathers of the man who more than any other, freed them from the “rule of kings.”

We turned into a narrow byway leading to Wormleighton, in whose ancient church there are records chronicling the marriage of Robert Washington in 1565 and the birth of his son George in 1608, antedating his famous namesake in America by more than a century. It would even now be hard to follow on the map this maze of byroads which we threaded, winding between hawthorn hedges or gliding beneath the overarching branches of ancient elms; . . . and leading through villages the very embodiment of quiet and repose. And Sulgrave, the cradle of the Washingtons, seemed the sleepest and loneliest of them all—a gray, straggling hamlet with only here and there a dash of color from flower-beds or vivid walls, looking much as

it must have looked when the last Washington was Lord of the Manor, more than three hundred years ago. . . .

A little to one side of the village they pointed out the "Washington House," and we followed a stony path leading into the farmyard, where the good man was just stabling his horses. A typical country woman—of the tenant class—warmly welcomed us at Sulgrave Manor. . . .

We were shown every nook and corner of the curious old house—not an extensive or imposing one, but three hundred years ago domestic accommodations were not elaborate even in the homes of the nobility, and while the Washingtons ranked high among the gentry, they did not possess a title. The house has not been greatly altered, in outward appearance, at least: . . . fortunately, the thick stone wall and heavy oaken beams yield but slowly to time's ravages. The most imposing feature is the solid black-oak staircase with its curiously twisted banisters. . . . Nothing, however, impresses the American visitor so much as the Washington coat-of-arms executed in plaster in one of the gables by the ancient owner. This had suffered much from the weather, but has lately been protected by a glass covering. The outer walls were originally covered with plaster, but this has fallen away in many places, showing the rough stone underneath; and elsewhere masses of ivy half hide the small, square-paned windows. . . . We followed the rough cobblestone walk to the church door, but could not gain admittance until the caretaker was found, for Sulgrave Church has been kept strictly under lock and key ever since one of the Washington brasses was stolen—by an American, of course—a few years ago. It is a small, rough, lichen-covered building, much restored, even to the stolen brass tablet to the memory of the first Lawrence Washington. . . .

The story of Sulgrave's connection with the Washingtons is not common and a short sketch may not be amiss. In the reign of Henry VIII, Lawrence Washington was mayor of Northampton and a gentleman

of consequence. Sulgrave was among the confiscated church lands that the king was offering at bargain prices, and Washington purchased it for three hundred pounds. . . . His grandson, another Lawrence Washington, was forced by adverse circumstances to sell the estate. . . . This grandson, with a large family, removed about 1606—the exact date is doubtful—to Little Brington, some ten miles to the northeast of Sulgrave, where he was given a house, it is thought by the Earl of Spencer, to which noble family the Washingtons were related by marriage. The Lawrence Washington who is buried in Great Brington Church was the great-great-grandfather of the “first American.”

. . . We paused . . . in front of Great Brington Church to which we gained admission. . . . The chief Washington memorials are the brasses—the inscription and coat-of-arms—over the grave of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave and Brington, and these have been sunk deep in the stone slab and are guarded by lock and key. . . .

Half a mile from Great Brington is Little Brington, where we saw the Washington house, . . . with only a few touches, mullioned windows and carvings, to distinguish it from the cottages of the village tenantry. There is a world of pathos in the inscription cut in the stone tablet above the doorway, “The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away, Blessed be the name of the Lord.”

In Unfamiliar England, Thos. D. Murphy, pp. 40 to 46.

Some Ancestral Fighters

One of the direct descendants of the grantee of Sulgrave was Sir William Washington, of Packington, in the county of Kent. He married a sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the unfortunate favorite of Charles I. This may have attached the Sulgrave Washingtons to the Stuart dynasty, to which they adhered loyally and generously throughout all its vicissitudes. One of the family,

Lieutenant-colonel James Washington, took up arms in the cause of King Charles, and lost his life in the siege of Pontefract castle. Another of the Sulgrave line, Sir Henry Washington, son and heir of Sir William, before mentioned, exhibited in the civil wars the old chivalrous spirit of the knights of the palatinate. He served under Prince Rupert at the storming of Bristol, in 1643, and when the assailants were beaten off at every point, he broke in with a handful of infantry at a weak part of the wall, made room for the horse to follow, and opened a path to victory.

He distinguished himself still more in 1646, when elevated to the command of Worcester, the governor having been captured by the enemy. It was a time of confusion and dismay. The king had fled from Oxford in disguise and gone to the parliamentary camp at Newark. The royal cause was desperate. In this crisis Sir Henry received a letter from Fairfax, who, with his victorious army, was at Haddington, demanding the surrender of Worcester. The following was Colonel Washington's reply:

"*Sir*.—It is acknowledged by your books and by report of your own quarter, that the king is in some of your armies. That granted, it may be easy for you to procure his Majesty's commands for the disposal of this garrison. Till then I shall make good the trust reposed in me. As for conditions, if I shall be necessitated, I shall make the best I can. The worst I know and fear not; if I had, the profession of a soldier had not begun, nor so long continued by your Excellency's humble servant,

"HENRY WASHINGTON".

In a few days Colonel Whalley invested the city with five thousand troops. Sir Henry dispatched messenger after messenger in quest of the king to know his pleasure. None of them returned. A female emissary was equally unavailing. Week after week elapsed, until nearly three months had expired. Provisions began to fail. The city was in confusion. The troops grew insubordinate. Yet Sir Henry persisted in the defense. General Fairfax, with 1,500 horse, and foot, was daily expected. There was not powder enough

for an hour's contest should the city be stormed. Still Sir Henry "awaited His Majesty's commands."

At length news arrived that the king had issued an order for the surrender of all towns, castles, and forts. A printed copy of the order was shown to Sir Henry, and on the faith of that document he capitulated (19th July, 1646) on honorable terms, won by his fortitude and perseverance. Those who believe in hereditary virtues may see foreshadowed in the conduct of this Washington of Worcester, the magnanimous constancy of purpose, the disposition to "hope against hope," which bore our Washington triumphantly through the darkest days of our Revolution.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 39.

Part of His Pedigree

Although Washington wrote that the history of his ancestors was, in his opinion, "of very little moment," and "a subject to which I confess I have paid very little attention," few Americans can prove a better pedigree. The earliest of his forbears yet discovered was described as "gentleman," the family were granted lands by Henry the Eighth, held various offices of honor, married into good families, and under the Stuarts two were knighted and a third served as page to Prince Charles. Lawrence, a brother of the three thus distinguished, matriculated at Oxford as a "generosi filius" (the intermediate class between sons of the nobility, "armigeri filius," and of the people, "plebei filius"), or as of the minor gentry. In time he became a fellow and lector of Brasenose College, and presently obtained the good living of Purleigh. Strong royalists, the fortunes of the family waned along with King Charles, and sank into insignificance with the passing of the Stuart dynasty. Not the least sufferer was the rector of Purleigh, for the Puritan Parliament ejected him from his living, on the charge "that he was a common frequenter of ale-houses, not only himself sitting dayly

tippling there, . . . but hath oft been drunk,"—a charge indignantly denied by the royalists, who asserted that he was a "worthy Pious man, . . . always . . . a very Modest, Sober Person"; and this latter claim is supported by the fact that though the Puritans sequestered the rich living, they made no objection to his serving as rector at Brixted Parva, where the living was "such a Poor and Miserable one that it was always with difficulty that any one was persuaded to accept of it."

The True George Washington, Paul Leicester Ford, p. 15.

American Ancestry

We have little note of the Sulgrave branch of the family after the death of Charles I and the exile of his successor. England, during the Protectorate, became an uncomfortable residence to such as had signalized themselves as adherents to the house of Stuart. In 1655, an attempt at a general insurrection drew on them the vengeance of Cromwell. Many of their party who had no share in the conspiracy, yet sought refuge in other lands, where they might live free from molestation. This may have been the case with the two brothers, John and Andrew [Lawrence] Washington, great-grandsons of the grantee of Sulgrave, and uncles of Sir Henry, the gallant defender of Worcester. John had for some time resided in South Cave, in the East Riding of Yorkshire; but now emigrated with his brother to Virginia, which colony, from its allegiance to the exiled monarch and the Anglican Church had become a favorite resort of the Cavaliers. The brothers arrived in Virginia in 1657, and purchased land in Westmoreland County, on the Northern Neck, between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers. John married a Miss Anne Pope, of the same county, and took up his residence on Bridges' Creek, near where it falls into the Potomac. He became an extensive planter, and in process of time, a magistrate and member of the House of Burgesses.

Having a spark of the old military fire of the family, we find him, as Colonel Washington, leading the Virginia forces, in cooperation with those of Maryland, against a band of Seneca Indians, who were ravaging the settlements along the Potomac. In honor of his public and private virtues the parish in which he resided was called after him, and still bears the name of Washington. He lies buried in a vault on Bridges' Creek, which, for generations, was the family place of sepulture.

The estate continued in the family. His grandson Augustine, the father of our Washington, was born there in 1694. He was twice married; first (April 20, 1715), to Jane, daughter of Caleb Butler, Esq., of Westmoreland County, by whom he had four children, of whom only two, Lawrence and Augustine, survived the years of childhood; their mother died November 24, 1728, and was buried in the family vault.

On the 6th of March, 1730, he married in second nuptials, Mary, the daughter of Colonel Ball, a young and beautiful girl, said to be the belle of the Northern Neck. By her he had four sons, George, Samuel, John Augustine, and Charles; and two daughters, Elizabeth, or Betty, as she was commonly called, and Mildred, who died in infancy.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 41.

Two Letters about a Mary Ball

I have met with only two allusions, in writing, to Mary Ball before her marriage. These were in fragments of letters found in a deserted mansion near the York River during the late Civil War, and sent to me in a small package of other old papers of no real value. One of these letters, written in a feminine hand, dated "Wms Burg, ye 7th of Octr, 1722," began as follows:

"*Dear Sukey*: —Madam Ball of Lancaster and Her Sweet Molly have gone Hom. Mamma thinks Molly the

Comliest Maiden She Knows. She is about 16 yrs old, is taller than Me, is verry Sensable, Modest and Loving. Her Hair is like unto Flax. Her Eyes are the color of Yours and her Chekes are like May blossoms. I wish you could see her."

The other letter was written by "Lizzie Burwell" to a friend. It was so torn and faded as to be almost illegible; only the subjoined part of a sentence could be deciphered:

"—understand Molly Ball is going Home with her Brother a Lawyer, who lives in England. Her Mother is Dead three Months ago, and her Sister"—

Here a fragment of the letter was torn off, together with all the superscription excepting "Miss Nelly Car—." At the top of the letter were the words, "tank, May ye 15th, 1728."

This is the sum of my information concerning Mary Ball before her marriage, when she was about twenty-four years of age.

Mary and Martha, Benson J. Lossing, p. 11.

Mary the Mother of Washington

Very little is known of the youth and early womanhood of Mary Ball. Her father appears to have been a well-to-do planter on the left bank of the Rappahannock River, near where, a broad stream, its fresh waters commingled with the brine of the Chesapeake Bay. He was a vestryman of Christ Church, in Lancaster. In a fragment of a list of contributions for the support of the minister of that parish (Rev. John Bell) in 1712, is the following entry: "Joseph Ball, £5"—a considerable sum for a Virginia planter at that time to give for such a purpose. He was commissioned a colonel by Gov. Alexander Spotswood, and was known as "Colonel Ball of Lancaster," to distinguish him from another Colonel Ball, his cousin.

Mary Ball seems to have grown to womanhood in the serene and healthful seclusion of a well-ordered home in a sparsely settled country. Like most of the girls in the colony at that time, her attainments in "book" learning must have been acquired under the parental roof, for early in the last century schools were almost unknown in that part of our country. Governor Berkeley had, half a century before, thanked God there were no free schools nor a printing-press in Virginia, and hoped there would not be in a hundred years.

When Mary Ball was about seventeen years of age she wrote to her brother abroad on family matters, and concluded her letter as follows:

"We have not had a schoolmaster in our neighborhood until now (January 14, 1723) in nearly four years. We have now a young minister living with us, who was educated at Oxford, took orders, and came over as assistant to Rev. Kemp, at Gloucester. That parish is too poor to keep both, and he teaches school for his board. He teaches Susie and me and Madam Carter's boy and two girls. I am now learning pretty fast. Mama and Susie and I all send love to you and Mary. This from your loving sister, Mary Ball."

The education of Mary was evidently defective, but not more so than that of the average young woman of her class. While her chirography was plain and business-like in character, her orthography was very defective, even late in life. But her career indicates that she had received at home an education for the higher duties of life, of far greater value and importance than any taught in schools. From her mother, who died in 1728, after a widowhood of many years, she had doubtless inherited the noblest qualities of mind and heart, and had been taught all those domestic virtues of which contemporary testimony and tradition tell us she was a bright exemplar—industry, frugality, integrity, strength of will and purpose, obedient to the behests of duty, faithfulness, and modesty, with deep

religious convictions. She was strengthened by an abiding faith in the Divine promises which made Mary, the mother of Washington, a model woman, and yet

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

Mary and Martha, Benson J. Lossing, pp. 8 to 11.

Conjectures about Washington's Father and Mother

Augustine Washington was born in 1664, and at the age of twenty-one years married Jane, daughter of Caleb Butler, of Westmoreland County. They had four children—three sons and one daughter; Butler, who died in infancy, Lawrence, Augustine, and Jane, the latter dying in early childhood. Their mother died in November, 1728, when her husband was about thirty-four years of age.

In 1702, President Washington, by request, sent to Sir Isaac Hoard, Garter King of Arms, in London, a genealogical table of the Washington family in Virginia. In it occur these words:

"Jane, wife of Augustine [Washington], died November 24, 1728, and was buried in the family vault at Bridges' Creek. Augustine then married Mary Ball, March 6, 1730."

No hint is given as to where this marriage took place, nor is there any known record extant that can answer the question. Where were Augustine and Mary Ball wedded? There is no tradition that can answer, excepting that given by Mr. Harvey that they were married in England.

We have observed an intimation in a fragment of a letter that Mary Ball went to England with her brother in 1728, and Mr. Harvey ascertained at Cockham that Augustine Washington was there in 1720; also that families of Washington and Balls had lived there and been buried there. He also ascertained that Augustine Washington tarried there to effect the sale of some property he had fallen heir to. In Virginia the Washington and Ball

families lived in adjoining counties, and were doubtless personally acquainted with each other. The question naturally arises, "May not Augustine Washington and Mary Ball have met in England and married there?"

Where was Washington born and baptized? There is no known official record that can solve the question. There is no tradition that helps to solve it, excepting the statement of Washington quoted above, and that of Mrs. Morer, who says he was born in Cookham, and was carried to America in the arms of either her "aunt or mother." How trustworthy is the tradition of the latter, let us see.

Mrs. Morer died in 1812, eighty years after the birth of Washington. She must have been a very young child when, as she says, her "aunt or mother" went to America as a nurse for him—too young, too, to be the likely recipient, as she says she was, of the portrait of Mary Ball and "other relicks of the [Washington] family." Mr. Field was born in 1777. He received the story from Mrs. Morer's lips when he was "a boy," say eighteen years of age, when according to her narrative, she must have been fully seventy-five years old. Would any court receive testimony of this nature as trustworthy?

It lacked only about a month of being two years from the time of the marriage of Washington's parents until his birth, or fully three years after his father went to England. Augustine had left in Virginia his large estate and various concerns, and his two sons, one about seven years and the other about nine years of age. Would he be likely to remain abroad so long, neglectful of his family and estate, to receive and dispose of some property in England which he had inherited?

Does it not seem probable that Augustine Washington and Mary Ball were married in England, and after tarrying there awhile to dispose of some property, returned to Virginia, where their first child was born and baptized, two years after the wedding?

Mary Washington's First Home

The home plantation of Augustine Washington stretched along the Potomac River more than a mile between Pope's and Bridges' creeks. The river is there a broad stream, and was then largely fringed by the primeval forest. Its waters abounded with the choicest fishes. This farm of a thousand acres was in the northern part of Westmoreland County, a narrow shire afterwards distinguished as the birthplace of two Presidents of the United States (Washington and Monroe) and of several Lees who were prominent actors in the early history of our republic. Of these, Richard Henry Lee, author of the resolution for independence offered in the Congress in 1776; Arthur Lee, M.D., a diplomatic agent for the Continental Congress abroad; and "Legion Harry," a brave and dashing young cavalry leader in the old war for independence, were the most conspicuous.

The dwelling to which Mr. Washington took his young wife was a very modest one, yet it ranked among the best of Virginia farm houses at that time. It had four rooms and a spacious attic, with an enormous chimney at each end. On the river front was a piazza. It was perfectly plain at all points. The only approach to ornamentation was a Dutch tiled chimney-piece in the "best room."

The bride found at her new home a middle-aged kinswoman of her husband in charge of his two fine boys, Lawrence and Augustine. There was an ample supply of men and women servants. The rooms were neatly furnished, and in one of them was a small collection of books, chiefly devotional in character. Among them was a copy of Sir Matthew Hale's "Contemplations, Moral and Divine," on the fly-leaf of which Augustine's first wife had written her name in bold characters. Immediately under this signature the new mistress of the household wrote "and Mary Washington," in an equally bold hand. I saw this volume and copied the signatures many years ago, at Mount Vernon.

From that volume the mother of Washington has reportedly
drew, as from a living well of sweet water, many of the
maxims which she instilled into the mind of her first-born,
who became illustrious. It was in this modest home on the
banks of the Potomac that Mary Washington gave birth
to that son in the winter of 1732.

Mary and Martha, Benson J. Lossing, p. 27.

CHAPTER II

GEORGE AND HIS FATHER

His Birth

My father, Augustine, was born in 1694, on the plantation known as Wakefield, granted in 1667, to his grandfather, and lying between the Bridges' and Pope's creeks, in Westmoreland, on the north neck between the Potomac and the Rappahannock. My father, in his will, says: "Forasmuch as my several children in this my will mentioned, being by several Ventures, cannot inherit from one another," etc.

What he speaks of as his "Ventures" were his two marriages. A venture does appear to me to be an appropriate name for the uncertain state of matrimony. The first "venture" was Jane Butler, who lies buried at Wakefield. Of her four children two survived; that is, my half-brothers Lawrence and Augustine, whom we called Austin. I was the first child of my father's second "venture," and my mother was Mary Ball. I was born at Wakefield, on February 11 (O. S.), 1732, about ten in the morning. I was baptized in the Pope's Creek church, and had two godfathers and one godmother, Mildred Gregory. Mr. Beverly Whiting and Mr. Christopher Brooks were my godfathers. I do not recall ever seeing Mr. Whiting, although his son, of the same name, I met in after years. Of Mr. Brooks I know nothing, nor do I know which one of the two gave me the silver cups which it was then the custom for the godfather to give to the godson. I still have them. I was told by a silversmith in Philadelphia that the cups are of Irish make, and of about 1720. There were six of these mugs, in order to be used for punch when the child grew up.

The Youth of Washington, Told in the Form of an Autobiography, S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., p. 22.

Parson Weems

Several of the most famous tales of Washington's boyhood are told by an odd character known as Parson Weems, who preached in Powick church for a while after the war. Washington attended this church, and he and his wife often entertained Weems in their hospitable house. As the odd parson no doubt gossiped with all the old people about the neighborhood, he had a good chance to pick up many anecdotes about the great man's childhood. Unfortunately, Parson Weems was more fond of a good story than of the strict truth. Having a large family to support, he left off preaching and became a book peddler. He rode about in an old-fashioned gig, selling his own writings and those of others. He told so many amusing stories and played the fiddle so well, that he was a very successful peddler. He would enter a bar-room with a temperance tract he had written, and mimic a drunken man so perfectly that he had no trouble in selling his tracts to the laughing crowd. It is told of Weems that he once fiddled for a dance from behind a screen, lest people should be shocked to see a parson fiddling in such a place. The screen fell over, however, and revealed the fiddling preacher, to the great amusement of the crowd. The odd old parson wrote a life of Washington, in which he told some stories of the great man's boyhood which he said he had learned from an old lady who was a cousin of the family and had visited, when she was a girl, in the house of Mr. Augustine Washington. The stories are not improbable in themselves, and are doubted only because they are told by the queer parson, who loved a good story too well.

The Story of Washington, Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye, p. 6.

Little George and the Sin of Selfishness

To assist his son to overcome that selfish spirit, which too often leads children to fret and fight about trifles, was

a notable care of Mr. Washington. For this purpose, of all the presents, such as cakes, fruit, etc., he received, he was always desired to give a liberal part to his playmates. To enable him to do this with more alacrity, his father would remind him of the love which he would thereby gain, and the frequent presents which would in return be made to him; and also would tell of that great and good God, who delights above all things to see children love one another, and will assuredly reward them for acting so amiable a part.

Some idea of Mr. Washington's plan of education in this respect, may be collected from the following anecdote, related to me twenty years ago by an aged lady, who was a distant relative, and, when a girl, spent much of her time in the family:

"On a fine morning," said she, "in the fall of 1737, Mr. Washington, having little George by the hand, came to the door and asked my cousin . . . and myself to walk with him to the orchard, promising he would show us a fine sight. On arriving at the orchard, we were presented with a fine sight indeed. The whole earth, as far as we could see, was strewed with fruit: and yet the trees were bending under the weight of apples, which hung in clusters like grapes, and vainly strove to hide their blushing cheeks behind the green leaves.

"'Now, George,' said his father, 'look here, my son! don't you remember when this good cousin of yours brought you that fine large apple last spring, how hardly I could prevail on you to divide with your brothers and sisters; though I promised you that if you would but do it, God Almighty would give you plenty of apples this fall.'

"Poor George could not say a word; but hanging down his head, looked quite confused, while with his little naked toes he scratched in the soft ground.

"'Now look up, my son,' continued his father, 'look up, George! and see there how richly the blessed God has made good my promise to you. Wherever you turn your

eyes you see the trees loaded down with fine fruit: many of them indeed breaking down; while the ground is covered with mellow apples, more than you could eat, my son, in all your life time.'

"George looked in silence on the wide wilderness of fruit. He marked the busy humming bees, and heard the gay notes of birds; then lifting his eyes, filled with shining moisture, to his father, he softly said:

"'Well, Pa, only forgive me this time; and see if I ever be so stingy any more.'"

The Life of George Washington, with Curious Anecdotes, Rev. M. L. Weems, p. 12.

The Moral and Entertaining Story of the Little Hatchet

Never did the wise Ulysses take more pains with his beloved Telemachus, than did Mr. Washington with George, to inspire him with an early love of truth.

"Truth, George," said he, "is the loveliest quality of youth. I would ride fifty miles, my son, to see the little boy whose heart is so honest, and his lips so pure, that we may depend on every word he says. O how lovely does such a child appear in the eyes of everybody! His parents dote on him. His relations glory in him. They are constantly praising him to their children, whom they beg to imitate him. They are often sending for him to visit them; and receive him, when he comes, with as much joy as if he were a little angel, come to set pretty examples to their children.

"But, oh! how different, George, is the case with the boy who is so given to lying that nobody can believe a word he says! He is looked at with aversion wherever he goes, and parents dread to see him come among their children. Oh, George! my son! rather than see you come to this pass, dear as you are to my heart, gladly would I assist to nail you up in your little coffin, and follow you to your grave. Hard, indeed, would it be to me to give up my son, whose little feet are always so ready to run about with me, and

whose fondly looking eyes, and sweet prattle make so large a part of my happiness. But still I would give him up, rather than see him a common liar."

"Pa," said George very seriously, "do I ever tell lies?"

"No, George, I thank God you do not, my son; and I rejoice in the hope you never will. At least, you shall never, from me, have cause to be guilty of so shameful a thing. Many parents, indeed, even compel their children to this vile practice, by barbarously beating them for every little fault: hence, on the next offence, the terrified little creature slips out a lie, just to escape the rod. But as to yourself, George, you know I have always told you, and now tell you again, that, whenever by accident, you do anything wrong, which must often be the case, as you are but a poor little boy yet, without experience or knowledge, you must never tell a falsehood to conceal it; but come bravely up, my son, like a little man, and tell me of it: and, instead of beating you, George, I will but the more honour and love you for it, my dear."

This, you'll say, was sowing good seed! . . . Yes, it was: and the crop, thank God, was, as I believe it ever will be, where a man acts the true parent, that is, the Guardian Angel, by his child.

The following anecdote is a case in point. It is too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted; for it was communicated to me by the same excellent lady to whom I am indebted for the last.

"When George," said she, "was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet, of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the

old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favourite, came into the house; and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time, that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. 'George,' said his father, 'do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?'

"This was a tough question; and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself; and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out,

"I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet.'

"Run to my arms, you dearest boy,' cried his father in transports, 'run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is more worth than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold.'"

The Life of George Washington, with Curious Anecdotes, Rev. M. L. Weems, p. 14.

The Father's True Moral Stature

So little, however, has the character of Washington's father been considered according to scientific and sociological methods that his only prominence has been due to a little affair about a cherry-tree, and even regarding this his true moral stature has not been properly estimated. A young cherry-tree appeared from widely different standpoints to father and son in the Washington family. To any boy with a hatchet a young cherry-tree says "come and cut me," as distinctly as the rear elevation of a dandy says "come and kick me" to a well-shod man whose brains are in his head. A young cherry-tree is as straight as a

ramrod, its bark is smooth and glistening to a degree unattainable by any other bark, and its whole appearance is unspeakably, exasperatingly self-sufficient. George humbled the pride of his father's pet cherry-tree; and every boy who has ever indulged in hatchet practice upon similar woody growth knows that he did it with a single vigorous blow. But to his father, living in a new country and three thousand miles away from the land of good nurseries or desirable stock from which to graft, the loss of the tree was serious. So when the little boy told the truth, and the father said that he would rather have lost a thousand cherry-trees than have his son tell a lie, he exhibited a spirit which, while utterly antiquated and unbusinesslike, was simply colossal in its moral proportions. Were any father to talk like that in the present age, he could never hope to get his son a situation even as an office boy; but those days were not these days, when absolute truthfulness is the most discouraging of business vices.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 4.

What George's "Pa" Did to Startle Him

It was in this way by interesting at once his heart and head, that Mr. Washington conducted George with great ease and pleasure along the happy paths of virtue. But well knowing that his beloved charge, soon to be a man, would be left exposed to numberless temptations, both from himself and from others, his heart throbbed with the tenderest anxiety to make him acquainted with that great Being, whom to know and love is to possess the surest defence against vice, and the best of all motives to virtue and happiness. To startle George into a lively sense of his Maker, he hit upon the following very curious but impressive expedient:

One day he went into the garden, and prepared a little bed of finely pulverized earth, on which he wrote George's name at full, in large letters—then strewing in plenty of

cabbage seed, he covered them up, and smoothed all over nicely with the roller. This bed he purposely prepared close alongside of a gooseberry walk, which happening at this time to be well hung with ripe fruit, he knew would be honoured with George's visits pretty regularly every day. Not many mornings had passed away before in came George, with eyes wild rolling, and his little cheeks ready to burst with great news.

"O Pa! come here! come here!"

"What's the matter, my son? what's the matter?"

"O come here, I tell you, Pa: come here! and I'll show you such a sight as you never saw in all your lifetime."

The old gentleman suspecting what George would be at, gave him his hand, which he seized with great eagerness, and tugging him along through the garden, led him point blank to the bed whereon was inscribed, in large letters, and in all the freshness of newly sprung plants, the full name of

GEORGE WASHINGTON

"There, Pa?" said George, quite in an ecstasy of astonishment, "did you ever see such a sight in all your lifetime?"

"Why it seems like a curious affair, sure enough, George!"

"But, Pa, who did make it there? who did make it there?"

"It grew there by chance, I suppose, my son."

"By chance, Pa! O no! no! it never did grow there by chance, Pa. Indeed that it never did!"

"High! why not, my son?"

"Why Pa, did you ever see anybody's name in a plant bed before?"

"Well, but George, such a thing might happen, though you never saw it before."

"Yes, Pa, but I did never see the little plants grow

up so as to make one single letter of my name before. Now, how could they grow up so as to make all the letters of my name, and then standing one after another, to spell my name so exactly—and all so neat and even too, at top and bottom! O Pa, you must not say chance did all this. Indeed somebody did it; and I daresay now, Pa, you did it just to scare me, because I am your little boy.”

His father smiled, and said, “Well, George, you have guessed right. I indeed did it; but not to scare you, my son; but to learn you a great thing which I wish you to understand. I want, my son, to introduce you to your true Father.”

“High, Pa, ain’t you my true father, that has loved me, and been so good to me always?”

“Yes, George, I am your father, as the world calls it; and I love you very dearly too. But yet with all my love for you, George, I am but a poor good-for-nothing sort of a father in comparison of one you have.”

“Aye! I know well enough whom you mean, Pa. You mean God Almighty; don’t you?”

“Yes, my son, I mean Him indeed. He is your true Father, George.”

The Life of George Washington, with Curious Anecdotes, Rev. M. L. Weems, p. 16.

Giving up the Leading-rein

So deeply immersed was Mary Washington in considerations and apprehensions that she failed to notice George, who was quietly gathering up the straggling leading-rein, unbuckling its fastening, and tucking it into a pocket beneath the flap of his saddle.

Suddenly she remembered that she had not resumed her hold of the long strap. “Have you lost the leading-rein, George?” she asked, looking round at him.

“No, ma’am,” he replied, straightening himself and meeting her eye with his proud, steady look, “but I think we shall need it no more.”

"Give it to me," said Mary calmly.

His little face set itself in hard lines, strangely like those on his mother's countenance.

"I can do without it now," he said.

"That is for me to judge," was her reply, and she held out her hand. They were walking their horses, all needing a breathing spell after the recent excitements.

George's lip quivered, but he pulled the strap out from its hiding-place and handed it to his mother.

"My son," she said, "when a brave man hath earned promotion, it is his commander who shall confer it." And she flung the strap over the hedge.

He turned to her with a passion of joy in his face. "Thank you, ma'am," he said, and then added, stretching out his hand to touch her, "I shall trust you next time, mamma."

And then it was Mary who felt that she had been promoted.

In the Shadow of the Lord, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, p. 174.

Little George Washington

Every one of my little children has seen a picture of George Washington, I am sure.

Of course all these are pictures of a strong, handsome, grown-up man, and I suppose you never happened to think that George Washington was once a little boy.

But ever so long ago he was as small as you are now, and I am going to tell you about his father and mother, his home and his little-boy days.

He was born one hundred and sixty years ago in Virginia, near a great river called the Potomac. His father's name was Augustine, his mother's Mary, and he had several brothers and a little sister.

They all lived in the country, on a farm, or a plantation, as they called it in Virginia. The Washington house stood in the middle of green tobacco fields and flowery meadows,

and there were so many barns and storehouses and sheds round about it that they made quite a village of themselves. The nearest neighbors lived miles away; there were no railroads nor stages, and if you wanted to travel, you must ride on horseback through the thick woods, or you might sail in little boats up and down the rivers.

City boys and girls might think, perhaps, that little George Washington was very lonely on the great plantation, with no neighbor-boys to play with; but you must remember that the horses and cattle and sheep and dogs on a farm make the dearest of playmates, and that there are all kinds of pleasant things to do in the country that city boys know nothing about.

Little George played out of doors all the time and grew very strong. He went fishing and swimming in the great river, he ran races and jumped fences with his brothers and the dogs, he threw stones across the brooks and when he grew a larger boy he even learned to shoot.

He had a pretty pony, too, named "Hero," that he loved very much, and that he used to ride all about the plantation.

Some of the letters have been kept that he wrote when he was a little boy, and he talks in them about his pony, and his books with pictures of elephants, and the new top he is going to have soon.

Think of that great General Washington on a white horse once playing with a little humming top like yours.

The Story Hour, Nora A. Smith, p. 115.

"Advantages" George Was Spared

Much of the credit for the character of the embryo savior of the country may be attributed to the freedom of his early life and the lack of unnatural repression. He was allowed to see a house on fire without surreptitiously following an engine and being punished on his return, for the family mansion was burned to the ground while he was

a mere boy. He could go fishing along the banks of a brook without stumbling over two or three thousand other boys and men similarly employed, and in the creek that flowed past his house no detestable factory or oil-refinery refuse had driven away all the fish but suckers. He could take a header into deep water anywhere, without being chased away by a policeman. There were no graded schools to force him into forgetting all that he had learned at home, nor any truancy agents to pounce upon him from innocent looking doorways as he strolled cheerily along thinking deeply about nothing in particular. He was fond of throwing stones; but as there were no tramps or lightning-rod men in the country in his day, he practised at throwing across the Rappahannock River. . . .

He was spared the debilitating influence of goody-goody books; neither were there any dime novels, so he never learned to adore a man for his vices. Toy-shops and candy-stores were likewise unknown, so the little fellow was obliged to find his diversions out of doors, and how ably he did it may be inferred from the superb physical and moral manhood that he displayed during his entire subsequent life. . . .

Washington attended such schools as the country afforded; but as natural science in those days was considered first cousin to witchcraft, text-books in geography and history were unknown, and grammar had not begun to shorten human life, his education was restricted to the three R's -readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic. His own writings, at every stage of his career, prove beyond the possibility of a doubt that he never saw a spelling-book, and that the country spelling school had not been introduced into Virginia. That he did not learn to spell, is of no particular consequence; but that he missed the unequalled facilities for innocent flirtation which the spelling-school affords to the young people of a sparsely settled country, is a matter for national regret, for to this privation must

be attributed that defect in his early education which gave his strong and handsome face an expression of solemnity.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 5.

Schools in Virginia

There were no good schools in Virginia at that time. In fact, the people did not care much about learning.

There were few educated men besides the parsons, and even some of the parsons were very ignorant.

It was the custom of some of the richest families to send their eldest sons to England to the great schools there. But it is doubtful if these young men learned much about books.

They spent a winter or two in the gay society of London, and were taught the manners of gentlemen—and that was about all.

George Washington's father, when a young man, had spent some time at Appleby School in England, and George's half-brothers, Lawrence and Augustine, who were several years older than he, had been sent to the same school.

But book-learning was not thought to be of much use. To know how to manage the business of a plantation, to be polite to one's equals, to be a leader in the affairs of the colony—this was thought to be the best education.

And so, for most of the young men, it was enough if they could read and write a little and keep a few simple accounts. As for the girls, the parson might give them a few lessons now and then; and if they learned good manners and could write letters to their friends, what more could they need?

George Washington's first teacher was a poor sexton, whose name was Mr. Hobby. There is a story that he had been too poor to pay his passage from England, and that he had, therefore, been sold to Mr. Washington as a slave for a short time; but how true this is I cannot say.

From Mr. Hobby, George learned to spell easy words, and perhaps to write a little; but though he afterward became a very careful and good penman, he was a poor speller as long as he lived.

Four Great Americans, James Baldwin, Ph.D., p. 14.

Peter and "Hobby"

While I was a child, my father, as I have said, made many voyages to England and fetched back with him convicts, and perhaps also indentured servants. Often in those days some of the unfortunate people thus sent to the colonies were under sentence for political offences, but many, of course, for crimes. One of these, a convict I was told, was my first schoolmaster. We called him Hobby, which was, I believe, a nickname; but he was named Grove, and was sexton of the Falmouth church, two miles away. Of what our sexton schoolmaster had been convicted I never heard, but of this I am assured, that my father would not have used as a schoolmaster a common thief. I used to ride the two miles to the "field-school," as they called it, in front of a slave named Peter, and later was allowed a pony, to my mother's alarm when he would tumble me off, as happened now and then. Hobby was a short man, with one eye, and too good-humored or too timid to be a good teacher, even of the a-b-c's and the little else we learned.

My father was kind to this man, and perhaps knew his history. He would even have allowed him the use of the rod, with the aid of which I might have profited more largely, for I am of his opinion that children should be strictly brought up. Hobby, being of a humorous turn, seems to me, as I remember him, to have resembled the grave-digger in "Hamlet." He sometimes amused and at other times terrified us by tales of London or of his recent life as a sexton. He believed many of the negro superstitions—as that if a snake's head was cut off the tail

would live until it thundered—and was much afraid of having what he called black magic put upon him by the negroes.

I did not learn much from Hobby and preferred to be out of doors. My father considered, I believe, that, as I was a younger son and must in some way support myself, I should be well trained in both mind and body, and had he lived the chance of the former might have been bettered.

The Youth of Washington, Told in the Form of an Autobiography, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.,
p. 29.

His Earliest Playfellows

The first playmate Washington had, outside of his own immediate family, was another Lawrence Washington, a very distant cousin, who lived at Choptank on the Potomac, and who, with his brother, Robert Washington, early won Washington's regard, and kept it through life.

It was at Choptank, with Lal and Bob, Washington first met with traffic between the old world and the new. There was no money used except tobacco notes, which passed among merchants in London and Amsterdam as cash. Foreign ships brought across the ocean goods that the Virginians needed, and the captains sold the goods for these tobacco notes. Much of Washington's time was spent with these boys.

While at school under Mr. Hobby, he used to divide his playmates into parties and armies. One of them was called the French and the other American. A big boy named William Bustle commanded the former; George commanded the latter, and every day with cornstalks for muskets and calabashes [gourds] for drums, the two armies would turn out and march and fight.

From the (N. Y.) *Evangelist*, Anonymous.

George Tells His Father What He Hopes to Be

"Tell me something else," said George's father. "If you are only anxious to be a soldier, how is it that you

complain of not being taught how to steer a ship or build a bridge. Surely these things have little to do with leading men to battle?"

"I don't know," answered the boy; "perhaps I am mistaken, but I thought if I wanted to take Fredericksburg with my army here in Pine Grove, we should need a bridge. Ought not a soldier to know almost everything? There'd be forts to build and navies to give orders to, and—all sorts of things I know nothing about. Won't you have me taught? I'll work so diligently, and learn the other things too, if you wish, sir?"

"Do you feel too old to sit on my knees?" said Augustine, suddenly leaning forward and stretching out his arms.

George, who had been standing before the fire during all this debate, came to his father with a bound, and Augustine drew him very close to him.

"My dear, gallant little man," he said, "I think you have truly hit upon the cleanest, finest trade in the world. It takes more virtue to be a good officer than to preach fine sermons, and there never was a case taken to the lawyers that the soldier could not have settled more quickly and honorably. But, boy, the soldier is made at home, or he'll never be such on the battlefield. I have asked you many questions, and now I must ask you one or two more. Will you think well before you answer me?"

"Yes, sir," said George, puckering up his brow, and squaring his shoulders, but never taking his eyes from his father's face.

"Well," went on Mr. Washington, "you have thought of fighting, of glory. There is another side to the question. Suppose after marches and wounds, such stiff, sore wounds, George—after long weeks of starvation and misery, and cold and wet—that you tried your best and were beaten—not a little beating, but a terrible disheartening, humiliating defeat. Such as your brother Lawrence had to suffer with poor Admiral Vernon at San Lazaro. What would you do?"

George thought a minute over the ugly picture. Then he made a grimace and said, "I think, sir, I would take one good meal from the enemy, he'd owe me that, for the fun he'd had in beating me, and then I'd thank him—and try again. I'd have a better chance, because he'd be less afraid of me after beating me once."

"Right," said his father, "and if you are never beaten, remember the prescription. But a soldier has other difficulties. How about carrying out disastrous bad orders from a superior? Would you obey them?"

"Not if I could help it," laughed the boy.

"And if you couldn't help it?"

"I'd obey, I suppose. But I'd find a cleverer man to serve the next time," replied George.

"And suppose the superior were the king?" pursued Augustine. "Loyalty is a soldier's first duty, and there have been monstrous bad kings, you know."

"But they may be good generals!" persisted the lad.

"I mean bad in every way, a bad man, a bad ruler, a bad general," his father replied. "What would you do then?"

"Make another," said George, quietly.

Augustine gazed at his son in amazement. "Upon my word, I believe you would," he explained. "Shake hands, George!"

In the Shadow of the Lord, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, p. 238.

Two Boyish Letters

Within a few years past, there have been published two little letters, one pretending to be from Richard Henry Lee, at the age of eight, and the other the reply to it, by George Washington, at the age of nine. They will amuse our readers and we therefore print them. But it is not as a bit of history, that they appear here. They are probably an illustration of clever literary work, attempting, at the end of a century, to reproduce the phrases of the past.

They must be read with extreme caution. In the first place, it is very improbable that in such a family as that of the Lees, these letters should have been hidden for a hundred years. Indeed no one explains to us whether Master Richard Henry Lee, at that early age, had a letter book in which he kept rough copies of the notes which he was going to send to a friend. In the second place, the letters have the difficulty which all such imagined correspondence has, that they show us just what we already know, and that they do not add to our information anything of even the very smallest detail. There is a very clever effort made to sustain the reputation which Washington afterwards acquired for spelling well, and poor Master Lee is relegated back to the ranks of those who cannot spell. The letters, however, must be classed with a very large number of myths, some of them interesting and some of them very stupid, which the enthusiasm of a hundred years has encouraged in relation to Washington and the different details of his career. These make the misery of his biographer.

The boy letters are these:

(From Richard H. Lee to George Washington.)

"Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures he got them in Alexandria they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elefants and ever so many pretty things cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elefant and a little indian boy on his back like uncle jo's sam pa says if I learn my tasks good he will let uncle jo bring me to see you will you ask your ma to let you come to see me

"RICHARD HENRY LEE."

(To which this is the answer:)

"Dear Dickey, I thank you very much for the pretty picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him

the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it; and I read to him how the tame Elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, But I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry.

"G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well,
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days he may spend.
"Your good friend,
"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The Life of George Washington Studied Anew, Edward Everett Hale, p. 7.

Brother Lawrence

In those days the means of instruction in Virginia were limited and it was the custom among the wealthy planters to send their sons to England to complete their education. This was done by Augustine Washington with his eldest son Lawrence, then about fifteen years of age, and whom he no doubt considered the future head of the family.

When George was about seven or eight years old his brother Lawrence returned from England, a well-educated and accomplished youth. There was a difference of fourteen years in their ages, which may have been one cause of the strong attachment which took place between them. Lawrence looked down with a protecting eye upon the boy whose dawning intelligence and perfect rectitude won his regard; while George looked up to his manly and cultivated brother as a model in mind and manners. We call particular attention to this brotherly interchange of affection, from the influence it had on all the future career of the subject of this memoir.

Lawrence Washington had something of the old military spirit of the family, and circumstances soon called it into action. Spanish depredations on British commerce had recently provoked reprisals. Admiral Vernon, commander-in-chief in the West Indies, had accordingly captured Porto Bello, on the Isthmus of Darien. The Spaniards were preparing to revenge the blow; the French were fitting out ships to aid them. Troops were embarked in England for another campaign in the West Indies; a regiment of four batalions was to be raised in the colonies and sent to join them in Jamaica. There was a sudden outbreak of military ardor in the province; the sound of fife and drum was heard in the villages, with the parade of the recruiting parties. Lawrence Washington, now twenty-two years of age, caught the infection. He obtained a captain's commission in the newly raised regiment, and embarked with it for the West Indies in 1740. He served in the joint expeditions of Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth, in the land forces commanded by the latter, and acquired the friendship and confidence of both those officers. He was present at the siege of Carthagena, when it was bombarded by the fleet, and when the troops attempted to escalade the citadel. It was an ineffectual attack; the ships could not get near enough to throw their shells into the town, and the scaling-ladders proved too short. That part of the attack, however, with which Lawrence was concerned, distinguished itself by its bravery. The troops sustained unflinching a destructive fire for several hours, and at length retired with honor, their small force having sustained a loss of about six hundred in killed and wounded.

Lawrence Washington returned home in the autumn of 1742, the campaigns in the West Indies being ended, and Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth being recalled to England. It was the intention of Lawrence to rejoin

his regiment in that country, and seek promotion in the army, but circumstances completely altered his plans.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, pp. 45 to 48.

The Fairfax Family

The Hon. William Fairfax . . . resided at a beautiful seat called Belvoir, a few miles below Mount Vernon, and on the same woody ridge bordering the Potomac.

William Fairfax was a man of liberal education and intrinsic worth; he had seen much of the world, and his mind had been enriched and ripened by varied and adventurous experience. Of an ancient English family in Yorkshire, he had entered the army at the age of twenty-one; had served with honor both in the East and West Indies, and officiated as Governor of New Providence after having aided in rescuing it from pirates. For some years past he had resided in Virginia, to manage the immense landed estates of his cousin, Lord Fairfax, and lived at Belvoir in the style of an English country gentleman, surrounded by an intelligent and cultivated family of sons and daughters.

An intimacy with a family like this, in which the frankness and simplicity of rural and colonial life were united with European refinement, could not but have a beneficial effect in moulding the character and manners of a somewhat home-bred schoolboy. It was probably his intercourse with them, and his ambition to acquit himself well in their society, that set him upon compiling a code of morals and manners which still exists in a manuscript in his own handwriting, entitled, "Rules for Behaviour in Company and Conversation." It is extremely minute and circumstantial. Some of the rules for personal deportment extend to such trivial matters, and are so quaint and formal as almost to provoke a smile; but, in the main, a better manual of conduct could not be put into the hands of a youth. The whole code evinces that rigid propriety and self-control to which he subjected himself and by which he brought all

the impulses of a somewhat ardent temper under conscientious government.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 53.

I Lost My Best Friend

In 1742 Lawrence came from Carthagen, and meant to continue in the service, but, after our sudden way, he fell in love with Anne, the daughter of William Fairfax of Belvoir, our neighbor, the cousin and agent of my lord of that name, and this, luckily for my own character, ended his desire for a military life. I too well recall the event which delayed his marriage. I was at this time, April 17, 1743, being eleven years old, on a visit to my cousins at Choptank, some thirty miles away. We were very merry at supper, when Peter, who was supposed to look after me, arrived with the news of my father's sudden illness. It was the first of my too many experiences of the ravage time brings to all men. I heard the news with a kind of awe, but without realizing how serious in many ways was this summons. I rode home behind Peter and found my mother in a state of distraction. She led me to the bedside of my father, crying out, "He is dying." The children were around him, and he was groaning in great pain; but he kissed us in turn, and said to me, "Be good to your mother." I may say that throughout her life I have kept the promise I made him as I knelt, crying, at his bedside. He died that night, and I lost my best friend.

The Youth of Washington, Told in the Form of an Autobiography, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., p. 37.

Principal Events of Washington's First Twenty Years

Franklin published "Poor Richard's Almanac" ..	1732
George Washington born	1732
Oglethorpe settled in Georgia	1733
King George's War	1744
Capture of Louisburg	1745
Franklin discovered that lightning and electricity are the same	1752

CHAPTER III

GEORGE AND HIS MOTHER

The Widow and Her Brood

George, now eleven years of age, and the other children of the second marriage, had been left under the guardianship of their mother, to whom was intrusted the proceeds of all their property until they should severally come of age. She proved herself worthy of the trust. Endowed with plain, direct good sense, thorough conscientiousness, and prompt decision, she governed her family strictly, but kindly, exacting deference while she inspired affection. George, being her eldest son, was thought to be her favorite, yet she never gave him undue preference, and the implicit deference exacted from him in childhood continued to be habitually observed by him to the day of her death. He inherited from her a high temper and a spirit of command, but her early precepts and example taught him to restrain and govern that temper, and to square his conduct on the exact principles of equity and justice.

Tradition gives an interesting picture of the widow, with her little flock gathered round her, as was her daily wont, reading to them lessons of religion and morality out of some standard work. Her favorite volume was Sir Matthew Hale's *Contemplations*, moral and divine. The admirable maxims therein contained, for outward action as well as self-government, sank deep into the mind of George, and, doubtless, had a great influence in forming his character. They certainly were exemplified in his conduct throughout life. This mother's manual, bearing his mother's name, Mary Washington, written with her own hand, was ever preserved by him with filial care, and may

still be seen in the archives of Mount Vernon. A precious document. Let those who wish to know the moral foundation of his character consult its pages.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 49.

Work on "Ferry Farm"

The plantation was on the Rappahannock, opposite the town. It was called "Pine Grove," from a body of great trees near the house. The negroes sometimes called it "Ferry Farm."

After the death of her husband, Mary Washington gave her life to the care of her family, with the devotion of a great heart and mind. Her stepson, Lawrence Washington, was her adviser. The plantation raised wool, flax, tobacco, and corn; carding and spinning wool were carried on in the house. Spinning-wheels buzzed in the busy rooms, which looked out on great fields and gardens. The Rappahannock flowed in full view, and the family at Pine Grove were happy and prosperous.

Here George Washington passed his early years, at times visiting his half-brother, Lawrence, who married, in the year after his father's death, Annie Fairfax, the daughter of Hon. William Fairfax, of Belvoir, an elegant estate adjoining Mount Vernon, which later became George Washington's own home.

The estates of Belvoir, Mount Vernon, and the landed aristocracy of Virginia were very large, and Greenway Court surpassed them all in size, as it was intended that it should do some day in the grandeur of its manor-house. The home of Mary Washington was humble, but most of the houses of the Virginian planters were large, elegant, and richly furnished.

The Boys of Greenway Court, Hezekiah Butterworth, p. 66.

His First Hunt

I was at this time more about the stables than was allowed under my father's rule, and did, in fact, much as I

liked out of school hours. It so happened that once, on a Saturday, there being no school, I was very early at the stables, and, as there was no one to hinder, made the groom saddle a hunter we had. On this I made my appearance at a meet for fox-hunting, four miles from home, to the great amusement of the gentry. They asked me if I could stay on, and if the horse knew he had anyone on his back. However, the big sorrel carried me well, and knew his business better than I did. I saw two foxes killed, and this was my first hunt; but as I rode home my horse went lame, and, to save him I dismounted and led him. Towards noon when we were come to the farm stable, I found the overseer, with a whip in his hand, swearing at Sampson, and making as if to beat him. I ran behind them and snatched away the whip. The overseer turned and, seeing me, said he meant to punish Sampson for letting me take a horse which was sold to go to Williamsburg. When he knew the horse was lame he was still more angry; but I declared I was to blame, and no one else, and said he should first whip me. He said no more, except that my mother would say what was to be done. I think he made no report of me, and certainly my mother said nothing. When the overseer had walked away, the old servant thanked me, and said no one had ever struck him, and that it would be his death. This seemed strange to me, a boy, for the slaves were whipped like children, and thought as little of it. Sampson said to me that I was like my father, and that when I was angry I became red and then pale, and that I must never get angry with a horse.

The Youth of Washington, Told in the Form of an Autobiography, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.,
p. 45.

Three Important Years

My father died in April, 1743, and Lawrence was married to Miss Fairfax in June of that year. It was fortunate for me that my brother's wife, Anna Fairfax, soon shared the constant affection felt for me by her husband Lawrence.

Facsimiles.
March 12th 1744/5

Geo Washington

Beginning this Eleventh Day of November 1749

Washington

Gentl. Y^r. Most Obed. Hble Serv.^t

Fort Loudoun

10th Sept. 1757

G. Washington

Y^r. Most affect Brother,

G. Washington

New York 29th of April 1776

Mount Vernon G. Washington
December 10th
1799

WASHINGTON'S AUTOGRAPHS AT DIFFERENT PERIODS

(At 13, 17, 25, 44 and 67 years of age. The last signature was made four days before his death.)

Austin, as we usually called Augustine, also embarked into the matrimonial state as the husband of Anne Aylett of Westmoreland, who brought him a large property.

The next three years of my young life were important. I learned very soon from my mother that, when of age, I would have a moderate estate and insufficient. It is a happy thing that children have no power to realize what money means to their elders, else I might have been set against Lawrence and thought my father unjust. After my father's death, and in the absence of my elder brothers, the house and farm soon showed the want of a man's care, and we boys enjoyed at this time almost unlimited freedom. My older brothers saw it, and felt that I, at least, might suffer, being of an age and nature to need discipline and to be guided. In fact, I delighted to skip away from my man, Peter, and find indulgence in roasting ears of Indian corn in the forbidden cabins of the field-slaves, or in coon-hunts at night, when all the house was asleep.

The Youth of Washington, Told in the Form of an Autobiography, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., p. 41.

In Mr. Williams's School

While matters concerning the estate were being discussed, Lawrence soon discovered so much of my too great freedom that he and my half-brother Augustine insisted that I should go to live for a time with the latter, near to whose abode was a good school.

It was a long ride across the neck and down to Pope's Creek on the Potomac, and I was a tired lad when we rode at evening up to the door of the house of Wakefield, where I was born eleven years before.

Here began a new life for me. Anne Aylett, Mrs. Augustine Washington, was a kind woman, very orderly in her ways, and handsome. After two days Peter was sent home, and I was allowed to ride alone to a Mr. Williams's school at Oak Grove, four miles away.

I took very easily to arithmetic, and later, to mathematic studies. I remember with what pleasure and pride I accompanied Mr. Williams when he went to survey some meadows on Bridges' Creek. To discover that what could be learned at school might be turned to use in setting out the bounds of land, gave me the utmost satisfaction. I have always had this predilection for such knowledge as can be put to practical uses, and was never weary of tramping after my teacher, which much surprised my sister-in-law. I took less readily to geography and history. Some effort was made (but this was later) to instruct me in the rudiments of Latin, but it was not kept up, and a phrase or two I found wrote later in a copy-book is all that remains to me of that tongue.

I much regret that I never learned to spell very well or to write English with elegance. As the years went by, I improved as to both defects, through incessant care on my part and copying my letters over and over. Great skill in the use of language I have never possessed, but I have always been able to make my meaning so plain in what I wrote that no one could fail to understand what I desired to make known.

The Youth of Washington. Told in the Form of an Autobiography, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., p. 28.

George and the Younger Children

The two years that had passed away had brought more developments than changes in the Washington home. George and Betty presented strong contrasts of character, but were inseparable allies, ruling unquestioningly over their three little brothers. Charles, the youngest of the three, was at this time about five years old, and had just been promoted to the honour of going to school with his seniors. It was but a parish school, some two miles distant from Pine Grove, and the children greatly enjoyed their rides thither in the morning, and home again at night. Betty and Samuel generally returned earlier than George, who felt

responsible not only for the safety of the two smaller boys, but for their horsemanship. He was much distressed to find that, in spite of his admonitions, the fat little legs would still stick out at a violent angle from the equally fat ponies' sides, and if they met other riders in the country roads, would put himself and his steed between them and the little brothers, who, he felt, as yet did no credit to their teacher. George, already a fearless and graceful rider, was always the head of the little band; he was a brave and handsome boy, resembling both father and mother, as the first child of a happy love so often does. Full of spirits, ready for any adventure, the gallant little lad had a deep fund of sense and principle, and never shirked nor neglected his responsibilities towards his juniors. Mary knew that in all circumstances where those two great qualities—conscience and courage—were required, George would not fail. Did his quick spirits lead him into some boyish scrape, the other children were never involved in it; and his first step, on realizing what he had done, was always to seek out his mother and say, "I fear you will be displeased, ma'am; but I hope you will forgive me. I have—" lamed a pony, perhaps, or left the gate of the farm-yard open, or torn a Sunday coat in climbing for apples, or what not. Mary was never left in doubt as to the author of a bit of mischief if the author were George; and both she and Augustine made a point of encouraging this openness in all the children by awarding very right punishment when the fault was bravely confessed. Both of them would have preferred to lose everything they possessed rather than frighten a child into cowardly deceit.

In the Shadow of the Lord, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, p. 213.

Early Education and Discipline

His education, however, was plain and practical. He never attempted the learned languages, nor manifested any inclination for rhetoric or belles-lettres. His object, or the

object of his friends, seems to have been confined to fitting him for ordinary business. His manuscript school books still exist, and are models of neatness and accuracy. One of them, it is true, a ciphering-book, preserved in the library at Mount Vernon, has some school-boy attempts at calligraphy: nondescript birds, executed with a flourish of the pen, or profiles of faces, probably intended for those of his schoolmates: the rest are all grave and business-like. Before he was thirteen years of age he had copied into a volume forms for all kinds of mercantile and legal papers: bills of exchange, notes of hand, deeds, bonds and the like. This early self-tuition gave him throughout life a lawyer's skill in drafting documents, and a merchant's exactness in keeping accounts: so that all the concerns of his various estates, his dealings with his domestic stewards and foreign agents, his accounts with government, and all his financial transactions are to this day to be seen posted up in books, in his own handwriting, monuments of his method and unwearied accuracy.

He was a self-disciplinarian in physical as well as mental matters, and practised himself in all kinds of athletic exercises, such as running, leaping, wrestling, pitching quoits, and tossing bars. His frame even in infancy had been large and powerful, and he now excelled most of his playmates in contests of agility and strength. As a proof of his muscular power, a place is still pointed out at Fredericksburg, near the lower ferry, where, when a boy, he flung a stone across the Rappahannock. In horsemanship, too, he already excelled, and was ready to back and able to manage the most fiery steed. Traditional anecdotes remain of his achievements in this respect.

Above all, his inherent probity and the principles of justice on which he regulated all his conduct, even at this early period of life, were soon appreciated by his schoolmates: he was referred to as an umpire in their disputes, and his decisions were never reversed. As he had formerly

been military chieftain, he was now legislator of the school; thus displaying in boyhood a type of the future man.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 51.

Why George Was Not Sent to School in England

Soon after going to live for a season at Wakefield with Augustine, I began to take myself more seriously than is common in boys of my age. I believe I have all my life been regarded as grave and reserved, although, in fact, a part of this was due to a certain shyness, which I never entirely overcame, and of which I have already written. My new schoolmaster, Mr. Williams, gave me a book which I still have, and which here, and later at Mount Vernon, was of use to me. It was called the "Youth's Companion." It contained receipts, directions for conduct and manners, how to write letters, and, what most pleased me, methods of surveying land by Gunter's rule, and all manner of problems in arithmetic and mathematics, as well as methods of writing deeds and conveyances. Young as I was, it suited well the practical side of my nature; for how to do things, and the doing of them so as to reach practical results, have never ceased to please me.

My mother's natural desire for my presence wore out the patience of Augustine, and I was at last, after some months (but I do not remember exactly how long), sent back to her and to a school kept by the Rev. James Marye, a gentleman of Huguenot descent, at Fredericksburg, and from whom I might have learned French. My father had been desirous, I know not why, that I should learn this language; but this I never did, to my regret. . . .

I was at this time about fourteen, and was, as I said, a rather grave lad. I was industrious as to what I liked, but fond of horses and the chase, and was big of my years, masterful, and of more than common bodily strength.

I was not more unfortunate than most other young Virginians in regard to education. Governor Spottiswood,

as I have heard, found no members of the majority in the House who could spell correctly or write so as to clearly state their grievances. There were persons, like the late Colonel Byrd, who were exceptions, but these were usually such as had been abroad. Patrick Henry, long after this time, observed to my sister that, even if we Virginians had little education, Mother Wit was better than Mother Country, for the gentlemen who came back brought home more vices than virtues. In fact, this may have been my father's opinion; for, although he sent Lawrence and Augustine to the Appleby School in England, he would not allow of any long residence in London, where, he said, "men's manners are finished, but so, too, are their virtues."

The Youth of Washington, Told in the Form of an Autobiography, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., p. 55.

A Little Latin

After a time he returned to his mother's and attended the school kept by the Rev. James Marye, in Fredericksburg. It has been universally asserted by his biographers that he studied no foreign language, but direct proof to the contrary exists in a copy of Patrick's Latin translation of Homer, printed in 1742, the fly-leaf of a copy of which bears, in a school-boy hand, the inscription:

"Hunc mihi quaeso (bone Vir) Libellum
Redde, si forsan tenues repertum
Ut Scias qui sum sine fraude Scriptum.
Est mihi nomen,

GEORGIO WASHINGTON,
GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Fredericksburg,
Virginia."

It is thus evident that the reverend teacher gave Washington at least the first elements of Latin, but it is equally clear that the boy, like most others, forgot it with the greatest facility as soon as he ceased studying.

The end of Washington's school-days left him, if a good "cipherer," a bad speller, and a still worse grammarian, but, fortunately, the termination of instruction did not by any means end his education. From that time there is to be noted a steady improvement in both these failings.

The True George Washington, Paul Leicester Ford, p. 63.

"Mute as Mice" before Mary Washington

This lady possessed not the ambition which is common to lesser minds; and the peculiar plainness, yet dignity of her habits and manners, became in nowise altered, when the sun of glory rose upon her house, in the character of her child. The late Lawrence Washington, Esq., of Choptank, one of the associates of the juvenile years of the chief, and remembered by him in his will, thus describes the home of the mother:

"I was often there with George, his playmate, school-mate, and young man's companion. Of the mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents. She awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was, indeed, truly kind. I have often been present with her sons, proper tall fellows too, and we were all as mute as mice; and even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I could not behold that remarkable woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic in the Father of his Country, will remember the matron as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed."

Of the many anecdotes touching the early life of the chief, we shall present our readers with one of no ordinary interest and character.

The blooded horse was the Virginia favorite of those days as well as these. Washington's mother, fond of the animal to which her deceased husband had been particularly

attached, had preserved the race in its greatest purity, and at the time of our story possessed several young horses of superior promise.

One there was, a sorrel, destined to be as famous (and for much better reason) as the horse which the brutal emperor raised to the dignity of consul. This sorrel was of a fierce and ungovernable nature, and resisted all attempts to subject him to the rein. He had reached his fullest size and vigor, unconscious of a rider: he ranged free in the air, which he snuffed in triumph, tossing his mane to the winds, and spurning the earth in pride of his freedom. It was a matter of common remark, that a man would never be found hardy enough to back and ride this vicious horse. Several had essayed, but deterred by the fury of the animal, they had desisted from their attempts, and the steed remained unbroken.

The young Washington proposed to his companions, that if they would assist him in confining the steed, so that a bridle could be placed in his mouth, he would engage to tame this terror of the parish. Accordingly, early the ensuing morning, the associates decoyed the horse into an inclosure, where they secured him and forced a bit into his mouth. Bold, vigorous, and young, the daring youth sprang to his unenvied seat, and bidding his comrades remove their tackle, the indignant courser rushed to the plain.

As if disdaining his burden, he at first attempted to fly, but soon felt the power of an arm which could have tamed his Arab grandsires in their wildest course on their native deserts. The struggle now became terrific to the beholders, who almost wished they had not joined in an enterprise so likely to be fatal to their daring associate. But the youthful hero, that "spirit-protected man," clung to the furious steed, till centaur-like he appeared to make part of the animal itself. Long was the conflict and the fears of his associates became more relieved as, with matchless

skill, the rider preserved his seat, and with unyielding force controlled the courser's rage, when the gallant horse, summoning all his powers to one mighty effort, reared, and plunged with tremendous violence, burst his noble heart, and died in an instant.

The rider, "alive, unharmed, and without a wound," was joined by the youthful group, and all gazed upon the generous steed, which, now prostrate, "trailed in dust the honors of his mane," while from distended nostrils gushed in torrents the life-blood that a moment before had swollen in his veins.

The first surprise was scarcely over, with a what's to be done? Who shall tell this tale? when the party were summoned to the morning's meal. A conversation, the most *mal à propos* to the youthful culprits, became introduced by the matron's asking, "Pray, young gentlemen, have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of; my favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire." Considerable embarrassment being observable, the lady repeated her question, when George Washington replied, "Your favorite, the sorrel, is dead, madam." "Dead," exclaimed the lady; "why, how has that happened?" Nothing dismayed, the youth continued, "That sorrel horse has long been considered ungovernable, and beyond the power of man to back or ride him; this morning, aided by my friends, we forced a bit into his mouth; I backed him, I rode him, and in a desperate struggle for the mastery, he fell under me and died upon the spot." The hectic of a moment was observed to flush the matron's cheek, but like a summer cloud, it soon passed away, and all was serene and tranquil when she remarked: "It is well; but while I regret the loss of my favorite, *I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth.*"

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis,
D. 131.

The Rev. James Marye and the "Rules of Civility"

While gathering materials for a personal and domestic biography of Washington, I discovered that in 1745 he was attending school in Fredericksburg, Virginia. The first church (St. George's) of the infant town was just then finished, and the clergyman was the Rev. James Marye, a native of France. . . . It is tolerably certain that Mr. Marye founded the school soon after his settlement there as rector, which was in 1735, eight years after the foundation of Fredericksburg.

The various intrinsic interest of these Rules of Civility is much enhanced by the curious story of their migration from an old Jesuit College in France to the copy-book of George Washington.

In a letter to the *New York Nation* (5th June, 1890) I said: "Though my theory, that the Rev. James Marye taught Washington these 'Rules,' has done good service in leading to the discovery of their origin, it cannot be verified.

. . . The discovery . . . that a Part Second of Youth's Behavior was published in 1664, and dedicated to two ladies of the Washington family in England, lends force to the suggestion that Washington might have worked out his Rules from the Hawkins [English] version."

On the whole, though it is very uncertain, the balance of probabilities seems to favor the theory that the Rules of Civility, found in a copy-book among school exercises, exceedingly abbreviated, and marked by clerical errors unusual with Washington, were derived from the oral teachings of his preceptor.

He returned to live with his mother, near Fredericksburg, in 1745. That he then went to school in Fredericksburg appears, by a manuscript left by Colonel Byrd Wills, grandson of Colonel Harry Wills, founder of the town, in which he states that his father, Lewis Wills, was Washing-

ton's schoolmate. The teacher's name is not given, but there can be little doubt that it was James Marye.

George Washington's Rules of Civility, Moncure D. Conway, pp. 11 to 34.

"Rules of Civility and Behaviour"

(As written in George Washington's Copy-book.)

Every Action done in Company ought to be with Some Sign of Respect, to those that are Present.

Shew Nothing to your Friend that may affright him.

In the Presence of Others sing not to yourself with a humming Noise, nor Drum, with your Fingers or Feet.

If you Cough, Sneeze, Sigh, or Yawn, do it not Loud, but Privately; and Speak not in your Yawning, but put your handkerchief or Hand before your face and turn aside.

Sleep not when others Speak. Sit not when others stand, Speak not when you should hold your Peace, walk not when others Stop

At Play and at Fire its Good manners to give Place to the last Commer, and not affect to Speak Louder than ordinary.

When you Sit down, Keep your Feet firm and Even, without putting one on the other or Crossing them

Shift not yourself in the Sight of others nor Gnaw your nails.

Turn not your Back to others especially in Speaking, Jog not the Table or Desk on which Another writes lean not upon any one.

Keep your Nails clean and Short, also your Hands and Teeth Clean, yet without Shewing any great Concern for them

Be no Flatterer, neither Play with any that delights not to be Play'd Withal.

Read no Letters, Books, or Papers in Company but when there is a Necessity for the doing of it you must ask leave: come not near the Books or Writings of Another so

as to read them unless desired or give your opinion of them unask'd also look not nigh when another is writing a Letter.

Let your Countenance be pleasant but in Serious Matters Somewhat grave

The Gestures of the Body must be Suited to the discourse you are upon

Reproach none for the Infirmities of Nature, nor Delight to Put them that have in mind thereof.

Shew not yourself glad at the Misfortune of another tho he be your enemy

Superfluous Complements and all Affectation of Ceremony are to be avoided, yet where due they are not to be Neglected

If any one come to Speak to you while you are Sitting Stand up tho he be your Inferiour, and when you Present Seats let it be to every one according to his Degree.

Let your Discourse with Men of Business be Short and Comprehensive.

In visiting the Sick, do not Presently play the Physicion if you be not Knowing therein

In writing or Speaking, give to every Person his due Title According to his Degree & the Custom of the Place.

Strive not with your Superiers in argument, but always Submit your Judgment to others with Modesty

Do not express Joy before one sick or in pain for that contrary Passion will aggravate his Misery

When a man does all he can though it Succeeds not blame not him that did it.

Mock not nor Jest of anything of Importance break no Jest that are Sharp Biting, and if you Deliver anything witty and Pleasant abstain from Laughing thereat yourself.

Wherein you reprove Another be unblameable yourself; for example is more prevalent than Precepts

Use no Reproachfull Language against any one neither Curse nor Revile

Be not hasty to believe flying Reports to the Disparagement of any

In your Apparel be Modest and endeavour to accommodate Nature, rather than to procure Admiration keep to the Fashion of your equals Such as are Civil and orderly with respect to Times and Places

Eat not in the Streets, nor in ye House, out of Season.

Associate yourself with Men of good Quality if you Esteem your own Reputation; for 'tis better to be alone than in bad Company.

Be not immodest in urging your Friends to Discover a Secret.

Speak not of doleful Things in a Time of Mirth or at the Table; Speak not of Melancholy Things as Death and Wounds, and if others Mention them Change if you can the Discourse tell not your Dreams, but to your intimate Friend

Break not a Jest where none take pleasure in mirth Laugh not aloud, nor at all without Occasion, deride no man's Misfortune, tho' there seem to be Some cause

Speak not injurious Words neither in Jest nor Earnest Scoff at none although they give Occasion

Detract not from others neither be excessive in Commending.

Gaze not at the marks or blemishes of Others and ask not how they came. What you may Speak in Secret to your Friend deliver not before others

Treat with men at fit Times about Business & Whisper not in the Company of Others

Be not apt to relate News if you know not the truth thereof. In Discoursing of things you Have heard Name not your Author always A Secret Discover not

Be not Tedious in Discourse or in reading unless you find the Company pleased therewith

Be not Curious to Know the Affairs of Others neither approach to those that Speak in Private

Undertake not what you cannot Perform but be Carefull to keep your Promise

Speak not Evil of the absent for it is unjust

Its unbecoming to Stoop much to one's Meat Keep your Fingers clean & when foul wipe them on a Corner of your Table Napkin.

When you Speak of God or his Attributes, let it be Seriously & with Reverence. Honour & obey your Natural Parents Altho they be Poor

Let your Recreations be Manfull not Sinfull.

Labour to keep alive in your Breast that Little Spark of Celestial fire called Conscience.

Selected from *George Washington's Rules of Civility*, Moncure D. Conway, pp. 55 to 179.

Long Suspense after Writing to "Uncle Joseph" about George's Going to Sea

Then Mary, half frightened at having almost consented to such a step without consulting an older person, wrote to her brother Joseph, asking his views on the matter. Joseph had been Augustine's friend, and ever the kindest of brothers to herself, but it is doubtful whether these were her only reasons for appealing to him. She dreaded the moment of decision, whichever way it should go, and she could put it off for at least six months—the time which must elapse before she could receive Joseph's reply.

Those six months were terribly trying to both mother and son. George had never been so kind, so dutiful, so considerate as now, although he sometimes thought he must die of the suspense he was bearing. To Mary he was dearer every day, her right hand and supporter, her comfort and crown, as his father had foretold. When her inmost heart told her she could never let him go, it bled at the pain she must inflict by withholding her consent; when her mood was more self-renouncing, and she felt that it might be her duty to give him up, she quailed at the loss which she must suffer—a loss which seemed insupportable in her widowed life. No son or daughter would ever take the

place of her eldest-born. Lawrence, meanwhile, was not idle, and did all that he could to forward the plan. When Mary told him that she was waiting to hear from George's uncle he laughed outright at the thought that Mr. Ball, in distant London, could judge better for the boy than those who were on the spot and had known him all his life. He was anxious to get the matter arranged before the English letter should arrive, having no great opinion of the judgment of a man who had left an assured position in Virginia to become one of a crowd of obscure persons in London. As time went on his nervousness increased as to what dire effects the expected letter might have greatly increased, and with eagerness only matched by that of George himself, pushed the preparations forward. He obtained the commission—a document beheld by George with joy bordering on madness—fitted out the youngster with his first uniform and in all the other properties of his state, properties so incomparably precious in the lad's eyes, and boldly announced to Mrs. Washington that George must join his ship at once.

Then she yielded, and went through a day or two of anguish which brought the first streaks of white into her beautiful hair; George thanked her with tears in his eyes, and vowed she should never regret her generosity. All his confidence returned, and he told her of his joy, of his hopes of distinction, and they clung together lovingly and tearfully, every barrier broken down between them, and both so happy in this reunion of the heart that all strain and dissension seemed forgotten forever. Lawrence hovered near, wildly anxious now to get George away, telling himself that at any moment some interfering relative or the arrival of Joseph's letter already overdue, might disastrously alter the situation.

In the Shadow of the Lord, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, p. 290.

A Bitter Disappointment

Evidently George was the favorite in his own family. Young as he was his mother relied upon him, and felt that she could not live without her eldest son. His half-brothers were exceedingly fond of him. "Brother, at once and son," George was fourteen years younger than Lawrence, the eldest of all the children, who naturally looked after the lad's education. As Mrs. Lawrence Washington shared her husband's fondness for George, he spent much of his time at Mount Vernon, which estate was now named after Admiral Vernon, commander-in-chief in the West Indies, and hero of Porto Bello and Carthagená (on and near the Isthmus of Panama) under whom Lawrence had served as captain.

Of course, Lawrence was the boy's *beau idéal*, whose military experiences furnished zest to his school games, and must have given a pronounced bent to George Washington's later life. Lawrence's associations led him to believe that a naval career might offer the most favorable future to his favorite brother. George was now fourteen, an age when lads in all climes are most attracted to "a life on the ocean wave." Mary Washington was unable to resist Lawrence's urgent appeals and her own son's entreaties. But to gain a little time, in her despair, she wrote to ask the advice of her brother, Joseph Ball, a lawyer in London. The six months then required to receive a reply from England, was a time of the tensest suspense for both mother and son. Meanwhile a warship, which seemed to George like the one golden opportunity of his life, waited at anchor in the Potomac, a little below Mount Vernon. No letter came and, as the man-of-war was about to weigh anchor, Lawrence and George obtained the mother's agonized consent to placing the boy's little sailor chest on board. When George, radiant in his new uniform, was just ready to ship as a "middy" the long-looked-for letter from Uncle Joseph

arrived, earnestly advising against a naval career, so full of hardships and humiliations for younger sons of families without much influence. This, after the strain and anguish of months, was too much for Mary Washington's mother-heart. She broke down utterly, and in tears and desperation, clung to George, imploring him not to leave his widowed mother in her grief and loneliness.

The Washington Story-Calendar, Wayne Whipple, March 6 to 12, 1910.

Uncle Joseph's Letter

STRATFORD-BY-BOW, 19th of May, 1747.

"I understand that you are advised and have some thoughts of putting your son George to sea. I think he had better be put apprentice to a tinker, for a common sailor before the mast has by no means the common liberty of the subject; for they will press him from a ship where he has fifty shillings a month and make him take twenty-three, and cut and slash and use him like a negro, or rather like a dog. And, as to any considerable preferment in the navy, it is not to be expected, as there are always so many gaping for it here who have interest, and he has none. And if he should get to be master of a Virginia ship, (which it is very difficult to do) a planter that has three or four hundred acres of land and three or four slaves, if he be industrious, may live more comfortably, and leave his family in better bread, than such a master of a ship can. . . . He must not be too hasty to be rich, but go on gently and with patience, as things will naturally go. This method, without aiming at being a fine gentleman before his time, will carry a man more comfortably and surely through the world than going to sea, unless it be a great chance indeed.

"I pray God keep you and yours.

"Your loving brother,

"JOSEPH BALL."

How He Gave It All up

"Will you come to my room, George?"

"In a minute, mother," answered George, rising and darting up-stairs.

He would show himself to her in his uniform. He had the natural pride in it that might have been expected, and, as he slipped quickly into it and put the dashing cap on his fair hair and stuck his dirk into his belt, he could not help a thrill of boyish vanity. He went straight to his mother's room, where she stood awaiting him.

The first glance at her face struck a chill to his heart. There was a look of pale and quiet determination on it that was far from encouraging. Nevertheless, George spoke up promptly.

"My warrant, mother, is up-stairs, sent me, as my brother wrote you, by Admiral Vernon. And my brother, out of his kindness, had all my outfit made for me in Alexandria. I am to join the *Bellona* frigate within the month."

"Will you read this letter, my son?" was Madam Washington's answer, handing him a letter.

George took it from her. He recognized the handwriting of his uncle, Joseph Ball, in England. It ran, after the beginning: "I understand you are advised and have some thoughts of putting your son George to sea." George stopped in surprise, and looked at his mother.

"I suppose," she said, quietly, "that he has heard that your brother Lawrence mentioned to me months ago that you wished to join the king's land or sea service, but my brother's words are singularly apt now."

George continued to read.

"I think he had better be put apprentice to a tinker, for a common sailor before the mast has by no means the common liberty of the subject, for they will press him from ship to ship, where he has fifty shillings a month, and make him take twenty-three, and cut and slash and use him like a dog."

George read this with amazement.

"My uncle evidently does not understand that I never had any intention of going to sea as a common sailor," he said, his face flushing, "and I am astonished that he should think such a thing."

"Read on," said his mother, quietly.

"And as to any considerable preferment in the navy, it is not to be expected, as there are so many gaping for it who have interest, and he has none."

George folded the letter, and handed it back to his mother respectfully.

"Forgive me, mother," said he, "but I think my uncle Joseph a very ignorant man, and especially ignorant of my prospects in life."

"George!" cried his mother, reproachfully.

George remained silent. He saw coming an impending conflict, the first of their lives, between his mother and himself.

"My brother," said Madam Washington, after a pause, "is a man of the world. He knows much more than I, a woman who has seen but little of it, and much more than a youth like you, George."

"He does not know better than my brother, who has been the best and kindest of brothers, who thought he was doing me the greatest service in getting me this warrant, and who at his own expense, prepared me for it."

Both mother and son spoke calmly, and even quietly, but two red spots burned in Madam Washington's face, while George felt himself growing whiter every moment.

"Your brother, doubtless, meant kindly towards you, for that I shall be ever grateful but I never gave my consent—I never shall give it," she said.

"I am sorry to hear you say that, mother," answered George, presently—"more sorry than I know how to say. For, although you are my dear and honored mother, you cannot choose my life for me, providing the life I choose is

respectable, and I live honestly and like a gentleman, as I always shall, I hope."

The mother and son faced each other, pale and determined. It struck home to Madam Washington that now she could not clip her eaglet's wings. She asked, in a low voice:

"Do you intend to disobey me, my son?"

"Don't force me to do it, mother!" cried George, losing his calmness, and becoming deeply agitated. "I think my honor is engaged to my brother and Admiral Vernon, and I feel in my heart that I have a right to choose my own future course. I promise that I will never discredit you; but I cannot—I cannot obey you in this."

"You do refuse, then, my son?" said Madam Washington. She spoke in a low voice, and her beautiful eyes looked straight into George's as if challenging him to resist their influence; but George, although his own eyes filled with tears, yet answered her gently:

"Mother, I must."

Madam Washington said no more, but turned away from him. The boy's heart and mind were in a whirl. Some involuntary power seemed compelling him to act as he did, without any volition on his part. Suddenly his mother turned, with tears streaming down her face and coming swiftly towards him, clasped him in her arms.

"My son, my best-beloved child!" she cried, weeping. "Do not break my heart by leaving me. I did not know until this moment how much I loved you. It is hard for a parent to plead with a child, but I beg, I implore you, if you have any regard for your mother's peace of mind, to give up the sea." And with sobs and tears, such as George had never before seen her shed, she clung to him and covered his face and hair, and even his hands, with kisses.

The boy stood motionless, stunned by an outbreak of emotion so unlike anything he had ever seen in his mother before. Calm, reticent, and undemonstrative, she had

shown a Spartan firmness in her treatment of her children until this moment. In a flash like lightning George saw that it was not that foolish letter which had influenced her, but there was a fierceness of mother love, all unsuspected in that deep and quiet nature, for him, and for him alone. This trembling, sobbing woman, calling him all fond names, and saying to him, "George, I would go upon my knees if that would move you," his mother! And the appeal overpowered him as much by its novelty as its power. Like her he began to tremble, and when she saw this she held him closer to her, and cried, "My son, will you abandon me, or will you abandon your own will this once?"

There was a short pause, and then George spoke, in a voice he scarcely knew, it was so strange:

"Mother, I will give up my commission."

A Virginia Cavalier, Molly Elliot Seawell, p. 188.

How George "Jolted It off"

Ever since I had been at Mr. Williams's school, I had a liking for the surveying of land, and had later been allowed to further inform myself by attending upon Mr. Genn, the official surveyer of Westmoreland, a man very honest and most accurate. Indeed, I had so well learned this business that I became, to my great joy, of use to Lawrence and some of his neighbors, especially to William Fairfax, who had at first much doubt as to how far my skill might be trusted.

Meanwhile various occupations for me were considered and discussed by my elders. The sea was less favored in Virginia than at the North; but many captains of merchant ships were in those days, like my father, of the better class, and my brothers, who saw in me no great promise, believed that if I went to sea as a sailor I might be helped in time to a ship, and have my share in the prosperous London trade.

Like many boys, I inclined to this life. I remind myself of it here because it has been said that I was intended

at this time to serve the king as a midshipman, which was never the case. Meanwhile,—for this was an affair long talked about,—my mother's brother, Joseph Ball, wrote to her from London, May 19, 1747, that the sea was a dog's life, and, unless a lad had great influence, was a poor affair, and the navy no better. Upon this my mother wrote, . . . and at last hurried to Mount Vernon, and so prevailed by her tears that my small chest was brought back to land from a ship in the river.

My brother Lawrence comforted me in my disappointment, saying there were many roads in life, and that only one had been barred. I remember that I burst into tears, when once I was alone, and rushed off to the stables and got a horse, and rode away at a great pace. This has always done me good, and, somehow, settled my mind; for I have never felt, as I believe a Latin writer said, that care sits behind a horseman. I jolted mine off, but for days would not have any one talk to me of the matter. Even as a lad, I had unwillingness to recur to a thing when once it was concluded, and that is so to this day.

The Youth of Washington, Told in the Form of an Autobiography, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., p. 59.

CHAPTER IV

GEORGE AND THE FAIRFAX FAMILY

Lord Fairfax's Friendship for Young Washington

George was highly favored in having four homes or places where he could "make himself at home"—his mother's house, of course; his brother Austin's, where the young wife laughed at the lad for imitating her husband; at Mount Vernon, where Mrs. Lawrence shared her husband's fondness for him, and Belvoir, where his eldest brother's wife, having been a member of the family, made the Fairfaxes and Washingtons connections by marriage. Mr. Fairfax, (frequently styled Sir William) besides his own estate, controlled vast stretches of Virginia country belonging to a wealthy cousin, Lord Thomas Fairfax, who had been a leader in English society, as the friend of Addison and Steele, and had even written for the "Spectator." But it was related that this nobleman had been betrothed to a lady of beauty and rank, who, after all the wedding preparations were made, jilted him for a little higher title, marrying a duke instead.

Enraged and humiliated, Lord Fairfax retired from society and sought the seclusion of his wild estates in Virginia, where he spent the rest of his long life in bitterness against womankind. While at Belvoir, he, like everyone else, was favorably impressed with George Washington. The sincere friendship of the accomplished nobleman proved a lifelong advantage to the younger man. It was through the penetration and kindness of Lord Fairfax that George kept on with his surveying, though the Washington family deemed it rather beneath the dignity of a Virginia gentleman. His lordship, being an able man of affairs, as

well as a shrewd man of the world, was disposed to advise and warn his bashful young friend, with whose diffidence he had the keenest sympathy. Also, the influence of his lordship's excellent literary taste was manifested in George's reading and in the clear, direct, simple style of writing which characterized the correspondence of both men through life.

George and his elderly companion used to ride across country and often went fox-hunting together. Sometimes they rode side by side for hours without either speaking a word. At other times Lord Fairfax, always taciturn in society, would talk freely about Oxford and his varied experiences "at home" (in England). His lordship's chief warning, however, was against women.

The Washington Story-Calendar, Wayne Whipple, March 27 to April 2, 1910.

Fox-hunting with Lord Fairfax

Whatever may have been the soothing effect of the female society by which he was surrounded at Belvoir, the youth found a more effectual remedy for his love melancholy in the company of Lord Fairfax. His lordship was a staunch fox-hunter, and kept horses and hounds in the English style. The hunting season had arrived. The neighborhood abounded with sport but fox-hunting in Virginia required bold and skillful horsemanship. He found Washington as bold as himself in the saddle, and eager to follow the hounds. He forthwith took him into peculiar favor; made him his hunting companion; and it was probably under the tuition of this hard-riding old nobleman that the youth imbibed that fondness for the chase for which he was afterwards remarked.

Their fox-hunting intercourse was attended with more important results. His lordship's possessions beyond the Blue Ridge had never been regularly settled nor surveyed. Lawless intruders—squatters as they were called, were planting themselves along the finest streams and in the



FOX-HUNTING WITH LORD FAIRFAX

richest valleys and virtually taking possession of the country. It was the anxious desire of Lord Fairfax to have these lands examined, surveyed, and proportioned out into lots, preparatory to ejecting these interlopers or bringing them to reasonable terms. In Washington, notwithstanding his youth, he beheld one fit for the task—having noticed the exercises in surveying which he kept up while at Mount Vernon, and the aptness and exactness with which every process was executed. He was well calculated, too, by his vigor and activity, his courage and hardihood, to cope with the wild country to be surveyed, and with its still wilder inhabitants. The proposition had only to be offered to Washington to be eagerly accepted. It was the very kind of occupation for which he had been diligently training himself. All the preparations required by one of his simple habits were soon made, and in a very few days he was ready for his first expedition into the wilderness.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 63.

Encouraged to Take up Surveying

At the age of fifteen, in the fall of 1747, I went once more, for a time to reside with Lawrence at Mount Vernon, where it was to be finally determined what I should do for a livelihood. As I look back on this period of my life, I perceive that it was the occasion of many changes. I saw much more of George William Fairfax and George Mason, ever since my friends, and was often with George's father, the master of Belvoir, only four miles from Mount Vernon.

There came often, for long visits, William's cousin, Lord Fairfax, over whose great estates in the valley William was the agent. I learned later that when first his Lordship saw me he pronounced me to be a too sober little prig—and this, no doubt, I was; but after a time, when he began to show such interest in me as flattered my pride and pleased my brother Lawrence. At this period Lord Fairfax was a tall man and gaunt, very ruddy and near-sighted.

It was natural that as a lad I should be pleased by the notice this gentleman, the only nobleman I had ever seen, began to take of me. My fondness for surveying he took more seriously than did my own people, and told me once it was a noble business, because it had to be truthful, and because it kept a man away from men, and, especially, from women. I did not then understand what he meant, and did not think it proper to inquire.

I owed to this gentleman opportunities which led on to others, and to no one else have I been more indebted. I trust and believe that I let go no chance in after life to serve this admirable family.

The Youth of Washington, Told in the Form of an Autobiography, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., p. 17.

A Full-length Portrait of Washington at Sixteen

He had just passed his sixteenth birthday. He was tall and muscular, approaching the stature of more than six feet which he afterwards attained. He was not yet filled out to manly proportions, but was rather spare, after the fashion of youth. He had a well-shaped, active figure, symmetrical except for the unusual length of the arms, indicating uncommon strength. His light brown hair was drawn back from a broad forehead, and grayish-blue eyes looked happily, and perhaps a trifle soberly, on the pleasant Virginia world about him. The face was open and manly, with a square, massive jaw, and a general expression of calmness and strength. "Fair and florid," big and strong, he was, take him for all in all, as fine a specimen of his race as could be found in the English colonies.

Let us look a little closer through the keen eyes of one who studied many faces to good purpose. The great painter of portraits, Gilbert Stuart, tells us of Washington that he never saw in any man such large eye-sockets, or such breadth of nose and forehead between the eyes, and that he read there the evidence of the strongest passions possible to

human nature. John Bernard, the actor, a good observer, too, saw in Washington's face in 1797, the signs of an habitual conflict and mastery of passions, witnessed by the compressed mouth and deeply indented brow. The problem had been solved then; but in 1748, passion and will alike slumbered, and no man could tell which would prevail or whether they would work together to great purpose or go jarring on to nothingness. He rises up to us out of the past in that early springtime a fine, handsome, athletic boy, beloved by those about him, who found him a charming companion and did not guess that he might be a terribly dangerous foe. He rises up instinct with life and strength, a being capable, as we know, of great things whether for good or evil, with hot blood pulsing in his veins and beating in his heart, with violent passions and relentless will still undeveloped, and no one in all that jolly, generous Virginian society even dimly dreamed what that development would be, or what it would mean to the world.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 55.

Two Georges Go Surveying

We set out on March 11, 1748, George William Fairfax and I, with two servants and a led horse, loaded with a pack and such baggage as could not be carried in saddle-bags. I was at this time ill, not having recovered from an attack of the ague; but the action of the horse and the feeling of adventure helped me, so that in a day or two I left off taking of Jesuits' bark, and was none the worse. . . .

As we were soon joined by my old master in surveying, James Genn, I learned a great deal more of his useful art, and usually earned a doubloon a day, but sometimes six pistoles. Although the idea of daily wages was unpleasant to Virginians of my class, I remember that it made me feel independent, and set a sort of value upon me which reasonably fed my esteem of myself, which was, I do believe, never too great.

Our journey was without risks, except the rattlesnakes, and the many smaller vermin which inhabited the blankets in the cabins of the squatters.

I remember with pleasure the evening when I first saw the great fertile valley after we came through Ashby's Gap in the Blue Ridge. The snows were still melting and the roads the worst that could ever be seen, even in Virginia. The greatness of the trees I remember, and my surprise that the Indians should have so much good invention in their names, as when they called the river of the valley the Shen-an-do-ah—that is, the Daughter of the Stars; but why so named I never knew.

In this great vale were the best of Lord Fairfax's lands. Near to where this stream joins the Potomac were many clearings, of which we had to make surveys and insist on his lordship's ownership. Here were no hardships, and much pleasure in the pursuit of game, especially wild turkeys. I learned to cook, and how to make a bivouac comfortable, and many things which are part of the education of the woods. Only four nights did I sleep in a bed, and then had more small company than I liked to entertain.

After one night in a Dutch cabin I liked better a bear-skin and the open air, for it was not to my taste to lie down on a straw—very populous—or on a skin, with a man, wife, and squalling babies, like dogs and cats, and to cast lots who should be nearest the fire.

I did not like these people, and the Indians interested me more. Genn understood their tongue well enough to talk with them, and the way they had of sign-language pleased Lord Fairfax, because, he said, you could not talk too much in signs or easily abuse your neighbor; but I found they had a sign for cutting a man's throat, and it seemed to me that was quite enough, and worse than abuse. Mr. Genn warned me that one of their great jokes was, when shaking hands with white men, to squeeze so as to give pain. Being warned, I gave the chief who was called Big

Bear such a grip that, in his surprise, he cried out, and thus amused the other warriors.

The Youth of Washington, Told in the Form of an Autobiography, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., p. 90.

He Went in a Schoolboy and Came out the First Soldier in the Colonies

Lord Fairfax and Washington became fast friends. They hunted the fox together, and hunted him hard. They engaged in all the rough sports and perilous excitements that Virginia winter life could afford, and the boy's bold and skilful riding, his love of sports and his fine temper, commended him to the warm and affectionate interest of the old nobleman. Other qualities, too, the experienced man of the world saw in his young companion: a high and persistent courage, robust and calm sense, and above all, unusual force of will and character. Washington impressed profoundly everybody with whom he was brought into personal contact, a fact which is one of the most marked features of his character and career, and one which deserves study more than almost any other. Lord Fairfax was no exception to the rule. He saw in Washington not simply a promising, brave, open-hearted boy, diligent in practising his profession, and whom he was anxious to help, but something more; something which so impressed him that he confided to this lad a task which, according to its performance, would affect both his fortune and his peace. In a word, he trusted Washington and told him, as the spring of 1748 was opening, to go forth and survey the vast Fairfax estates beyond the Ridge, define their boundaries, and save them from future litigation. With this commission from Lord Fairfax, Washington entered on the first period of his career. He passed it on the frontier, fighting nature, the Indians, and the French. He went in a schoolboy; he came out the first soldier in the colonies, and one of the leading men of Virginia.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 52.

From Washington's First Journal

Fryday March 11th 1747-8. Began my Journey in Company with George Fairfax, Esqr.; we travell'd this day 40 Miles to Mr. George Neavels in Prince William County.

Saturday March 12th this Morning Mr. James Genn y^e surveyor came to us, we travel'd over y^e Blue Ridge to Cap^t Ashbys on Shannondoah River, Nothing remarkable happen'd.

Sunday March 13 Rode to his Lordship's Quarter about 4 Miles higher up y^e River we went through most beautiful Groves of Sugar Trees & spent y^e best part of y^e Day in admiring y^e Trees & richness of y^e Land.

Monday 14th We sent our Baggage to Cap^t Hites (near Frederick Town) went ourselves down y^e River about 16 Miles to Cap^t Isaac Penningtons (the Land exceeding Rich & Fertile all y^e way produces abundance of Grain Hemp Tobacco &c) in order to Lay of some Lands on Cates Marsh & Long Marsh.

Tuesday 15th We set out early with Intent to Run round y^e s^d Land but being taken in a Rain & it Increasing very fast obliged us to return, it clearing about one oClock & our time being too Precious to Loose we a second time ventured out & Worked hard till Night & then returned to Penningtons we got our Suppers & was Lighted into a Room & I not being so good a Woodsman as y^e rest of my Company striped myself very orderly & went in to y^e Bed as they called it when to my surprize I found it to be nothing but a Little Straw -matted together without Sheets or any thing else but one thread Bear blanket with double its weight of Vermin such as Lice Fleas &c. I was glad to get up (as soon as y^e Light was carried from us) I put on my Cloths and Lays as my Companions. Had we not been very tired I am sure we should not have slept much that night I made a Promise not to Sleep so from that time forward chusing

rather to sleep in y^e open Air before a fire as will appear hereafter.

Wednesday 16th We set out early & finished about one oClock & then Travell'd up to Frederick Town where our Baggage came to us we cleaned ourselves (to get Rid of y^e Game we had catched y^e Night before) & took a Review of y^e Town & thence returned to our Lodgings where we had a good Dinner prepar'd for us Wine & Rum Punch in Plenty & a good Feather Bed with clean Sheets which was a very agreeable regale.

Sonday 20 finding y^e River not much abated we in y^e Evening Swam our horses over & carried them to Charles Polks in Maryland for Pasturage till y^e next Morning.

Monday 21st We went over in a Canoe & Travell'd up Maryland side all y^e Day in a Continued Rain to Coll^o Cresaps right against y^e Mouth of y^e South Branch about 40 Miles from Polks I believe y^e worst Road that ever was trod by Man or Beast.

Tuesday 22d Continued Rain and y^e Freshes kept us at Cresaps.

Wednesday 23d Rain'd till about two oClock & Clear'd when we were agreeably surpris'd at y^e sight of thirty odd Indians coming from War with only one Scalp. We had some Liquor with us of which we gave them Part it elevating their Spirits put them in y^e Humour of Dauncing of whom we had a War Daunce there manner of Dauncing is as follows Viz They Clear a Large Circle & make a Great Fire in y^e middle then seats themselves around it y^e Speaker makes grand Speech telling them in what Manner they are to Daunce after he has finish'd y^e best Dauncer Jumps about y^e Ring in a most comicle Manner he is followed by y^e Rest then begins there Musicians to Play y^e Musick is a Pot half of Water with Deerskin Streched over it as tight as it can & a

goard with some Shott in it to Rattle & a Piece of an horses Tail to it to make it look fine y^e one keeps Rattling and y^e other Drumming all y^e while y^e others is Dauncing
Journal of My Journey Over the Mountains, by George Washington while Surveying for Lord Thomas Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, in the Northern Neck of Virginia, Beyond the Blue Ridge.

Copied from the Original with Literal Exactness, and Edited with Notes by J. M. Toner, M.D., pp. 15 to 33.

How Lord Fairfax Read Washington's First Journal

It was a winter night. Lord Fairfax had gathered about him a merry company, Washington was there, but grave and reserved in contrast with the others. Mr. Gist, the explorer, was present, and with him had come young Owler, an Indian runner, to hear the violins. A number of young hunters and trappers and fur-traders had stopped at the Court for the night to share the bountiful baron's hospitality.

The stories of the surveys of his immense estates were Lord Fairfax's delight. Washington kept journals of his surveys, and Mr. Gist was a natural story-teller.

Lord Fairfax spread the journal of young Washington and its records of surveys out on the great oak table. He began to read the diary. The men listened eagerly, ready to applaud any incident of the narrative which should excite their interest.

[After his lordship had read the diary through, he said:]

"Washington is a brave boy, it is hardship that makes men. A man's power in life is in proportion to the resistance he meets when he is young. George will become a strong man one day."

The journal gives a correct view of the manner that the young surveyor passed a period of his early days. He was then scarcely more than a boy.

The Boys of Greenway Court, Hezekiah Butterworth, pp. 77 to 88.

Conflicting Claims to the Ohio Country

While George was acting as county surveyor, and for several years afterward, the trouble between the English and French for the settlement of the country along the Ohio river was rapidly approaching a crisis. The French claimed all the territory watered by the tributaries of the Mississippi river by right of the discoveries of Joliet and Père Marquette of the Mississippi in the north, and their settlement of Louisiana in the south.

The English based their claim on a supposed purchase of all the territory west of the mountains and north of the Ohio from the Five Nations of Indians in council. But "possession is eleven points in the law," and the French were not only coming down from Canada and making settlements in the disputed territory, but also making friends with the Indians. This they were able to do because of the work of French Catholic missionaries and of the fact that many of the French pioneers had intermarried with and lived among the red men.

Virginia was especially interested in this dispute, as a sort of syndicate of gentlemen had formed what was known as the Ohio Company, whose business was to traffic with the natives and settle the country.

The Washington Story-Calendar, Wayne Whipple, May 8 to 14, 1910.

Labored Love Lines

Who [the] "Low Land Beauty" was has been the source of much speculation, but the question is still unsolved, every suggested damsel—Lucy Grymes, Mary Bland, Betsy Fauntleroy, *et al.*—being either impossible or the evidence wholly inadequate. But in the same journal which contains the draughts of these letters is a motto poem—

"'Twas Perfect Love before
But Now I do adore"—

followed by the words "Young M. A. his W [ife?]," and as it

was a fashion of the time to couple the initials of one's well-beloved with such sentiments, a slight clue is possibly furnished. Nor was this the only rhyme that his emotions led to his inscribing in his journal: and he confided to it the following:

“Oh Ye Gods why should my Poor Resistless Heart
Stand to oppose thy might and Power
At Last surrender to cupid's feather'd Dart
And now lays Bleeding every Hour
For her that's Pityless of my grief and Woes
And will not on me Pity take
He sleep amongst my most inveterate Foes
And with gladness never wish to wake
In deluding sleepings let my eyelids close
That in an enraptured Dream I may
In a soft lulling sleep and gentle repose
Possess those joys denied by Day.”

However woe-begone the young lover was, he does not seem to have been wholly lost to others of the sex? and at this time he was able to indite an acrostic to another charmer, which, if incomplete, nevertheless proves that there was a “midland” beauty as well, the lady being presumptively some member of the family of Alexanders, who had a plantation near Mount Vernon.

“From your bright sparkling Eyes I was undone;
Rays, you have; more transperent than the Sun,
Amidst its glory in the rising Day
None can you equal in your bright array;
Constant in your calm and unspotted Mind;
Equal to all, but will to none Prove kind,
So knowing, seldom one so young, you'll Find.
Ah! woe's me, that I should Love and conceal
Long have I wish'd, but never dare reveal,
Even though severely Loves Pains I feel;
Xerxes that great, was't free from Cupids Dart,
And all the greatest Heroes, felt the smart.”

The True George Washington, Paul Leicester Ford; p. 86.

"I Used Often to Wish He Would Talk More"

In his earliest days, there was perseverance and completeness in all his undertakings. Nothing was left half done, or done in a hurried and slovenly manner. The habit of mind thus cultivated continued throughout life; so that however complicated his tasks and overwhelming his cares, in the arduous and hazardous situations in which he was often placed, he found time to do everything, and to do it well. He had acquired the magic of method, which of itself works wonders.

In one of these manuscript memorials of his practical studies and exercises, we have come upon some documents singularly in contrast with all that we have just cited, and with his apparently unromantic character. In a word, there are evidences in his own handwriting, that, before he was fifteen years of age, he had conceived a passion for some unknown beauty, so serious as to disturb his otherwise well-regulated mind, and to make him really unhappy. Why this juvenile attachment was a source of unhappiness we have no positive means of ascertaining. Perhaps the object of it may have considered him a mere schoolboy, and treated him as such, or his own shyness may have been in his way, and his "rules for behavior and conversation" may as yet have sat awkwardly on him, and rendered him formal and ungainly when he most sought to please. Even in later years he was apt to be silent and embarrassed in female society. "He was a very bashful young man," said an old lady, whom he used to visit when they were both in their nonage, "I used often to wish that he would talk more."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 57.

County Surveyor at Seventeen

About this time the influence of Lord Fairfax and my brothers obtained for me the place of surveyor of the county of Culpeper. I saw, a few years ago, in the records of Cul-

peper Court House, under date of July 20, 1749, that George Washington, gentleman, produced a commission from the president and masters of William and Mary College appointing him to be a surveyor of the county, whereupon he took the oath to his Majesty's person and government and subscribed the abjuration oath, the test, etc.

I recall now the pleasure this formal appointment gave me. Although I was then but seventeen years old, I was much trusted and was soon busily employed, because of my exactness, and because it was known that I could not be bribed; and thus for over two years I pursued this occupation. His Lordship had long since left his cousin's house of Belvoir and gone to live in the valley, in his steward's house, which he now bettered and enlarged for his own use, meaning soon to build a great mansion-house, which he never did.

The Youth of Washington, Told in the Form of an Autobiography, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., p. 96.

CHAPTER V

GEORGE AND HIS BROTHER LAWRENCE

"They Mean to Steal Our Country"

Mr. Thomas Lee, president of the council of Virginia, took the lead in the concerns of the [Ohio] company at the outset, and by many has been considered its founder. On his death, which soon took place, Lawrence Washington had the chief management. His enlightened mind and liberal spirit shone forth in his earliest arrangements. He wished to form the settlements with Germans from Pennsylvania. Being dissenters, however, they would be obliged, on becoming residents within the jurisdiction of Virginia, to pay parish rates, and maintain a clergyman of the Church of England, though they might not understand his language nor relish his doctrines. Lawrence sought to have them exempted from this double tax on purse and conscience.

"It has ever been my opinion," said he, "and I hope it ever will be, that restraints on conscience are cruel in regard to those on whom they are imposed, and injurious to the country imposing them. England, Holland, and Prussia I may quote as examples, and much more Pennsylvania, which has flourished under that delightful liberty, so as to become the admiration of every man who considers the short time it has been settled. . . . This colony [Virginia] was settled in the latter part of Charles the First's time, and during the usurpation, by the zealous churchmen; and that spirit, which was then brought in, has ever since continued; so that, except a few Quakers, we have no dissenters. But what has been the consequence? We have increased by slow degrees, whilst our neighboring colonies, whose natural advantages are greatly inferior to ours, have become populous."

Such were the enlightened views of this brother of our Washington, to whom the latter owed much of his moral and mental training. The company proceeded to make preparations for their colonizing scheme. Goods were imported from England suited to the Indian trade, or for presents to the chiefs. Rewards were promised to veteran warriors and hunters among the natives acquainted with the woods and mountains, for the best route to the Ohio. Before the company had received its charter, however, the French were in the field. Early in 1720, the Marquis de la Galissonniere, Governor of Canada, despatched Celeron de Bienville, an intelligent officer, at the head of three hundred men, to the banks of the Ohio, to make peace, as he said, between the tribes that had become embroiled with each other during the late war, and to renew the French possessions of the country.

Celeron de Bienville distributed presents among the Indians, made speeches reminding them of former friendship, and warned them not to trade with the English. He furthermore nailed leaden plates to trees, and buried others in the earth, at the confluence of the Ohio and its tributaries, bearing inscriptions purporting that all the lands on both sides of the rivers to their sources appertained, as in foregone times, to the crown of France. The Indians gazed at these mysterious plates with wondering eyes, but surmised their purport. "They mean to steal our country from us," murmured they, and they determined to seek protection from the English.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 78.

The Ohio Company Sends Christopher Gist

It was some time later in the same autumn that the Ohio Company brought their plans into operation, and despatched an agent to explore the lands upon the Ohio and its branches as low as the Great Falls, take note of their fitness for cultivation, of the passes of the mountains, the

courses and bearings of the rivers, and the strength and disposition of the native tribes. The man chosen for the purpose was Christopher Gist, a hardy pioneer, experienced in woodcraft and Indian life, who had his home on the banks of the Yadkin, near the boundary line of Virginia and North Carolina. He was allowed a woodsman or two for the service of the expedition. He set out on the 31st of October, from the banks of the Potomac, by an Indian path which the hunters had pointed out, leading from Wills' Creek, since called Fort Cumberland, to the Ohio. Indian paths and Buffalo tracks are the primitive highways of the wilderness. Passing the Juniata, he crossed the ridges of the Alleghany, arrived at Shannopin, a Delaware village on the south-east side of the Ohio, or rather of that upper branch of it, now called the Allegheny, swam his horses across that river, and descending along its valley arrived at Logstown, an important Indian village a little below the site of the present city of Pittsburg. Here usually resided Tanacharisson, a Seneca chief of great note, being head sachem of the mixed tribes which had migrated to the Ohio and its branches. He was usually surnamed the Half-King, being subordinate to the Iroquois confederacy. The chief was absent at this time, as were most of his people, it being the hunting season. George Croghan, the envoy from Pennsylvania, with Montour his interpreter, had passed through Logstown a week previously, on his way to the Twightwees and other tribes, on the Miami branch of the Ohio. Scarce any one was to be seen about the village except some of Croghan's rough people, whom he had left behind—"reprobate Indian traders," Gist terms them. They regarded the latter with a jealous eye, suspecting him of some rivalry in trade, or designs on the Indian lands; and intimated significantly that "he would never go home safe."

Gist knew the meaning of such hints from men of this stamp in the lawless depths of the wilderness, but quieted their suspicions by letting them know that he was on public business, and on good terms with their great man, George

Croghan, to whom he despatched a letter. He took his departure from Logstown, however, as soon as possible, preferring, as he said, the solitude of the wilderness to such company.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 81.

"A Most Delightful Country"

At Beaver Creek, a few miles below the village, he [Gist] left the river and struck into the interior of the present State of Ohio. Here he overtook George Croghan at Muskingum, a town of Wyandots and Mingoos. He had ordered all the traders in his employ who were scattered among the Indian villages, to rally at this town, where he had hoisted the English flag over his residence, and over that of the sachem. This was in consequence of the hostility of the French who had recently captured, in the neighborhood, three white men in the employ of Frazier, an Indian trader, and had carried them away prisoners to Canada.

Gist was well received by the people of Muskingum. They were indignant at the French violation of their territories, and the capture of their "English brothers." They had not forgotten the conduct of Celeron de Bienville in the previous year, and the mysterious plates which he had nailed against trees and sunk in the ground. "If the French claim the rivers which run into the lakes," said they, "those which run into the Ohio belong to us and to our brothers the English." And they were anxious that Gist should settle among them, and build a fort for their mutual defense.

A council of the nation was now held, in which Gist invited them, in the name of the Governor of Virginia, to visit that province, where a large present of goods awaited them, sent by their father, the great king, over the water to his Ohio children. The invitation was graciously received, but no answer could be given until a grand council of the western tribes had been held, which was to take place at Logstown in the ensuing spring.

Similar results attended visits made by Gist and Crogan to the Delawares and the Shawnees at their villages about the Scioto River; all promised to be at the gathering at Logstown. From the Shawnee village, near the mouth of the Scioto, the two emissaries shaped their course north two hundred miles, crossed the great Moneami, or Miami River, on a raft, swimming their horses; and on the 17th of February arrived at the Indian town of Piqua.

These journeyings had carried Gist about a wide extent of country beyond the Ohio. It was rich and level, watered with streams and rivulets, and clad with noble forests of hickory, walnut, ash, poplar, sugar-maple, and wild cherry trees. Occasionally there were spacious plains covered with wild rye; natural meadows, with blue grass and clover; and buffaloes, thirty and forty at a time, grazing on them as in a cultivated pasture. Deer, elk, and wild turkeys abounded. "Nothing is wanted but cultivation," said Gist, "to make this a most delightful country." Cultivation has since proved the truth of his words. The country thus described is the present State of Ohio.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 83.

Major Washington's Broadsword Practice Interrupted

The French now prepared for hostile contingencies. They launched an armed vessel of unusual size on Lake Ontario; fortified their trading house at Niagara; strengthened their outposts, and advanced others on the upper waters of the Ohio. A stir of warlike preparation was likewise to be observed among the British colonies. It was evident that the adverse claims to the disputed territories, if pushed home, could only be settled by the stern arbitrament of the sword.

In Virginia, especially, the war spirit was manifest. The province was divided into military districts, each having an adjutant general, with the rank of major, and the pay of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, whose duty was to attend to the organization and equipment of the militia.

Such an appointment was sought by Lawrence Washington for his brother George. It shows what must have been the maturity of the mind of the latter, and the confidence inspired by his judicious conduct and aptness for business, that the post should not only be sought for him, but readily obtained; though he was yet but nineteen years of age. He proved himself worthy of the appointment.

He now set about preparing himself, with his usual method and assiduity, for his new duties. Virginia had among its floating population some military relics of the late Spanish war. Among these was a certain Adjutant Muse, a Westmoreland volunteer, who had served with Lawrence Washington in the campaigns in the West Indies, and had been with him in the attack on Carthagera. He now undertook to instruct his brother George in the art of war; lent him treatises on military tactics; put him through the manual exercises, and gave him some idea of evolutions in the field. Another of Lawrence's campaigning comrades was Jacob Van Braam, a Dutchman by birth; a soldier of fortune of the Dalgetty order; who had been in the British army, but was now out of service, and, professing to be a complete master of fence, recruited his slender purse in this time of military excitement, by giving the Virginian youth lessons in sword exercise.

Under the instructions of these veterans, Mount Vernon, from being a quiet rural retreat, where Washington, three years previously, had indited love ditties to his "lowland beauty," was suddenly transformed into a school of arms, as he practised the manual exercise with Adjutant Muse, or took lessons on the broadsword from Van Braam.

His martial studies, however, were interrupted for a time by the critical state of his brother's health. The constitution of Lawrence had always been delicate, and he had been obliged repeatedly to travel for a change of air. There were now pulmonary symptoms of a threatening nature, and by advice of his physicians he determined to pass a

winter in the West Indies, taking with him his favorite brother George as a companion. They accordingly sailed for Barbadoes on the 28th of September, 1751. George kept a journal of the voyage with log-book brevity; recording the wind and weather, but no events worth citation. They landed at Barbadoes on the 3d of November.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 92.

Arrival of the Washington Brothers at Barbadoes

[George kept a Journal of this trip, which, though preserved, is torn and illegible in the places indicated by dots.]

We were greatly alarmed with the cry of "Land" at 4 A: M: We quitted our beds with surprise and found y^e land plainly appearing at about 3 leagues distance, when by our reckonings we shou'd have been near 150 leagues to the windward—we were to leeward ab^t y^e distance above mention'd, and had we been but 3 or 4 leagues more, we shou'd have been out of sight of the Island, run down the latitude and probably not have discovered.

November 4th, 1751.—This morning received a card from Major Clarke, welcoming us to Barbadoes, with an invitation to breakfast and dine with him. We went,—myself with some reluctance, as the smallpox was in his family. We were received in the most kind and friendly manner by him. Mrs. Clarke was much indisposed, inso-much that we had not the pleasure of her company, but in her place officiated Miss Roberts, her niece, an agreeable young lady. After drinking tea we were again invited to Mr. Carter's, and desired to make his house ours until we could find lodgings agreeable to our wishes, which offer we accepted.

November 5th—Early this morning came Dr. Hilary, an eminent physician, recommended by Major Clarke, to

pass his opinion on my brother's disorder, which he did in a favorable light, giving great assurance that it was not so fixed but that a cure might be effectually made. In the cool of the evening we rode out, accompanied by Mr. Carter, to seek lodgings in the country, as the Doctor advised, and were perfectly ravished with the beautiful prospects, which every side presented to our view,—the fields of cane, corn, fruit-trees, &c., in a delightful green. We returned without accomplishing our intentions.

Tuesday 6th.—At Mr. Carter's, employing ourselves in writ^g letters to be carried by the schooner *Fredericksburg*, Captⁿ Robinson, to Virginia. Received a card from Maj^r Clarke wherein our companys were desired to dinner tomorrow, & and myself an invitation from M^{rs}. Clarke & Miss Rōb^{ts} to come, and see the serp^{ts} fir'd from guns, & I had the pleasure of seeing M^{rs}. Clarke.

Wednesday 7th.—Dined at Maj^r Clarke s; and by him was introduced to the Surveyor-Gen^l & Judges Filey & Hackett, who likewise din'd there. In the evening they complaisantly accompanied us in another excursion in the country to choose such lodgings as most suited. We pitched on the house of Captⁿ. Croftan, commander of James Fort; he was desir'd to come to town next day to propose his terms.

Thursday 8th.—Came Captⁿ. Croftan with his proposals which, tho extravagantly dear, my Brother was oblig'd to give:—£15 p^r Month is his charge, exclusive of liquours and washing, which we find. In the evening we remov'd some of our things up and ourselves. It's very pleasantly situated and pretty, . . . the sea, ab^t a mile from town. The prospect is extensive by land and pleasant by sea, as we command the prospect of Carlyle Bay, in such manner that none can go in or out without being open to our view.

Washington's Barbadoes Journal, 1751-2, Edited, with Notes, by J. M. Toner, M.D., pp. 39 to 48.

**"Beefsteak and Tripe" Club, "George Barnwell," and
Smallpox**

Friday 9th.—We receiv'd a card from Maj^r Clarke, inviting us to dine with him at Judge Maynard's on the morrow. He had a right to ask, being a member of the Club call'd the "Beefsteak & Tripe," instituted by himself.

We were genteelly receiv'd by Judge Satus Maynard & Lady, and agreeably entertain'd by the company. They have a meeting every Saturday, this being Col^o. Maynard's. After dinner there was the greatest collection of fruits I have yet seen on a table. There was the Granadella, the Sappadilla, Pomegranate, Sweet Orange, Water Lemon, Forbidden Fruit. Apples, Guavas, &c., &c., &c. We receiv'd invitations from every gentleman there, & one, who also was there, tho not one of their Memb^{rs}. Mr. Warren desir'd Maj^r Clarke to shew us the way to his house. Mr. Hack^t insisted on our coming to his, being his day to treat with beefsteak & tripe, but, above all, the invitation of Mr. Maynard was the most kind and friendly. He desir'd, and even insisted, as well as his lady, on our coming to spend some weeks with him, and promis'd nothing should be wanting to render our stay agreeable. My Br. promis'd he wou'd as soon as he was a little disengag'd from the Dr^s. We return'd, and by . . . was invited to dine at . . . Clarke's the next day, by himself.

Sunday 11th.—Dressed in order for Church but got to town too late. Dined at Maj^r Clarke's with y^e S^e G: [same gentlemen?] Went to Evening Service and return'd to our lodgings.

Monday 12th.—Receiv'd an afternoon visit from Capt. Petrie and an invitation to dine with him the next day.

13th.—Dined at the Fort Needham, [where Capt. Petrie was in command] with some ladies. It's pretty

strongly fortified, and mounts about 36 guns within the fortifiⁿ., but 2 facine batteries, m 51.

Wednesday 14th.—At our lodgings.

Thursday 15th.—Was treated with a play ticket by M^r. Carter to see the Tragedy of "George Barnwell" acted: the characters of "Barnwell" and several others were said to be well perform'd. There was musick adapted and regularly conducted by M^r.

Saturday 17th.—Was strongly attacked with the small-pox: sent for D^r. Lanahan, whose attendance was very constant till my recovery and going out, which was not till Thursday, the 12th of December.

December 12th.—Went to town; visited Maj^r Clarke's family, (who kindly visited me in my illness, and contributed all they cou'd in send me the necessaries required in y^e disorder) and dined with Maj^r. Gaskens, a half-b^r. to M^{rs}. Clarke.

Thursday 18th.—Provided my sea store and dined with M^r. Carter.

Friday 19th.—Got my clothes, store, &c., on board the *Industry*, Captⁿ. John Saunders, for Virginia.

Saturday 21st.— . . . At my lodgings . . . my Brother—

Sunday 22d.—Took my leave of my B^r., Maj^r Clarke, &c., and embarked on the *Industry*, Captⁿ. John Saunders, for Virginia. Weighed anchor and got out of Carlyle Bay ab^t 12.

Lawrence "Hurrying Home to His Grave!"

After his recovery he made excursions about the island, noticing its soil, productions, fortifications, public works, and the manners of its inhabitants. While admiring the productiveness of the sugar plantations, he was shocked at the spendthrift habits of the planters, and their utter want of management.

"How wonderful," writes he, "that such people should be in debt, and not be able to indulge themselves in all the luxuries, as well as the necessities of life. Yet so it happens. Estates are often alienated for debts. How persons coming to estates of two, three, and four hundred acres can want, is to me most wonderful." How much does this wonder speak for his own scrupulous principle of always living within compass.

The residence in Barbadoes failed to have the anticipated effect on the health of Lawrence, and he determined to seek the sweet climate of Bermuda in the spring. He felt the absence from his wife, and it was arranged that George should return to Virginia, and bring her out to meet him at that island. Accordingly, . . . George set sail . . . [for] Virginia, where he arrived on the 1st February, 1752, after five weeks of stormy winter seafaring.

Lawrence remained through the winter at Barbadoes; but the very mildness of the climate relaxed and enervated him. He felt the want of the bracing winter weather to which he had been accustomed. Even the invariable beauty of the climate, the perpetual summer, wearied the restless invalid. "This is the finest island of the West Indies," said he; "but I own no place can please me without a change of seasons. We soon tire of the same prospect." A consolatory truth for the inhabitants of more capricious climes.

Still, some of the worst symptoms of his disorder had.

disappeared, and he seemed to be slowly recovering; but the nervous restlessness and desire of change, often incidental to his malady, had taken hold of him, and early in March he hastened to Bermuda. He had come too soon. The keen air of early spring brought on an aggravated return of his worst symptoms. "I have now got to my last refuge," writes he to a friend, "where I must receive my final sentence, which at present Dr. Forbes will not pronounce. He leaves me, however, I think, like a criminal condemned, though not without hopes of reprieve. But this I am to obtain by meritoriously abstaining from flesh of every sort, all strong liquour, and by riding as much as I can bear. These are the only terms on which I am to hope for life. . . ."

The very next letter, written shortly afterward in a moment of despondency, talks of the possibility of "hurrying home to his grave!"

The last was no empty foreboding. He did indeed hasten back, and just reached Mount Vernon in time to die under his own roof, surrounded by his family and friends, and attended in his last moments by that brother on whose manly affection his heart seemed to repose. His death took place on the 26th July, 1752, when but thirty-four years of age. He was a noble-spirited, pure-minded, accomplished gentleman; honored by the public, and beloved by his friends. The paternal care ever manifested by him for his youthful brother, George, and the influence his own character and conduct must have had upon him in his ductile years, should link their memories together in history, and endear the name of Lawrence Washington to every American.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 96.

The Home-coming

The *Sprightly Jane* was to make another voyage in March, and it was intended that George and his sister

should sail on her; but she was delayed below Mount Vernon for two weeks waiting for a wind. One morning late in March, George, on looking out of the window on rising to see if there were any chance of getting off that day, felt a strong wind from the northwest; but as soon as his eyes fell on the river he saw a frigate at anchor that had evidently come in during the night. And while watching her he saw the captain's gig shove off with two figures in it that wonderfully resembled his brother Lawrence and his faithful Peter. George jumped into his clothes, and ran down-stairs and to the shore to make certain, and there in the boat, half-supported by his servant, lay Lawrence, pale and ill beyond description, but with a happy light in his weary, suffering eyes. In a few minutes Mrs. Washington came flying down, and, with clasped hands and tears streaming down her cheeks, awaited her husband on the end of the little wharf. . . . This joyous welcome, the presence of faces dear and familiar, the sight of home, was almost too much happiness for the poor invalid. George literally carried Lawrence in his strong young arms up to the house, while his wife clung to his hand.

"I could not stay away any longer," said Lawrence, "and when the ship came to Bermuda, and the kind captain saw how hard it was for me to stay, to die among strangers, he invited me to return with him as his guest. I thought that you, Anne, and George might already have started for Bermuda, but, thanks to the good God, I find you here."

All those who loved Lawrence Washington saw that day that his end was near, and within three months, he gave up his life.

One gloomy September day, just a year from the time he had set forth with his brother on that dreary voyage, George realized that, at last, he was master of Mount Vernon, and the realization was one of the most painful moments of his life. He returned to the place at Belvoir, the home of his sister's father, where he had left her. In vain he had

pleaded with her to continue at Mount Vernon; for Lawrence in his will, had given it to her during her lifetime. But, gentle and submissive in all things else, Anne Washington could not and would not return to the home of her brief married happiness and the spot connected with the long series of crushing griefs that had befallen her.

A Virginia Cavalier, Molly Elliot Seawell, p. 271.

The Art of War and Manual of Arms

From the sunshine and ease of this tropical winter Washington passed to a long season of trial and responsibility at home and abroad. In July, 1752, his much-loved brother Lawrence died, leaving George guardian of his daughter and heir to his estates in the event of that daughter's death. Thus the current of his home life changed, and responsibility came into it, while outside the mighty stream of public events changed too, and swept him along in the swelling torrent of a world-wide war.

In all the vast wilderness beyond the mountains there was not room for both French and English. The rival nations had been for years slowly approaching each other, until in 1749 each people proceeded at last to take possession of the Ohio country after its own fashion. The French sent a military expedition which sank and nailed up leaden plates; the English formed a great land company to speculate and make money, and both set diligently to work to form Indian alliances. A man of far less perception than Lawrence Washington, who had become the chief manager of the Ohio Company, would have seen that the conditions on the frontier rendered war inevitable, and he accordingly made ready for the future by preparing his brother for the career of a soldier, so far as it could be done.

At the same time Lawrence Washington procured for his brother, then only nineteen years of age, an appointment as one of the adjutants-general of Virginia with the rank

of major. To all this the young surveyor took kindly enough, so far as we can tell, but his military avocations were interrupted by his voyage to Barbadoes, by the illness and death of his brother, and by the cares and responsibilities thereby thrust upon him.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 62.

The Unmarried Master of Mount Vernon

Rich, intelligent, and his own master, Washington must have been an object of envy among the young men of his acquaintance. Impetuous and self-willed, and with veins full of rich red blood that had never been weakened by excess or poisoned by rum, the natural thing would have been for him to hurry over to London or Paris, stay there until he had toned himself down to the conventional "swell" level of inanition, and then return to explain in confidence that America was fit only to make money in. What he did, however, was to remain at home, mind his own business, and enjoy the life to which he was accustomed, and a more positive illustration of his unusual good sense is not on record. The attention that he received may have laid the foundation of that very good opinion which he is believed to have had of himself, and which subsequent experience gave him no occasion to abandon.

His position and character assured him as much social consideration as he could hope to receive anywhere, and as he was too healthy to crave artificial pleasures, he could be perfectly happy upon those the country afforded. As he was extremely handsome as well as rich and healthy, he must have been the champion "catch," and as the Virginia belles were as beautiful and refined then as now, he would have been an idiot to have sought ladies' society elsewhere. One's digestive apparatus aches to think of the innumerable dinners and teas that were set expressly for him by prudent mammas, and the shoemaker who constructed his dancing slippers must have been indeed a busy man. The glory of

his bachelor days lasted about two years—just long enough to convince a well-to-do young man that all maidens are mercenary, and to drive him, through spite, to throw himself away upon the homeliest and stupidest girl of his acquaintance. But suddenly Heaven, which looks out for its own, allowed the difficulty with the French and Indians to come to a crisis, and England to become acquainted for the first time with George Washington as a soldier.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 12.

CHAPTER VI

A DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS MISSION

The Youthful Envoy

Like all Virginians, I was disturbed during this time by the news of the insolence of the French on the frontier, and began to feel that my brother's money, put into the Ohio Company, was in peril, for we were like to be cooped up by a line of forts, and our trade in peltries was already almost at an end, and about to pass into the hands of the French. We learned with pleasure that the royal governors were ordered to insist on the retirement of these overbusy French, who claimed all the land up to the Alleghanies, but I did not dream that I was soon to take part in the matter.

About that time, or before, there had been much effort to secure the Six Nations of Indians as allies. One of their chiefs, Tanacharisson, known as the Half-King, because of holding a subsidiary rule among the Indians, advised a fort to be built by us near to the Forks of the Ohio, on the east bank, and Gist, the trader set out on this errand. A Captain Trent was charged to carry our king's message to the French outposts; but having arrived at Logstown, one hundred and fifty miles from his destination and hearing of the defeat of our allies, the Miamis, by the French, he lost heart and came back to report. The Ohio Company at this time complained to the governor of the attacks on their traders, and this gentleman, being concerned both for his own pocket and for his Majesty's property, resolved to send some one of more spirit to bear the King's message ordering the French to retire and to cease to molest our fur traders about the Ohio.

It was unfortunate that Governor Dinwiddie, who was

now eager to defend his interests in the Ohio Company, had lost the prudent counsel of its late head, my brother Lawrence. He would have made a better envoy than I, for at the age of twenty-one a man is too young to influence the Indians, on account of a certain reverence they have for age in council. I was ignorant of what was intended when I received orders to repair to Williamsburg. To my surprise, and I may say to my pleasure, I learned that I was to go to Logstown. I was there to meet our allies, the Indians, and secure from them an escort and guides, and so push on and find the French commander. I was to deliver to him my summons, and wait an answer during one week, and then return. I was also to keep my eyes open as to all matters of military concern.

The Youth of Washington, Told in the Form of an Autobiography, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., p. 120.

Receiving His Instructions

George's appearance, always striking, was more so from the handsome mourning suit he still wore, although his brother had been dead more than a year. It showed off his blond beauty wonderfully well. His features had become more marked as he grew older, and although the face lacked the regular beauty of his father's who had been thought the handsomest man of his time, there was a piercing expression, an indescribable look of dignity and intelligence in George's countenance, which marked him in every company.

The governor, who was a fussy but well-meaning man, began as soon as the formal greetings were over: "Major Washington, I have work in hand for you. I am told by my Lord Fairfax and others that you are the fittest person in the colony for the work I have in hand. It requires the discretion of an old man, but it also requires the hardiness and strength of a young man, and you see, therefore, what a burden I lay upon you."

George's face turned quite pale at these words. "Sir," he stammered, "you ask more of me than I can do. I will give all my time and all my mind to my country; but I am afraid, sir—I am very much afraid—that you are putting me in a position I am not capable of filling."

"We must trust some one, Major Washington, and I sent not for you until I and my council had fully determined what to do. Here are your instructions. You will see that you are directed to set out with a suitable escort at once for the Ohio River, and convene all the chiefs you can at Logstown. You are to find out exactly how they stand toward us. You are then to take such a route as you think judicious to the nearest French post, deliver a letter from me, sealed with the great seal of the colony, to the French commandant, and demand an answer in the name of his Britannic majesty. You are to find out everything possible as to the number of the French forts, their armament, troops, commisariat, and where they are situated; and upon the information you bring will depend to a great degree whether there shall be war between England and France. When will you be ready to depart?"

"To-morrow morning, sir," answered George.

A Virginia Cavalier, Molly Elliot Seawell, p. 278.

Governor Dinwiddie's Letter to the French Commandant

SIR, The Lands upon the River *Ohio*, in the Western Parts of the Colony of *Virginia*, are so notoriously known to be the Property of the Crown of *Great-Britain*; that it is a Matter of equal Concern and Surprise to me, to hear that a Body of *French* Forces are erecting Fortresses, and making Settlements upon that River, within his Majesty's Dominions.

The many and repeated Complaints I have received of these Acts of Hostility, lay me under the Necessity of sending, in the Name of the King my Master, the Bearer hereof, *George Washington, Esq.*; one of the Adjutants

General of the Forces of this Dominion, to complain to you of the Encroachments thus made, and of the Injuries done to the Subjects of *Great-Britain*, in open Violation of the Law of Nations, and the Treaties now subsisting between the two Crowns.

If these Facts are true, and you shall think fit to justify your Proceedings, I must desire you to acquaint me by whose Authority and Instructions you have lately marched from *Canada*, with an armed Force; and invaded the King of *Great-Britain's* Territories, in the Manner complained of? that according to the Purport and Resolution of your Answer, I may act agreeably to the Commission I am honoured with, from the King my Master.

However Sir, in Obedience to my Instructions, it becomes my Duty to require your peaceable Departure; and that you would forbear prosecuting a Purpose so interruptive of the Harmony and good Understanding, which his Majesty is desirous to continue and cultivate with the most Christian King.

I persuade myself that you will receive and entertain Major *Washington* with the Candour and Politeness natural to your Nation; and it will give me the greatest Satisfaction; if you return him with an Answer suitable to my Wishes for a long and lasting Peace between us. I have the Honour to subscribe myself,

SIR,

Your most obedient

Williamsburg, in Virginia,

Humble Servant,

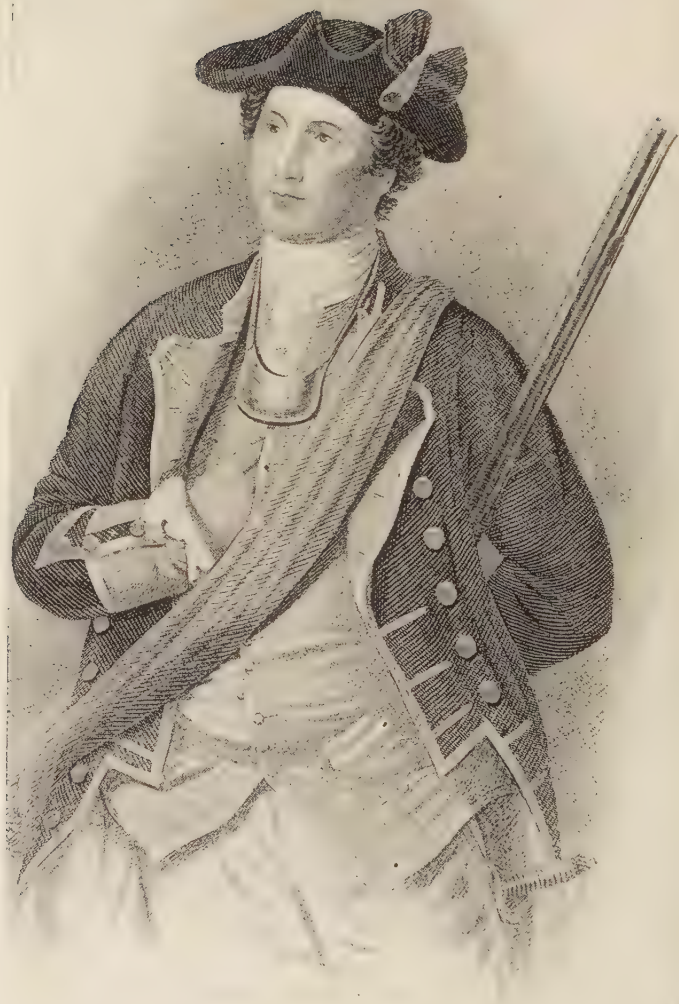
October 31st, 1753.

ROBERT DINWIDDIE.

Copy of his Honour the Governor's Letter to the Commandant of the French Forces on the Ohio, sent by Major Washington, appended to Washington's Journal, p. 41.

George, Van Braam and Gist Set out

The conditions of this expedition made it appear a journey of pleasure compared with those which he had undertaken in the lonely hardships of his survey work.



MAJOR GEORGE WASHINGTON

When George set forth this time, armed with proper credentials, accompanied by the faithful fencing-master Van Braam and by Christopher Gist, the king of living pioneers, with servants and arms and provisions, he looked back with something like respect to his own boyish self, traveling on foot, knapsack on back, through this very country, merely intent on learning his trade and making an honorable living. On his way to Wills' Creek, where Van Braam was to join him, he halted at the spot at the head of the Shenandoah Valley, where, three years before, he had sat in the moonlight, reading a packet of letters from home. His little hut was still standing on the grassy eminence above the stream. The woods where he had blazed paths and marked trees still kept the traces of his passage. They were once more in all their autumn glory, for it was October, and again the hunter's moon hung huge and golden in the sky, again the maples sent their flaming fleets circling down on the crystal eddies of the Shenandoah.

"Only three years," thought George, "and so much gone, so much that I never hoped for come! Then, I scarce dared think of what seemed forbidden ambitions, now the doors have opened of themselves. 'Twill be my own fault if they ever close again."

In the Shadow of the Lord, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, p. 381.

Going on from Williamsburg

Washington set off from Williamsburg on the 30th of October [31st], the very day on which he received his credentials. At Fredericksburg he engaged his old "master of fence," Jacob Van Braam, to accompany him as interpreter; though it would appear from subsequent circumstances, that the veteran swordsman was but indifferently versed either in French or English.

Having provided himself at Alexandria with the necessaries for the journey, he proceeded to Winchester, then on the frontier, where he procured horses, tents, and

other traveling equipments, and then pushed on by a road newly opened to Wills' Creek (town of Cumberland), where he arrived on the 14th of November.

Here he met Mr. Gist, the intrepid pioneer, who had explored the Ohio in the employ of the company, and whom he engaged to accompany and pilot him in the present expedition. He secured the services, also, of one John Davidson, as Indian interpreter, and of four frontiersmen, two of whom were Indian traders. With this little band, and his swordsman and interpreter, Jacob Van Braam, he set forth on the 15th of November, through a wild country, rendered almost impassable by recent storms of rain and snow.

At the mouth of Turtle Creek, on the Monongahela, he found John Frazier, the Indian trader, some of whose people . . . had been sent off prisoners to Canada. Frazier himself had recently been ejected by the French from the Indian village of Venango, where he had a gunsmith's establishment. According to his account the French general who had commanded on this frontier was dead, and the greater part of the forces were retired into winter quarters.

As the rivers were all so swollen that the horses had to swim them, Washington sent all the baggage down the Monongahela in a canoe under care of two of the men, who had orders to meet him at the confluence of that river with the Allegheny, where their united waters form the Ohio.

"As I got down before the canoe," writes he in his journal, "I spent some time in viewing the rivers, and the land at the Fork, which I think extremely well situated for a fort, as it has the absolute command of both rivers. The land at the point is twenty or twenty-five feet above the common surface of the water, and has a considerable bottom of flat, well-timbered land all around it, very convenient for building. The rivers are each a quarter of a mile or more across, and run here very nearly at right

angles; Allegheny bearing northeast, and Monongahela southeast. The former of these two is a very rapid and swift-running water, the other deep and still, without any perceptible fall." The Ohio Company had intended to build a fort about two miles from this place, on the southeast side of the river; but Washington gave the fork the decided preference. French engineers of experience proved the accuracy of his military eye, by subsequently choosing it for the site of Fort Duquesne, noted in frontier history.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 105.

The Indian Council at Logstown

In this neighborhood lived Shingiss, the king or chief sachem of the Delawares. Washington visited him at his village, to invite him to the council at Logstown. He was one of the greatest warriors of his tribe, and subsequently took up the hatchet at various times against the English, though now he seemed favorably disposed, and readily accepted the invitation.

They arrived at Logstown after sunset on the 24th of November. The Half-King was absent at his hunting lodge on Beaver Creek, about fifteen miles distant; but Washington sent out runners to invite him and all the other chiefs to a grand talk the following day.

In the morning four French deserters came into the village. They had deserted from a company of one hundred men, sent up from New Orleans with eight canoes laden with provisions. Washington drew from them an account of the French fort at New Orleans, and of the forts along the Mississippi, and at the mouth of the Wabash, by which they kept up a communication with the lakes; all which he carefully noted down. The deserters were on their way to Philadelphia, conducted by a Pennsylvania trader.

About three o'clock the Half-King arrived. Washington had a private conversation with him in his tent, through Davidson the interpreter. He found him intelligent,

patriotic and proudly tenacious of his territorial rights. We have already cited from Washington's papers the account given by this chief in this conversation, of his interview with the late French commander. He stated, moreover, that the French had built two forts, differing in size, but on the same model, a plan of which he gave, of his own drawing. The largest was on Lake Erie, the other on French Creek, fifteen miles apart, with a wagon road between them. The nearest and levellest way to them was now impassable, lying through large and miry savannahs; they would have, therefore, to go by Venango, and it would take five or six sleeps (or days) of good traveling to reach the nearest fort.

On the following morning at nine o'clock, the chiefs assembled at the council-house, where Washington, according to his instructions, informed them that he was sent by their brother, the Governor of Virginia, to deliver to the French commandant a letter of great importance, both to their brothers the English and to themselves; and that he was to ask their advice and assistance, and some of their young men to accompany and provide for him on the way, and be his safeguard against the "French Indians" who had taken up the hatchet. He concluded by presenting the indispensable document in Indian diplomacy, a string of wampum.

The chiefs, according to etiquette, sat for some moments silent after he had concluded, as if ruminating on what had been said, or to give him time for further remark.

The Half-King then rose and spoke on behalf of the tribes, assuring him that they considered the English and themselves brothers, and one people; and that they intended to return the French the "speech-belts," or wampums, which the latter had sent them. This, in Indian diplomacy, is a renunciation of all friendly relations. An escort would be furnished to Washington composed of Mingoës, Shannoahs, and Delawares, in token of the love and loyalty of

those several tribes; but three days would be required to prepare for the journey.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 107.

From Logstown to Venango

After a day or two more of delay and further consultations in the council-house, the chiefs determined that but three of their number should accompany the mission, as a greater number might awaken the suspicions of the French. Accordingly, on the 30th of November, Washington set out for the French post, having his usual party augmented by an Indian hunter, and being accompanied by the Half-King, an old Shannoah sachem named Jeskakake, and another chief, sometimes called Belt of Wampum, from being the keeper of the speech-belts, but generally bearing the sounding appellation of White Thunder.

Although the distance to Venango, by the route taken, was not above seventy miles, yet such was the inclemency of the weather and the difficulty of traveling, that Washington and his party did not arrive there until the 4th of December. The French colors were flying at a house whence John Frazier, the English trader, had been driven. Washington repaired thither, and inquired of three French officers whom he saw there where the commandant resided. One of them promptly replied that he had "the command of the Ohio." It was, in fact, the redoubtable Captain Joncaire, the veteran intriguer of the frontier. On being apprised, however, of the nature of Washington's errand, he informed him that there was a general officer at the next fort, where he advised him to apply for an answer to the letter of which he was the bearer.

In the meantime he invited Washington and his party to a supper at head-quarters. It proved a jovial one, for Joncaire appears to have been somewhat of a boon companion, and there is always ready, though rough, hospitality in the wilderness. It is true, Washington, for so young a

man, may not have had the most convivial air, but there may have been a moist look of promise in the old soldier Van Braam.

Joncaire and his brother officers pushed the bottle briskly. "The wine," says Washington, "as they dosed themselves pretty plentifully with it, soon banished the restraint which at first appeared in their conversation, and gave a license to their tongues to reveal their sentiments more freely. They told me that it was their absolute design to take possession of the Ohio, and by G— they would do it; for that although they were sensible that the English could raise two men for their one, yet they knew their motions were too slow and dilatory to prevent any undertaking. They pretend to have an undoubted right to the river from a discovery made by one La Salle sixty years ago, and the rise of this expedition is to prevent our settling on the river or the waters of it, as they heard of some families moving out in order thereto."

Washington retained his sobriety and composure throughout all the rodomontade and bacchanalian outbreak of the mercurial Frenchmen, leaving the task of pledging them to his master of fence, Van Braam, who was not a man to flinch from potations. He took careful note, however, of all their revelations, and collected a variety of information concerning the French forces; how and where they were distributed; the situations and distances of their forts, and their means and mode of obtaining supplies. If the veteran diplomatist of the wilderness had intended this revel for a snare, he was completely foiled by his youthful competitor.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 111.

Drink and Diplomacy

At the beginning of winter, and without an armed guard, Washington started on a longer, more difficult, and more dangerous trip than any one, not excepting a tramp,

could make in the far west to-day. A large portion of his route was innocent of roads, ferries, and inns; there were not even occasional settlers to invite a man to pass the night so as to have some one to talk to death. The young man's headquarters were in the saddle, and he was obliged to subsist in large part upon the country, which could give him only game and fish, and his guides were frequently Indians belonging to tribes that the French had prejudiced against the colonies. But a cool head, a good circulation, and a stiff upper lip enabled him to get through alive. Washington first struck the French at Venango, now within the limits of Pennsylvania. The post was in charge of a veteran named Joncaire, a jolly good fellow in whom diplomancy and whiskey were present in large quantities without interfering with one another. The arrival of a visitor, even if his errand might be supposed in advance to be of an unpleasant nature, was sufficient excuse for the uproarious evening for which Joncaire promptly prepared. There was a supper, with drink *ad libitum*, and in the course of the entertainment the Frenchman announced, with a big oath, that the country belonged to France, and France would keep it. Having thus prepared the young Virginian for what he might expect, Joncaire forwarded Washington, in the heartiest way in the world, to the Frenchman's superior officer who was at a fort on French Creek, near Lake Erie. Washington had supposed himself morally backed by an Indian Half-King who considered himself and his people aggrieved by the French, but Joncaire made the old fellow so drunk that he forgot to complain at the proper time, and when the dusky monarch's morning headache brought with it a desire to make good his short-comings, Joncaire kindly advised him to complain at the fort. Arrived at the fort, the young envoy was received by the commandant, the Chevalier Legardeur de St. Pierre, a venerable but shrewd old soldier and gentleman. As Legardeur regarded all men according to their quality, he treated Washington to

unlimited politeness and the Half-King to unlimited rum. After three days of discussion with Washington, who like a true American diplomatist, did not know a word of French, and of evasion of the Half-King except when a bottle stood between him and the declaration of his ultimatum, Legardeur gave Washington a sealed reply to Governor Dinwiddie's letter and the young envoy started for home, which destination he reached after a journey that was extremely uncomfortable and perilous.

Legardeur's answer, when opened, proved to be as modest, courteous, high-toned, and evasive as any that an old Frenchman ever penned. He would transmit Governor Dinwiddie's letter to his superior, the Marquis du Quesne, who was more competent than himself to determine what should be done about the disagreement as to territorial rights in the Ohio Valley. As for himself, he was simply a soldier under orders, and as he had not been instructed to regard any commands that might reach him from the Governor of Virginia, he was compelled to decline the intimation that he should retire.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 18.

A Week from Washington's Diary

[Dec.] 23d [1753] When I got Things ready to set-off, I sent for the Half-King, to know whether he intended to go with us, or by Water. He told me that *White-Thunder* had hurt himself much, and was sick and unable to walk; therefore he was obliged to carry him down in a Canoe. As I found he intended to stay here a Day or two, and knew that Monsieur *Foncaire* would employ every Scheme to set him against the *English* as he had before done; I told him I hoped he would guard against his Flattery, and let no fine Speeches influence him in their Favour. He desired I might not be concerned, for he knew the *French* too well, for any Thing to engage him in their Behalf. . . .

Our Horses were now so weak and feeble, and the

Baggage so heavy (as we were obliged to provide all the Necessaries which the Journey would require) that we doubted much their performing it; therefore myself and others (except the Drivers who were obliged to ride) gave up our Horses for Packs, to assist along with the Baggage. I put myself in an *Indian* walking Dress, and continued with them three Days, till I saw there was no Probability of their getting home in any reasonable Time. The Horses grew less able to travel every Day; the Cold increased very fast; and the Roads were becoming much worse by a deep Snow, continually freezing: Therefore as I was uneasy to get back, to make a Report of my Proceedings to his Honour the Governor, I determined to prosecute my Journey the nearest Way through the Woods, on Foot.

Accordingly I left Mr. *Vanbraam* in Charge of our Baggage; with Money and Directions, to provide Necessaries from Place to Place for themselves and Horses, and to make the most convenient Di(s)patch in Travelling.

I took my necessary Papers; pulled off my Cloaths; and tied myself up in a Match Coat. Then with Gun in Hand and Pack at my Back, in which were my Papers and Provisions, I set out with Mr. *Gist*, fitted in the same Manner on *Wednesday* the 26th. The Day following, just after we had passed a place called the *Murdering-Town* (where we intended to quit the Path, and steer across the Country for *Shannapins* Town) we fell in with a Party of *French* Indians, who had lain in Wait for us. One of them fired at Mr. *Gist* or me, not 15 Steps off, but fortunately missed. We took this Fellow into Custody, and kept him till 9 o'Clock at Night: Then let him go, and walked all the remaining Part of the Night without making any Stop; that we might get the Start, so far, as to be out of the Reach of their Pursuit the next Day, since we were well assured they would follow our Tract as soon as it was light. The next Day we continued travelling till quite dark, and got to the River about two Miles above *Shannapins*. We expected

to have found the River frozen, but it was not, only about 50 Yards from each Shore: The Ice I suppose had broken up above, for it was driving in vast Quantities.

There was no Way for getting over but on a Raft: Which we set about, with but one poor Hatchet, and finished just after Sun-setting. This was a whole Day's Work: we next got it launched, and went on Board of it: Then set-off. But before we were Half Way over, we were jammed in the Ice, in such a manner that we expected every Moment our Raft to sink, and ourselves to perish. I put-out my setting Pole to try to stop the Raft, that the Ice might pass by; when the Rapidity of the Stream threw it with so much Violence against the Pole, that it jirked me out into ten Feet Water: But I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the Raft Logs. Notwithstanding all our efforts we could not get the Raft to either Shore; but were obliged, as we were near an Island, to quit our Raft and make to it.

The Cold was so extremely severe, that Mr. *Gist* had all his Fingers, and some of his Toes frozen; and the Water was shut up so hard, that we found no Difficulty in getting off the Island, on the Ice, in the Morning, and went to Mr. *Frazier's*. We met here with 20 Warriors who were going Southward to War: But coming to a place upon the Head of the great *Kunnaway*, where they found seven People killed and scalped (all but one Woman with very light Hair) they turned about and ran back for fear the Inhabitants should rise and take them as the Authors of the Murder.

As we intended to take Horses here, and it required some Time to find them, I went up about three Miles to the Mouth of *Yaughyaughane* to visit Queen *Alliquippa*, who had expressed great Concern that we passed her in going to the Fort. I made her a present of a Matchcoat and a Bottle of Rum; which latter was thought much the best Present of the two.

The Journal of Major George Washington, sent by the Hon. Robert Dinwiddie, Esq.; His Majesty's Lieutenant-Governor, and Commander in Chief of Virginia, to the Commandant of the French Forces on Ohio, pp. 35 to 39.

The French Commandant's Reply

SIR:—As I have the Honour of commanding here in Chief, Mr. *Washington* delivered me the letter which you wrote to the Commandant of the *French Troops*.

I should have been glad that you had given him Orders, or that he had been inclined to proceed to *Canada*, to see our General; to whom it better belongs than to me to set forth the Evidence and Reality of the Rights of the King, my Master, upon the Lands situated along the River *Ohio*, and to contest the Pretensions of the King of *Great-Britain* thereto.

I shall transmit your Letter to the Marquis *Du Quesne*. His Answer will be a Law to me; and if he shall order me to communicate it to you, Sir, you may be assured I shall not fail to dispatch it to you forthwith.

As to the Summons you send me to retire, I do not think myself obliged to obey it. Whatever may be your Instructions, I am here by Virtue of the Orders of my General; and I intreat you, Sir, not to doubt one Moment, but that I am determined to conform myself to them with all Exactness and Resolution which can be expected from the best Officer.

I do not know that in the Progress of this Campaign any Thing has passed which can be reputed an Act of Hostility, or that is contrary to the Treaties which subsist between the two Crowns; the Continuation whereof as much interests, and is as pleasing to us, as the *English*. Had you been pleased, Sir, to have descended to particularize the Facts which occasioned your Complaint, I should have had the Honour of answering you in the fullest, and, I am persuaded, most satisfactory Manner.

I made it my particular Care to receive Mr. *Washington*, with a Distinction suitable to your Dignity, as well as his own Quality and great Merit. I flatter myself that he will do me this Justice before you, Sir; and that he will

signify to you in the Manner I do myself, the profound
Respect with which I am,

SIR,
Your most humble, and
most obedient Servant,
LEGARDEUR DE ST. PIERRE.

From the Fort sur La Rivière au Bœuf,
the 15th of December 1753.

*Translation of a Letter from M. Legardeur de St. Pierre, a Principal French Officer, in
Answer to the Governor's Letter. Appended to Washington's Journal, p. 44.*

A Man of Action and Real Silence

It is worth while to pause over this expedition a moment and to consider attentively this journal which recounts it, for there are very few incidents or documents which tell us more of Washington. He was not yet twenty-two when he faced this first grave responsibility, and he did his work absolutely well. Cool courage, of course, he showed, but also patience and wisdom in handling the Indians, a clear sense that the crafty and well-trained French men could not blind, and a strong faculty for dealing with men, always a rare and precious gift. As in the little Barbadoes diary so also in this journal, we see, and far more strongly, the penetration and perception that nothing could escape, and which set down all things essential and let the "huddling silver, little worth," go by. The clearness, terseness, and entire sufficiency of the narrative are obvious and lie on the surface; but we find also another quality of the man which is one of the most marked features in his character, and one which we must dwell upon again and again, as we follow the story of his life. Here it is that we learn directly for the first time that Washington was a profoundly silent man. The gospel of silence has been preached in these latter days by Carlyle, with the fervor of a seer and prophet, and the world owes him a debt for the historical discredit which he has brought upon the man of words as compared with the

man of deeds. Carlyle brushed Washington aside as "a bloodless Cromwell," a phrase to which we must revert later, on other grounds, and, as has already been said, failed utterly to see that he was the most supremely silent of the great men of action that the world can show. Like Cromwell and Frederick, Washington wrote countless letters, made many speeches, and was agreeable in conversation. But this was all in the way of business, and a man may be profoundly silent and yet talk a great deal. Silence in the fine and true sense is neither mere holding of the tongue nor an incapacity of expression. The greatly silent man is he who is not given to words for their own sake, and who never talks about himself. Both Cromwell, greatest of Englishmen, and the great Frederick, Carlyle's especial heroes, were fond of talking of themselves. So in still larger measure was Napoleon and many others of less importance. But Washington differs from them all. He had abundant power of words, and could use them with much force and point when he was so minded, but he never used them needlessly or to hide his meaning, and he never talked about himself. Hence the inestimable difficulty of knowing him. A brief sentence here and there, a rare gleam of light across the page of a letter, is all that we can find. The rest is silence. He did as great work as has fallen to the lot of man, he wrote volumes of correspondence, he talked with innumerable men and women, and of himself he said nothing. Here in this youthful journal we have a narrative of wild adventure, wily diplomacy, and personal peril, impossible of condensation, and yet not a word of the writer's thoughts or feelings. All that was done or said important to the business in hand was set down, and nothing was overlooked, but that is all. The work was done, and we know how it was done, but the man is silent as to all else. Here, indeed, is the man of action and of real silence, a character to be admired and wondered at in these or any other days.

What Governor Dinwiddie Did

This reply caused quite a hubbub in Virginia, for it was received in midwinter, when neither planting, buying, nor selling could be done to any extent, and every one had plenty of time for consideration of any new topic. Governor Dinwiddie promptly ordered the recruiting of two companies, one of which, commanded by Captain Trent, who had been west before, was hurried off with instructions to complete a fort which the Ohio company had begun on the Ohio River: the other was to be raised by Washington, in and around Alexandria. But the Governor was suddenly hampered by the House of Burgesses, which he called into session that it might vote him money for the expenses of his movements. Instead of acting like a lot of dutiful time-servers, the Burgesses had the impudence to discuss the wisdom of the Governor's operations, and some of them were so unpatriotically logical as to read the Treaty of Utrecht just as it was written, and to doubt whether, under the terms of the said treaty, the King and the colonies had any rights whatever in the Ohio Valley. Countrymen who have time in which to think and brains enough to think with, always did play the mischief with politicians' plans, as Dinwiddie practically told the Burgesses when he accused them of a republican way of thinking. The most that the Governor could do was to obtain a grant of ten thousand pounds for the purpose of encouraging and protecting settlers in the Mississippi Valley: even this he could not spend without consultation with a committee appointed for the purpose. This committee, however, Dinwiddie wrapped around his finger so successfully, that he organized a regiment of six companies, each containing fifty men. Washington made a bad recruiting officer, probably because he could not tolerate the shiftless and disreputable fellows who were almost the only men who cared to go into the wilderness. His qualifications for the colonelcy, however,

were absolute. He knew the country, the nature, location, and strength of the enemy, the Indians and what was to be expected of them; he was honest, able, untiring, brave and prudent. He was destitute of conceit, but this quality is not absolutely essential to a colonel, although most new bearers of that rank are heavily charged with it. Dinwiddie offered Washington the command, and the young man declined it, being the first and last American who ever did such a thing. The colonelcy of the regiment was intrusted to an estimable English gentleman named Fry, Washington being second in rank. Colonel Fry, with commendable thoughtfulness and patriotism, proceeded to die before long, and the sole command of the regiment and the expedition devolved upon Washington.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 19.

CHAPTER VII

THE OPENING OF HIS MILITARY CAREER

Beginning of the Journal of 1754

On the 31st of March I received from his Honor (Governor Dinwiddie) a Lieutenant Colonel's Commission of the *Virginia* Regiment, whereof *Joshua Fry*, Esq., was Colonel, dated the 15th with Orders to take the troops, which were at the time quartered at Alexandria, under my command and to march with them towards the Ohio, there to help Captain *Trent* to build Forts and to defend the possessions of his Majesty against the attempts and hostilities of the French.

April the 2nd. Every Thing being ready, we began our march according to our Orders, the 2nd of April with two Companies of Foot, commanded by Captain *Peter Hog* and Lieutenant *Jacob Van Braam*, five subalterns, two Sergeants, six Corporals, one Drummer, and one hundred and twenty Soldiers, one Surgeon, one *Swedish* Gentleman, who was a volunteer, two wagons guarded by one Lieutenant, Sergeant, Corporal and twenty-five Soldiers.

We left *Alexandria* on Tuesday Noon and pitched our tents about four miles from *Cameron* having marched six miles.

(From the 3rd of April to the 19th of said month this Journal only contains the march of the troops, and how they were joined by a detachment which was brought by Captain *Stevens*.)

April 19th. Met an Express who had letters from Captain *Trent* at the *Ohio*, demanding a reinforcement with all speed, as he hourly expected a body of eight hundred *French*. I tarried at *Job Pearsall's* for the arrival of the

troops when they came the next day. When I received the above Express, I dispatched a Courier to Colonel *Fry*, to give him notice of it.

April 20th Came down to Colonel *Cresap's* to order the Detachment, and on my Route, had notice that the Fort was taken by the French. That news was confirmed by Mr *Ward*, the Ensign of Captain *Trent*, who had been obliged to surrender to a Body of one thousand French and upwards, under the Command of Captain *Contrecoeur*, who was come from *Venango* Presque Isle with sixty bateaux, and three hundred canoes, and who having planted eighteen pieces of Cannon against the Fort, afterwards had sent him a Summons to withdraw. Mr *Ward* also informed me that the Indians kept steadfastly attached to our Interest. He brought two young *Indian* Men with him, who were *Mingoes*, that they might have the Satisfaction to see that we were marching with our troops to their succor.

Journal of Colonel George Washington, 1754. Edited, with Notes, by J. M. Toner, M.D., pp. 7 to 31.

The Half-King's Speech and Belts

He [Ensign *Ward*] also delivered me the following speech which the *Half King* sent to me.

Fort on Ohio, April 18, 1754.

A speech from the Half-King, Scrune-yattha, and belt of wampum, for the Governors of Virginia and Pennsylvania.

My Brethren the English. The Bearer will let you understand in what manner the *French* have treated us. We waited a long time, thinking they would come and attack us; we now see how they have a mind to use us.

We are now ready to fall upon them, waiting only for your succour. Have good courage, and come as soon as possible; you will find us as *ready to encounter with them as you are yourselves*.

We have sent those two young men to see if you are

ready to come, and if so they are to return to us to let us know where you are, that we may come and join you. We should be glad if the troops belonging to the two Provinces could meet together at the Fort which is in the way. If you do not come to our assistance now, we are entirely undone, and imagine we shall never meet again. I speak with a heart full of grief.

A Belt of Wampum.

The *Half-King* directed to me the following speech.

“I am ready, if you think it proper, to go to both the Governors, with these two young men, for I have now no more dependence on those who have been gone so long, without returning or sending any message.”

A Belt of Wampum.

Speeches from *Memoir Contenant le Précis des Faits*, etc., translated and printed by Gaine, New York, 1757, p. 65.

A Council of War

April 23rd A Council of War held at *Will's Creek* in order to consult upon what must be done on account of the news brought by *Mr Ward*.

The News brought by Ensign *Ward* having been examined into, as also the summons sent by Captain *Contrecoeur* Commander of the *French* troops and the speeches of the *Half-King*, and of the other chiefs of the *Six-Nations*; it appears, that *Mr Ward*, was forced to surrender the said Fort, the 17th of this instant to the *French*, who were above one thousand strong and had eighteen artillery pieces, some of which were nine pounders and also that the detachment of the *Virginia* regiment, amounting to one hundred and fifty men by Colonel *Washington* had orders to reinforce the Company of Captain *Trent*, and that the aforesaid Garrison consisted only of thirty-three effective men.

It was thought a thing impracticable to march towards the Fort without sufficient strength; however, being strongly invited by the *Indians*, and particularly by the speeches of the *Half-King*, the president put the question to vote whether we should not advance as far as *Red-Stone Creek* on *Monongahela*, about thirty-seven miles on this side of the fort, and there erect a fortification, clearing a road broad enough to pass with all our artillery and our baggage and there to wait for fresh Orders.

Journal of Colonel George Washington, 1754. Edited, with Notes, by J. M. Toner, M.D., pp. 39 to 42.

Washington's Speech and Belt to the Half-King and the Reply

May 10th I despatched the young *Indian* who had returned [from Governor Dinwiddie] with Mr Ward, to the *Half-King*, with the following speech:

TO THE HALF-KING,

My Brethren,

It gives me great pleasure, to learn that you are marching to assist me with your counsels, be of good courage, my brethren, and march vigorously towards your brethren the *English*; for fresh forces will soon join them, who will protect you against your treacherous enemy the *French*. I must send my friends to you, that they may acquaint you with an agreeable speech which the Governor of *Virginia* has sent to you. He is very sorry for the bad usage you have received. The swollen streams do not permit us to come to you quickly, for that reason I have sent this young man to invite you to come and meet us: he can tell you many things that he has seen in *Virginia*, and also how well he was received by the most prominent men, they did not treat him as the *French* do your people who go to their Fort; they refuse them provisions; this man has had given him all that his heart could wish; for the confirmation of this, I here give you a Belt of *Wampum*.

May 24th This morning an *Indian* arrived in company with the one whom I had sent to the *Half-King* and brought me the following letter from him.

To any of his Majesty's officers whom this May Concern.

As 'tis reported that the French army is set out to meet M. George Washington, I exhort you my brethren, to guard against them, for they intend to fall on the first *English* they meet. They have been on their march these two days, the *Half King* and the other chiefs will join you within five days, to hold a council, though we know not the number we shall be. I shall say no more; but remember me to my brethren the English.

[Signed] THE HALF-KING.

Journal of Colonel George Washington, 1754. Edited, with Notes, by J. M. Toner, M.D.
pp. 66 to 71.

Captain Trent Loses the Strategic Point

Like the good conservative that he was, Washington respected precedents established by new commanders. As soon as he was fairly on the road, he wrote back for more men and artillery; soon after this the contrast between soft anticipation and hard reality caused him to become discouraged and to write letters expressing his feelings. . . .

Captain Trent, who had gone on in advance to complete the fort (at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela, where Pittsburgh now stands), had found some excuse for being many miles in the rear, leaving fifty men at work under an ensign, when one day a thousand Frenchmen indulged in a canoe cruise down the Allegheny River, liked what there was of the fort, and gave the Virginians their choice between marching out and being driven out. The ensign in command judiciously accepted the pleasanter method, for defense was impossible, and started eastward after enjoying a good supper which Commander Contrecoeur, like a jolly good Frenchman, tendered him.

Washington did not, in his letters, confess to any

unusual outbreak of profanity on learning of this disarrangement of his plans; but it must be remembered that even at that early period of his life he was not given to telling everything he knew; besides, being a prudent man, he may not have sworn at all, for it is to be doubted whether his stock of expletives would have been equal to the occasion. One thing is certain, he did not make the failure of Trent's party an excuse for falling back to a civilized country and abusing the Government; on the contrary, he obeyed the conclusions of a council of war and started for the mouth of Red Stone Creek, on the Monongahela, down which river he might drop and give the French tit for tat at Trent's fort, which was now being enlarged and completed under the name of Fort Duquesne. With characteristic American assurance, which often is greatest in the most modest natures, he wrote in his own name, for aid, to the Governors of Pennsylvania and Maryland, although those officials, like most others in the colonies, had paid no attention to a similar appeal by the Virginian governor.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 24.

"I Would Prefer the Toil of a Daily Laborer"

With all this inertia and stupidity Washington was called to cope, and he rebelled against it in a vigorous fashion. Leaving Colonel Fry to follow with the main body of troops, Washington set out on April 2, 1754, with two companies from Alexandria, where he had been recruiting amidst most irritating difficulties. He reached Wills' Creek three weeks later; and then his real troubles began. Captain Trent, the timid and halting envoy, who had failed to reach the French, had been sent out by the wise authorities to build a fort at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela, on the admirable site selected by the keen eye of Washington. There Trent left his men and returned to Wills' Creek, where Washington found him, but without the pack-horses that he had promised to provide. Presently

news came that the French in overwhelming numbers had swept down upon Trent's little party, captured their fort, and sent them packing back to Virginia. Washington took this to be war, and determined at once to march against the enemy. Having impressed from the inhabitants, who were not bubbling over with patriotism, some horses and wagons, he set out on his toilsome march across the mountains.

It was a wild and desolate region, and progress was extremely slow. By May 9th he was at the Little Meadows, twenty miles from his starting-place; by the 18th at the Youghiogany River, which he explored and found unnavigable. He was therefore forced to take up his weary march again for the Monongahela, and by the 27th he was at the Great Meadows, a few miles further on. The extreme danger of his position does not seem to have occurred to him, but he was harassed and angered by the conduct of the assembly. He wrote to Governor Dinwiddie that he had no idea of giving up his commission. "But," he continued, "let me serve voluntarily; then I will, with the greatest pleasure in life, devote my services to the expedition, without any other reward than the satisfaction of serving my country; but to be slaving dangerously for the shadow of pay, through woods, rocks, mountains,—I would rather prefer the great toil of a daily laborer, and dig for a maintenance, provided I were reduced to the necessity, than serve upon such ignoble terms; for I really do not see why the lives of His Majesty's subjects in Virginia should be of less value than those in other parts of his American dominions, especially when it is well known that we must undergo double their hardship." Here we have a high-spirited, high-tempered young gentleman, with a contempt for shams that it is pleasant to see, and evidently endowed also with a fine taste for fighting and not too much patience.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 69.

The March to Great Meadows

In the week that succeeded the departure from Alexandria, Major Satterthwaite watched the young commander with interest and approval which rapidly grew into respect. Harassed by every care that can beset the leader of lazy, unwilling recruits, ill armed and ill provisioned, on an expedition over difficult country, disappointed of promised reinforcements of men, horses, and wagons, George was everywhere at once, kept his temper and, what was more difficult, kept his men, for these were openly grumbling at their hardships and privations, and, while marching on under his compelling authority, cast as it were an eye over their shoulders to mark a safe method of escape from his inconvenient vigilance, back to their homes. He had a moment of furious anger when, at Wills' Creek, he learned that the fort he had asked the government to build, on the important point of the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, had been appropriated by the French, during the unauthorized absence of its commander, who, apparently weary of his duties, had left it for a jaunt to Wills' Creek. The insult and the necessity of resenting it precipitated matters. George felt that he must act at once. He and his little force set out to find the French, without waiting for the reinforcements, of whose approach there was no sign. Day after day George marched on, the Major at his side, seeking for the enemy and praying inwardly that he might be met in some spot fairly fit for the encounter. Nearly a month passed before he took up his position at Great Meadows, hoping to draw the French to fight him on his own ground. They hovered near, scouting parties would appear and vanish again; then friendly Indians brought news of a great army on the march towards the place.

"This looks bad," said the Major. "It seems to me, George, that the heart may fail to be recovered this time. We are too few to have a chance in open fight."

"There is always a chance—where 'tis English against French," replied the young man coolly; "but I have made up my mind to add another in my favour. I will surprise them if I can. We have good scouts among our Indians."

In the Shadow of the Lord, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, p. 412.

His First Victory

With increasing caution they finally approached a hollow in the hills whence a light spiral of smoke was rising. The French were but careless adversaries after all. They had evidently passed over the very ridge where the attacking party now halted to rest for a few minutes. Branches had been hacked away, and a few saplings felled to clear a road. A boot, split down the back, had been tossed into the grass close to them.

"Now, then," said George, "are you ready? The fellows are but a few hundred yards off." Indeed, sounds of talk and a fragment of song met their ears as he ceased speaking.

"Le beau passeur du gué, la la!
Le beau passeur du gué."

It came quavering along, followed by a burst of laughter. The next sound was a cry, for the Americans were on the negligently guarded camp, and in an instant the hills rang to the cracking of the shots. An officer rolled over on his face among the ashes of the fire, a man fell here, another there; the fighting was desperate for an instant—in the next it had ceased. Jumonville, the officer in command, lay dead at George's feet, half a score of men had fallen motionless in the grass; the rest surrendered. There had been under forty in all, and but one got away to tell the tale.

George stood silent for a moment, all elation gone. It had been so small, so easy, and the little bit of fighting seemed scarce an excuse for the death of an officer and ten good men. He had never killed before, and he liked it not.



WASHINGTON'S FIRST ENCOUNTER, NEAR GREAT MEADOWS

All remembrance of what they would have done to him was gone for the moment, and he stood, staring down at Jumonville's corpse, with a strange sense of dissatisfaction. Van Braam took him by the arm.

"We must search this," he said, pointing to the dead captain. "There may be a dozen of his fellows out on the like quest. Belike he carries papers." He did, papers which fully justified Colonel Washington's attack. George, recalled to his judgment at sight of these, was glad of what he had done. Jumonville and his comrades were buried as decently as the circumstances permitted, and the prisoners were marched back to the camp at Great Meadows. George wrote with some youthful elation about this, his first encounter. When the news had had time to travel, Colonel Washington was called a great man in Virginia, a bombastic hero in London, and a villainous murdering ruffian in France. He had won his first victory.

In the Shadow of the Lord, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, p. 414.

Washington's Account of the Attack near Great Meadows and His Defense of It

May 27th. Mr. Gist arrived early in the morning, who told us that Mr. *la Force*, with fifty men whose tracks he had seen five miles from here, had been at his plantation the day before, towards noon, and would have killed a cow, and broken everything in the house, if two *Indians*, whom he had left in charge of the house, had not prevented them from carrying out their design. I immediately detached 65 men under the command of Captain *Hog*, Lieutenant *Mercer*, Ensign *La Peronie*, three Sergeants and three corporals, with instructions. The *French* had made many inquiries at Mr. *Gist's*, as to what had become of the Half-King? I did not fail to let several young *Indians* who were in our Camp know that the French wanted to kill the Half-King; and it had its desired effect. They immediately

offered to accompany our people to go after the *French*, and if they found it true that he had been killed, or even insulted by them, one of them would presently carry the news thereof to the *Mingo* village, in order to incite their warriors to fall upon them. One of these young men was detached towards Mr. *Gist's*, and in case he should not find the *Half-King* there, he was to send a message by a *Delaware*.

About eight in the evening I received an express from the *Half-King* who informed me that, as he was coming to join us, he had seen along the road, the tracks of two men, which he had followed, till he was brought thereby to a low obscure place; that he was of opinion the whole party of the *French* was hidden there. That very moment I sent out forty men and ordered my ammunition to be put in a place of safety, fearing it to be a stratagem of the *French* to attack our camp. I left a guard to defend it, and with the rest of my men, set out in a heavy rain, and in a night as dark as pitch, along a path scarce broad enough for one man; we were sometimes fifteen or twenty minutes out of the path before we could come to it again, and we would often strike against each other in the darkness: All night along we continued our route, and on the 28th about sunrise we arrived at the *Indian* camp, where after having held a council with the *Half-King*, we concluded to attack them together; so we sent out two men to discover where they were, as also their posture and what sort of ground was thereabout, after which we prepared to surround them marching one after the other, *Indian* fashion. We had thus advanced pretty near to them when they discovered us; I then ordered my company to fire; my fire was supported by that of Mr. Waggoner and my company and his received the whole fire of the *French*, during the greater part of the action, which only lasted a quarter of an hour before the enemy was routed.

We killed Mr. de Jumonville, the Commander of that party, as also nine others; we wounded one and made

twenty-one prisoners, among whom were *M. la Force*, *M. Drouillon* and two cadets. The Indians scalped the dead and took away the greater part of their arms, after which we marched on with the prisoners under guard to the *Indian* camp, where I again held a council with the *Half-King*, and there informed him that the Governor was desirous to see him, and was expecting him at *Winchester*; he answered that he could not go just then, as his people were in too imminent danger from the *French* whom they had attacked; that he must send runners to all the allied nations, in order to invite them to take up the Hatchet.

After this I marched on with the prisoners. They informed me that they had been sent with a summons to order me to retire. A plausible pretence to discover our camp and to obtain knowledge of our forces and our situation! It was so clear that they were come to reconnoitre what we were, that I admired their assurance when they told me they were come as an Embassy; their instructions were to get what knowledge they could of the roads, rivers, and all the country as far as the *Potomac*; and instead of coming as an Ambassador, publicly and in an open manner, they came secretly, and sought the most hidden retreats more suitable for deserters than for Ambassadors; they encamped there and remained hidden for whole days together, at a distance of not more than five miles from us; they sent spies to reconnoiter our camp; the whole body turned back 2 miles; they sent the two messengers mentioned in the instruction, to inform *M. de Contrecoeur* of the place where we were, and of our disposition, that he might send his detachments to enforce the summons as soon as it should be given.

Besides, an Ambassador has princely attendants, whereas this was only a simple petty *French* officer, an Ambassador has no need of spies, his person being always sacred: and seeing their intention was so good, why did they tarry two days at five miles' distance from us without

acquainting me with the summons, or at least, with something that related to the Embassy? That alone would be sufficient to excite the strongest suspicions, and we must do them the justice to say, that, if they wanted to hide themselves, they could not have picked out better places than they had done. The summons was so insolent, and savoured of so much Gasconade, that if it had been brought openly by two men it would have been an excessive Indulgence to have suffered them to return.

It was the Opinion of the *Half-King* in this case that their pretensions were evil and that it was pure pretence; that they had never intended to come to us otherwise than as enemies, and if we had been such fools as to let them go they would never have helped us to take any other Frenchmen.

They say they called to us as soon as they had discovered us; which is an absolute falsehood, for I was then marching at the head of the company going towards them, and can positively affirm, that, when they first saw us, they ran to their arms, without calling, as I must have heard them had they so done.

Journal of Colonel George Washington, 1754. Edited, with Notes, by J. M. Toner, M.D., pp. 77 to 99, from *Memoir Contenant le Précis des Faits*, translated and printed by Gaine, New York, 1757.

"That I Know to be False!"

The prisoners were accordingly conducted to the camp at the Great Meadows, and sent on the following day (29th), under a strong escort to Governor Dinwiddie, then at Winchester. Washington had treated them with great courtesy; had furnished Drouillon and La Force with clothing from his own scanty stock, and, at their request, given them letters to the governor, bespeaking for them the "respect and favor due to their character and personal merit."

A sense of duty, however, obliged him, in his general despatch, to put the governor on his guard against La Force. "I really think, if released, he would do more to

our disservice than fifty other men, as he is a person whose active spirit leads him into all parties, and has brought him acquainted with all parts of the country. Add to this a perfect knowledge of the Indian tongues, and a great influence with the Indians."

After the departure of the prisoners, he wrote again respecting them: "I have still stronger presumption, indeed almost confirmation, that they were sent as spies, and were ordered to wait near us till they were fully informed of our intentions, situation, and strength, and were to have acquainted their commander therewith, and to have been lurking here for re-enforcements before they served the summons, if served at all.

"I doubt not but they will endeavor to amuse you with many smooth stories, as they did me; but they were confuted in them all, and, by circumstances too plain to be denied, almost made ashamed of their assertions.

"I have heard since they went away, they should say they called on us not to fire; but that I know to be false, for I was the first man that approached them, and the first whom they saw, and immediately they ran to their arms, and fired briskly till they were defeated." . . . "I fancy they will have the assurance of asking the privilege due to an embassy, when in strict justice they ought to be hanged as spies of the worst sort."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 154.

A Prologue of the Revolutionary Drama

Indignant letters written in vigorous language were, however, of little avail; and Washington prepared to shift for himself as best he might. His Indian allies brought him news that the French were on the march, and had thrown out scouting parties. Picking out a place in the Great Meadows for a fort, "a charming field for an encounter," he in his turn sent out a scouting party, and then on fresh intelligence from the Indians set forth himself with

forty men to find the enemy. After a toilsome march they discovered their foes in camp. The French, surprised and surrounded, sprang to arms, the Virginians fired, there was a sharp exchange of shots, and all was over. Ten of the French were killed and twenty-one were taken prisoners, only one of the party escaping to carry back the news.

This little skirmish made a prodigious noise in its day, and was much heralded in France. The French declared that Jumonville, the leader, who fell at the first fire, was foully assassinated, and that he and his party were ambassadors and sacred characters. Paris rang with this fresh instance of British perfidy, and a Mr. Thomas celebrated the luckless Jumonville in an epic poem in four books. French historians, relying on the account of the Canadian who escaped, adopted the same tone, and at a later day mourned over this black spot on Washington's character. The French view was simple nonsense. Jumonville and his party, as the papers found on Jumonville showed, were out on a spying and scouting expedition. They were seeking to surprise the English when the English surprised them, with the usual backwoods result. The affair has a dramatic interest because it was the first blood shed in a great struggle, and was the beginning of a series of world-wide wars and social and political convulsions, which terminated more than half a century later on the plains of Waterloo. It gave immortality to an obscure French officer by linking his name with that of his opponent, and brought Washington for the moment before the eyes of the world, which little dreamed that this Virginian colonel was destined to be one of the principal figures in the great revolutionary drama to which the war then beginning was but the prologue.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 71.

"Snatching Victory from the Jaws of Defeat"

Gossipy old Horace Walpole told King George II that Washington had said that "the whistling of bullets was like

music," and the king replied, "If that young man had heard more bullets he would not have thought so." Later in life, after this story was widely printed, Washington was asked if he had ever said such a thing, and he replied:

"If I did so, it must have been when I was very young."

Colonel Fry, the old officer the governor had put in command of all the Virginia forces, died at Wills Creek, and Colonel James Innes of North Carolina, was reported to be his successor. Major Washington was pleased, for Innes had three hundred and fifty men under him. Innes's rank had been created by the crown while Washington's appointment was from the governor only. On this account Innes and his men, though they marched to the seat of action, refused to aid in fortifying and preparing to resist the French, who were reported to be coming in large numbers to attack them. The North Carolina troops would have nothing to do with the Virginians—save to stand by, jeering the few men who were working sturdily upon the roads and defenses. But for this arrogant obstinacy the results of those early battles might have been very different. Governor Dinwiddie himself, in his efforts to favor Colonel Innes, was largely to blame for this outrageous state of affairs. Two independent New York companies arrived at Wills Creek in time to have been sent on to save the day at Fort Necessity—so named because of the desperate straits of Washington's hungry command. The separate provinces were so unwilling to co-operate that they sent companies under commanders who would acknowledge no other authority. These "independent" companies, too independent to fight, idly looked on while the heroic little force of Virginians under Washington starved and struggled and fought on in sheer desperation.

The French had finished the fort at the fork of the Ohio and named it Fort Duquesne, in honor of the Canadian general, and Captain de Villiers, a brother-in-law of Jumonville, marched down to the little palisaded structure with

nearly a thousand French and Indians. Even the Half-King and other Indian allies of the English deserted them. It was only a question of time. The few men at Fort Necessity had no provisions and little ammunition. Yet Washington stipulated terms which allowed him to march away, July 4, 1754, with drums beating and colors flying. The young Virginia major was so brave as to be foolhardy. The Indian Half-King, to excuse himself for deserting, afterwards said of the contending white forces, "The French were cowards, and the English, fools."

The Washington Story-Calendar, Wayne Whipple, June 19 to 25, 1910.

The Articles of Capitulation

(Translated from the French).

ARTICLE 1st.—We permit the English Commander to withdraw all the garrison, in order that he may return peaceably to his country, and to shield him from all insult at the hands of our French, and to restrain as much as may be in our power, the savages who are with us.

ART. 2nd.—He shall be permitted to go out and take with him whatever belongs to his troops, except the artillery, which we reserve for ourselves.

ART. 3^d.—We accord them the honors of war; they shall go out with beating drums, and with a small piece of cannon, wishing by this means to prove that we treat them as friends.

ART. 4th.—As soon as these articles shall be signed by both parties, they shall pull down the English flag.

ART. 5th.—To-morrow at daybreak a French detachment shall lead forth the garrison and take possession of the aforesaid fort.

ART. 6th.—Since the English have scarcely any horses or oxen left, they shall be allowed to place their property

en cache, in order that they may return to seek for it after they shall have recovered their horses; for this purpose they shall be permitted to leave such number of troops as guards as they may think proper, under this condition that they give their word of honor that they will work on no establishment either in this place or from here to the summit of the mountains for one year reckoning from this day.

ART. 7th. —Since the English have in their power an officer and two cadets, and in general, all the prisoners whom they took *when they murdered Lord [dans l'assassinat du Sieur de] Jumonville*, they now promise to send them with an escort to Fort Duquesne, situated on the Beautiful River [*la Belle-Rivière*, that is, the Ohio,] and to secure the safe performance of this article, as well as of this treaty, Messrs. Jacob Van Braam and Robert Stobo, both captains, shall be delivered to us as hostages until the arrival of our French and Canadians above mentioned.

We on our part declare that we shall give an escort to send back in safety the two officers who promise us our French in two months and a half at the latest.

Copied on one of the posts of our block-house the same day and year as before.

(Signed) Messrs. JAMES MACKAYE, G^c.
G^c. WASHINGTON,
COULON VILLIER.

Journal of Colonel George Washington, 1754. Edited, with Notes, by J. M. Toner, M.D.
Appendix, p. 156. (Translation corrected by W. W. from original French sources.)

End of His First Campaign

So ended Washington's first campaign. His friend the Half-King, the celebrated Seneca chief, Thanacarishon, who prudently departed on the arrival of the French, has left us a candid opinion of Washington and his opponents. "The colonel," he said, "was a good-natured man, but had

no experience; he took upon him to command the Indians as slaves, and would have them every day upon scout and to attack the enemy by themselves, but would by no means take advice from the Indians. He lay in one place from one full moon to the other, without making any fortifications, except that little thing on the meadow; whereas, had he taken advice, and built such fortifications as I advised him, he might easily have beat off the French. But the French in the engagement acted like cowards, and the English like fools."

There is a deal of truth in this opinion. The whole expedition was rash in the extreme. When Washington left Wills's Creek he was aware that he was going to meet a force of a thousand men with only a hundred and fifty raw recruits at his back. In the same spirit he pushed on; and after the Jumonville affair, although he knew that the wilderness about him was swarming with enemies, he still struggled forward. When forced to retreat he made a stand at the Meadows and offered battle in the open to his more numerous and more prudent foes, for he was one of those men who by nature regard courage as a substitute for everything, and who have contempt for hostile odds. He was ready to meet any number of French and Indians with cheerful confidence and real pleasure. He wrote in a letter which soon became famous, that he loved to hear bullets whistle, a sage observance which he set down in later years as a folly of youth. Yet this boyish outburst, foolish as it was, has a meaning for us, for it was essentially true. Washington had the fierce fighting temper of the Northmen. He loved battle and danger, and he never ceased to love them and to give way to their excitement, although he did not again set down such sentiments in boastful phrase that made the world laugh. Men of such temper, moreover, are naturally imperious and have a fine disregard of consequences, with the result that their allies, Indian or otherwise, often become impatient and finally useless. The campaign

was perfectly wild from the outset, and if it had not been for the utter indifference to danger displayed by Washington, and the consequent timidity of the French, that particular body of Virginians would have been permanently lost to the British Empire.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 74.

"The Same Identical Gent"

When returned from his first campaign, and resting at Mount Vernon, the time seems to have been beguiled by some charmer, for one of Washington's officers and intimates writes from Williamsburg, "I imagine you By this time plung'd in the midst of delight heaven can afford & enchanted By Charmes even Stranger to the Ciprian Dame," and a foot-note by the same hand only excites further curiosity concerning this latter personage by indefinitely naming her as "Mrs. Neil."

With whatever heart-affairs the winter was passed, with the spring the young man's fancy turned not to love, but again to war. . . . No longer did he have to sue for the favor of the fair ones, and Fairfax wrote him that "if a Satterday Nights Rest cannot be sufficient to enable your coming hither tomorrow, the Lady's will try to get Horses to equip our Chair or attempt their strength on Foot to Salute you, so desirous are they with loving Speed to have an ocular Demonstration of your being the same Identical Gent—that lately departed to defend his Country's Cause." Furthermore, to this letter was appended the following:

"*Dear Sir:*—After thanking Heaven for your safe return I must accuse you of great unkindness in refusing us the pleasure of seeing you this night. I do assure you nothing but our being satisfied that our company would be disagreeable should prevent us from trying if our Legs would not carry us to Mount Vernon this night, but if you

will not come to us tomorrow morning very early we shall be at Mount Vernon.

"S[ally] Fairfax.

"Ann Spearing.

"Eliz'th Dent."

Nor is this the only feminine postscript of this time, for in the postscript of a letter from Archibald Cary, a leading Virginian, he is told that "Mrs. Cary & Miss Randolph joyn in wishing you that sort of Glory which will most Indear you to the Fair Sex."

The True George Washington, Paul Leicester Ford, p. 89.

"The Season Calls for Despatch"

In the meantime the French, elated by their recent triumph, and thinking no danger at hand, relaxed their vigilance at Fort Duquesne. Stobo, who was a kind of prisoner at large there, found means to send a letter secretly by an Indian, dated July 28, and directed to the commander of the English troops. It was accompanied by a **plan** of the fort. "There are two hundred men here," writes he, "and two hundred expected; the rest have gone off in detachments to the amount of one thousand, besides Indians. None lodge in the fort but Contrecoeur and the guard, consisting of forty men and five officers; the rest lodge in bark cabins around the fort. The Indians have access day and night, and come and go when they please. If one hundred trusty Shawnees, Mingoes, and Delawares were picked out, they might surprise the fort, lodging themselves under the palisades by day, and at night secure the guard with their tomahawks, shut the sally-gate, and the fort is ours."

One part of Stobo's letter breathes a loyal and generous spirit of self-devotion. Alluding to the danger in which he and Van Braam, his fellow-hostage, might be involved, he says, "Consider the good of the expedition without

regard to us. When we engaged to serve the country it was expected we were to do it with our lives. For my part, I would die a hundred deaths to have the pleasure of possessing this fort but one day. They are so vain of their success at the Meadows [Fort Necessity] it is worse than death to hear them. Haste to strike."

The Indian messenger carried the letter to Aughquick and delivered it into the hands of George Croghan. The Indian chiefs who were with him insisted upon his opening it. He did so, but on finding the tenor of it, transmitted it to the Governor of Pennsylvania. The secret information communicated by Stobo, may have been the cause of a project suddenly conceived by Governor Dinwiddie, of a detachment which, by a forced march across the mountains, might descend upon the French and take Fort Duquesne at a single blow; or failing that, might build a rival fort in its vicinity. He accordingly wrote Washington to march forthwith for Wills's Creek, with such companies as were complete, leaving orders for the officers to follow as soon as they should have enlisted men sufficient to make up their companies. "The season of the year," added he, "calls for despatch. I depend upon your usual diligence and spirit to encourage your people to be active on this occasion."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, p. 177.

The First Blow of the Seven Years' War

Mr. Washington was at this time raising such a regiment as with the scanty pay and patronage of the Virginian government, he could get together, and proposed with the help of these men-of-war, to put a more peremptory veto upon the French invaders than the solitary ambassador had been enabled to lay. A small force under another officer, Colonel Trent, had been already despatched to the west, with orders to fortify themselves so as to be able to resist any attack of the enemy. The French troops, greatly

outnumbering ours, came up with the English outposts, who were fortifying themselves at a place on the confines of Pennsylvania where the great city of Pittsburg now stands. A Virginian officer with but forty men was in no condition to resist twenty times that number of Canadians, who appeared before his incomplete works. He was suffered to draw back without molestation; and the French, taking possession of his fort, strengthened it and christened it by the name of the Canadian governor, Duquesne. Up to this time no actual blow of war had been struck. The troops representing the hostile nations were in presence—the guns were loaded, but no one as yet had cried, “Fire!” It was strange that in a savage forest of Pennsylvania, a young Virginian officer should fire a shot and waken up a war which was to last for sixty years, which was to cover his own country and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours from us, and create the great Western Republic; to rage over the Old World when extinguished in the New; and, of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest, to leave the prize of the greatest fame with him who struck the first blow!

The Virginians, W. M. Thackeray, Vol. I, p. 57.

“All is Fair in—War”

When trying to win the Indians to the English cause in 1754, Washington in his journal states that he “let the young Indians who were in our camp know that the French wanted to kill the Half King,” a diplomatic statement he hardly believed, which the writer says “had its desired effect,” and which the French editor declared to be an “imposture.” In this same campaign he was forced to sign a capitulation which acknowledged that he had been guilty of assassination, and this raised such a storm in Virginia when it became known that Washington hastened to deny all knowledge of the charge having been contained among the articles, and alleged that it had not been made

clear to him when the paper had been translated and read. On the contrary, another officer present at the reading states that he refused to "sign the Capitulation because they charged us with Assassination in it."

In writing to an Indian agent in 1775, Washington was "greatly enraptured" at hearing of his approach, dwelt upon the man's "hearty attachment to our glorious Cause" and his "Courage of which I have had very great proofs." Inclosing a copy of the letter to the governor, Washington said, "the letter savors a little of flattery &c., &c., but this, I hope is justifiable on such an occasion."

The True George Washington, Paul Leicester Ford, p. 307.

The Only Course Possible

The government took a generous view of Mr. Washington's case, and, to his amazement, addressed to him a vote of thanks, of praise for his hard work and masterly retreat, as they were pleased to call it. . . .

But the authorities did not long remain in this reasonable mood. They were enabled to increase the army by a new vote of supplies, and chose this moment to settle, once for all, the vexed question of precedence between regular and colonial troops; the former comprised those who held the King's commission, the latter, those raised and supported by each State for its own defence. The new arrangement was one of such superlative foolishness that it appeared to have been conceived with the object of nullifying all military action. It provided no commanders, generals, or colonels, but gave each company to its independent captain to use as he saw fit. The promulgation was evidently inspired by one made at this moment by George the Second, to the effect that any officer holding a royal commission should outrank any provincial officer of any grade whatever, and that even the highest of the latter, such as generals, should practically cease to be officers at all if a general of regulars was in the field.

Colonel Washington took the only course possible in the circumstances. He resigned his commission in the Virginian army, giving his reasons in a few words of strong and indignant protest, and went home to Mount Vernon. He loved fighting, and the renunciation of his army career caused him profound grief and disappointment; but he could not keep both his commission and his self-respect, so the commission was resigned.

In the Shadow of the Lord, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, p. 420

CHAPTER VIII

THROUGH THE CAMPAIGN WITH BRADDOCK

The Young Commander and the Pig-headed Governor

On his return to civilization, Washington found his reputation of considerable service to him; instead of censuring him, the Burgesses accepted his explanations, thanked him for his bravery, and gave a pistole (about four dollars) to each of his soldiers. The young commander having been through a campaign and under fire, and experienced both victory and defeat, was now competent not only to fight the French, but to talk sense to the Governor, which was by far the more unpleasant and difficult task of the two.

Washington returned to Mount Vernon with a little glory, a great deal of disappointment, an empty pocket, and a decided inclination toward a military career. He had scarcely resumed control of his private affairs when Major Stobo, one of the hostages retained by the French as security for the return of Washington's first prisoners, succeeded in getting through to the English outposts a letter declaring that Fort Duquesne might be easily captured. This letter seems to have reached Governor Dinwiddie, probably through the Governor of Pennsylvania, to whom it was forwarded from the frontier; for the Virginia governor suddenly devised a forced march of light troops upon Fort Duquesne, and he forthwith ordered Washington to conduct such a movement.

Dinwiddie understood war about as a cat understands architecture; that is, he had sometimes crawled around on the outside of it. He had refused to return the French prisoners, although bound by the terms of capitulation to do so. He was holding troops in service although there

was no money with which to pay them or even to purchase supplies; and now, late in August, he proposed to begin a winter campaign with men some of whom were yet to be recruited, and without ammunition, subsistence, forage, clothing, or means of transportation. Washington succeeded in dissuading him from his senseless purpose; but the Governor had to vent his warlike spirit in some way, so he blundered into abusing the Burgesses for not voting him, free of restrictions, all the money he wanted. Then, for the purpose of preventing any disagreements about military precedence, he reorganized the Virginia troops into independent companies, no officer to be above the rank of captain. This masterly stroke of genius drove Colonel Washington out of the service. There is no knowing what additional brilliancies Dinwiddie might have perpetrated had not the Crown suppressed him somewhat by appointing Governor Sharpe, of Maryland, commander-in-chief of all forces engaged against the French.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 29.

Serious Troubles and Petty Annoyances

Serious troubles, moreover, were complicated by petty annoyances. A Maryland captain, at the head of thirty men, undertook to claim rank over the Virginian commander-in-chief because he had held a king's commission; and Washington was obliged to travel to Boston in order to have the miserable thing set right. This affair settled, he returned to take up again the old disheartening struggle, and his outspoken condemnation of Dinwiddie's foolish schemes and of the shortcomings of the government began to raise up backbiters and malcontents at Williamsburg. "My orders," he said, "are dark, doubtful, and uncertain; to-day approved, to-morrow condemned. Left to act and proceed at hazard, accountable for the consequences, and blamed without the benefit of defence." He determined nevertheless to bear with

his trials until the arrival of Lord Loudon, the new commander-in-chief, from whom he expected vigor and improvement. Unfortunately he was destined to have only fresh disappointment from the new general, for Lord Loudon was merely one more incompetent man added to the existing confusion. He paid no heed to the South, matters continued to go badly in the North, and Virginia was left helpless. So Washington toiled on with much discouragement, and the disagreeable attacks upon him increased. That it should have been so is not surprising, for he wrote to the governor, who now held him in much disfavor, to the speaker, and indeed to everyone, with a most galling plainness. He was young, be it remembered, and his high temper was by no means under perfect control. He was anything but diplomatic at that period of his life, and was far from patient, using language with much sincerity and force, and indulging in a blunt irony of rather a ferocious kind. When he was accused finally of getting up reports of imaginary dangers, his temper gave way entirely. He wrote wrathfully to the governor for justice, and added in a letter to his friend, Captain Peachy: "As to Colonel C.'s gross and infamous reflections on my conduct last spring, it will be needless, I dare say, to observe further at this time than that the liberty which he has been pleased to allow himself in sporting with my character is little else than a comic entertainment, discovering at one view his passionate fondness for your friend, his inviolable love of truth, his unfathomable knowledge, and the masterly strokes of his wisdom in displaying it. You are heartily welcome to make use of any letter or letters which I may at any time have written to you; for although I keep no copies of epistles to my friends nor can remember the contents of all of them, yet I am sensible that the narrations are just, and that truth and honesty will appear in my writings; of which, therefore, I shall not be ashamed, though criticism may censure my style."

Washington, Franklin, and General Braddock

About this time England sent over ten thousand pounds, with some firearms; learning which the Burgesses, being willing to assist the mother country, although unwilling to stand all the expense of a fight which was really between two European powers, voted twenty thousand pounds. It seemed as if in the prospective campaign there was to be no place for Washington; but in the following spring, General Edward Braddock was sent over from England to whip the French in every part of the country, and he invited Washington to become a member of his staff; which was the only judicious act of his entire military career in this country.

Braddock was a soldier who had enjoyed the blessings of many years of military drill and London loungings; he was courteous, brave, honorable in intent, headstrong and quick-tempered; some of his remaining military qualities are named in Colonel Calverly's recipe for making a heavy dragoon, in Gilbert and Sullivan's æsthetic opera, "Patience." What he did not know was not, in his opinion, worth knowing. There were but two men in the colonies to whom he would listen respectfully; one of these was Benjamin Franklin, who, being some centuries old when he was born, and having added to his knowledge about fifty years of experience, knew how to call a man a fool without hurting his feelings. The other was Washington, who lacked Franklin's appalling store of wisdom, but had the rare sense to talk only upon subjects that he understood.

But even Braddock's respect for these two men could not save him. When Franklin, in his sagacious way, tried to give Braddock some ideas about Indian warfare in such a manner that the General would believe he had thought them out for himself, the soldier replied that "These savages may be a formidable enemy to raw American militia, but upon the King's regular and disciplined troops it is

impossible that they should make an impression." After this knock-down argument, Franklin ceased to waste good counsel, although he was patriotic enough to secure for the army, on his own word of honor, the much needed horses and wagons that Braddock's imported quartermaster-general had been unable to obtain by unlimited threats and profanity.

Washington did not let Braddock off so easily; the young aid had what he himself terms "frequent disputes" with his general; that he survived them and retained his position is probably owing to his ability to keep his temper. How hard it must have been to retain this quality of human nature, may be judged from Washington's statement that Braddock was "incapable of giving up any points he asserts, be it ever so incompatible with reason or common sense."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 31.

General Braddock's Aide-de-camp

General Braddock set out from Alexandria on the 20th of April. Washington remained behind a few days to arrange his affairs, and then rejoined him at Fredericktown, in Maryland, where, on the 10th of May, he was proclaimed one of the general's *aides-de-camp*.

During the halt of the troops at Wills' Creek, Washington had been sent to Williamsburg to bring on four thousand pounds for the military chest. He returned, after a fortnight's absence, escorted from Winchester by eight men, "which eight men," writes he, "were two days assembling, but I believe would not have been more than as many seconds dispersing if I had been attacked."

Washington was disappointed in his anticipations of a rapid march. The general, though he had adopted his advice in the main, could not carry it out in detail. His military education was in the way, bigoted to the regular and elaborate tactics of Europe, he could not stoop to the

make-shift expedients of a new country, where every difficulty is encountered and mastered in a rough-and-ready style. "I found," said Washington, "that instead of pushing on with vigor, without regarding a little rough road, they were halting to level every mole-hill and to erect bridges over every brook, by which means we were four days in getting twelve miles."

For several days Washington had suffered from fever, accompanied by intense headache, and his illness increased in violence to such a degree that he was unable to ride, and had to be conveyed for a part of the time in a covered wagon. His illness continued without intermission until the 23d, "when I was relieved," says he, "by the general's absolutely ordering the physician to give me Dr. James' powders: one of the most excellent medicines in the world. It gave me immediate relief, and removed my fever and other complaints in four days' time."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I, pp 204 to 223.

In the Battle at Fort Duquesne

As soon as his fever abated a little he left Colonel Dunbar, and being unable to sit on a horse, was conveyed to the front in a wagon, coming up with the army on July 8th. He was just in time, for the next day the troops forded the Monongahela and marched to attack the fort. The splendid appearance of the soldiers as they crossed the river roused Washington's enthusiasm; but he was not without misgivings. . . .

The troops marched on in ordered ranks, glittering and beautiful. Suddenly firing was heard in the front, and presently the van was flung back on the main body. Yells and war-whoops resounded on every side, and an unseen enemy poured in a deadly fire. Washington begged Braddock to throw his men into the woods, but all in vain. Fight in platoons they must, or not at all. The result was that they did not fight at all. They became

panic-stricken, and huddled together, overcome with fear, until at last when Braddock was mortally wounded they broke in wild rout and fled. Of the regular troops, seven hundred, and of the officers, who showed the utmost bravery, sixty-two out of the eighty-six, were killed or wounded. Two hundred Frenchmen and six hundred Indians achieved this signal victory. The only thing that could be called fighting on the English side was done by the Virginians, "the raw American militia," who, spread out as skirmishers, met their foes on their own ground, and were cut off almost to a man.

Washington at the outset flung himself headlong into the fight. He rode up and down the field, carrying orders and striving to rally "the dastards," as he afterwards called the regular troops. He endeavored to bring up the artillery, but the men would not serve the guns, although he aimed and discharged one himself. All through that dreadful carnage he rode fiercely about, raging with the excitement of battle, and utterly exposed from beginning to end. Even now it makes the heart beat quicker to think of him amid the smoke and slaughter as he dashed hither and thither, his face glowing and his eyes shining with the fierce light of battle, leading on his own Virginians, and trying to stay the tide of disaster. He had two horses shot under him and four bullets through his coat. The Indians thought he bore a charmed life, while his death was reported in the colonies, together with his dying speech, which, he dryly wrote to his brother, he had not yet composed.

George Washington Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 82

A Description of the Battle

It was a bright July morning. The army was approaching Fort Duquesne; ten miles more, and it would be here. Proudly the soldiers moved along the valley of the Monongahela, wearing their bright red uniforms, their gun-barrels

and bayonets glaring in the sunlight, drums beating, trumpets sounding, and their banners waving. Lieutenant-colonel Gage, with three hundred men led the advance. He forded the river, crossed a plain, and ascended a hill. Mr. Gordon was in advance of all, with a company, marking out the road. General Braddock had no expectation of being attacked. He was to attack the French. Mr. Gordon beheld a man wearing a gray hunting-frock waving his hat. A silver gorget gleamed upon his breast. It was a French officer, Beaujean, who had come out from Fort Duquesne with two hundred and thirty Frenchmen and six hundred and thirty Indians, to give General Braddock a taste of fighting in the wilderness of America. From every tree there came a flash, and the head of Gage's column melted away; but the English fired a volley, and Beaujean and thirteen of his men went down.

Gage's artillerymen wheeled two cannon into position, and opened fire. The roar of the cannon echoes along the river, frightening the Indians, who started to run; but the French held their ground. The Indians came back, yelling the war-whoop.

"Vive le Roi!" shouted the French.

"Hurrah for King George!" cried the English.

Lieutenant-colonel Burton came up with a re-enforcement, but his troops were panic-stricken. General Braddock tried to rally his men. They loaded and fired at random; they saw flashes, puffs of smoke, but few of the enemy. There was firing in front, on both flanks and in the rear, where the Indians were shooting the horses of the baggage-train. The drivers fled. Men and officers were dropping all the time. Braddock was trying to form his men in platoons and battalions, after the method laid down in all military books; while the Virginians, accustomed to the wilderness, sprung behind rocks and trees, or fell flat on the ground, and watched their opportunity to put a bullet through the head of a Frenchman or Indian. Brad-

dock cursed them for not standing up in platoons, and struck them with his sword.

How preposterous! Whoever heard of a battle being fought in that way from behind trees!

Captain Waggoner placed his company of Virginians behind a fallen tree, which served them for a breast-work, and poured a telling volley upon the French, but the next minute fifty of them were killed by the panic-stricken British, who had so lost their wits that they took them to be Frenchmen. The French and Indians aimed to pick off all the English officers. Sir Peter Halket, Braddock's second in command, fell dead. Shirley, Braddock's secretary, went down with a bullet through his breast. Colonels Burton, Gage, and Orme, Major Spark, Major Halket, Captain Morris, all were wounded.

Washington's horse was killed. He mounted a second; that, too, was shot. A bullet went through his coat; another, a third, a fourth; but his time had not come to die. God had a great work for him to do for the human race, and this was the beginning.

All through the afternoon, from two o'clock to five, the hurly-burly went on—the English huddled in groups or scattered along the narrow road, firing away their ammunition, seeing only now and then a Frenchman or an Indian. The Virginians alone were cool, watching their opportunity, and sending bullets through the skulls of the savages as they peeped from behind the trees.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon; General Braddock had had five horses shot under him; he was issuing an order when a bullet struck him and he fell upon the ground. His troops threw aside their guns and knapsacks, then fled like a herd of frightened sheep. Washington tried to stop them. He begged, threatened, but in vain.

"Don't leave your general to be scalped!" shouted Colonel Orme. "I'll give you sixty guineas to carry him off."

What was Braddock or money to them? To escape was their only thought. Captain Stewart and another Virginian officer took the wounded general in their arms and bore him from the field. All through the night, all the next day, the English fled, the Virginians under Washington protecting the rear and carrying the wounded general.

The French and Indians made no attempt at pursuit; they had won a great victory, and were dividing the spoil—drinking the rum, eating the bacon, and counting their scalps in savage glee.

Old Times in the Colonies, Charles Carleton Coffin, p. 380.

His Hatred of Cowardice

His fearlessness was equally shown by his hatred, and, indeed, non-comprehension of cowardice. In his first battle, upon the French surrendering, he wrote to the governor, "if the whole Detach't of the French behave with no more Resolution than this chosen Party did, I flatter myself we shall have no g't trouble in driving them to the d—." At Braddock's defeat, though the regiment he had commanded "behaved like men and died like soldiers," he could hardly find words to express his contempt for the conduct of the British "cowardly regulars," writing of their "dastardly behavior" when they "broke and ran as sheep before hounds" and raging over being "most scandalously" and "shamefully beaten."

The True George Washington, Paul Leicester Ford, p. 270.

"Unite or Die!"

E Pluribus Unum, the motto on the great seal of the United States, is a crisp expression of the earnest teachings of Benjamin Franklin while going up and down among the colonies, as postmaster-general, as a special Indian commissioner and as a delegate to a convention of the colonies. He was an "all-round man" and was always around where

he was most needed. An ardent lover of liberty and justice, he was still, by force of his frankness and humor, the friend of those who represented the crown—and this without the least abatement of his deep conviction as to the rights and wrongs of the people. . . .

. . . In the French and Indian War, Franklin was a leader and had to raise men, horses, wagons and supplies, thus heartily cooperating with George Washington, then a rising Virginia officer, twenty-six years younger than himself.

It was while in the way of this duty that Franklin met General Braddock and attempted to advise that arrogant officer how he ought to fight the French and Indians. He wrote of Braddock:

"He smiled at my ignorance and replied, 'These savages may, indeed, be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression.' "

Just before starting for Albany as a delegate to the colonial convention, in 1754, a wood-cut appeared in the "Pennsylvania Gazette," Franklin's newspaper, of a snake separated into sections representing the colonies; under the parted pieces was the legend, "Unite or Die." This design was adopted as one of the many flags of that troubled time. The payment of the expenses of the French and Indian War and the evasions of the crown and proprietaries aroused the righteous wrath of the people of Pennsylvania. These "proprietaries" were Richard and Thomas Penn, descendants of the great Quaker, William Penn, to whom Charles the Second had granted, eighty years before, the great tract of country to which he gave Penn's name. These degenerate descendants had not such lofty motives as actuated their really noble grandfather. Their sole purpose was to get as much revenue as possible out of their vast estate, which was then valued at about fifty million

dollars. They refused to pay taxes or bear any of the expenses of its defense in the later war with the French. So Franklin was sent to London to remonstrate with them and try to make even the king comprehend the real and righteous grievances of his subjects in America. He arrived in London in July, 1757, was detained five years by the dallying policy of the Penns, and came back without accomplishing much more than the tacit consent of the crown to the taxing of the proprietaries. After his return, Franklin threw himself more ardently than ever into the colonial cause. "United, we stand; divided, we fall," became his motto, for he was one of the first to discern that there was to be an "irrepressible conflict."

The Franklin Story-Calendar, Wayne Whipple, October 16 to 29, 1910.

Denies "Grossly Exaggerated" Report of His Death

(Letter to John Augustine Washington.)

"FORT CUMBERLAND, 18 July, 1755.

"Dear Brother:

"As I have heard, since my arrival at this place, a circumstantial account of my death and dying speech, I take this early opportunity of contradicting the first, and of assuring you, that I have not as yet composed the latter. But, by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected beyond all human probability and expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, altho' death was leveling my companions on every side of me!"

"We have been most scandalously beaten by a trifling body of men, but fatigue and want of time will prevent me from giving you any of the details, until I have the happiness of seeing you at Mount Vernon, which I now most ardently wish for, since we are drove in thus far. A weak and feeble state of health obliges me to halt here for two or three days

to recover a little strength, that I may thereby be enabled to proceed homewards with more ease. You may expect to see me there on Saturday or Sunday se'-night, which is as soon as I can well be down, as I shall take my Bullskin Plantations in my way. Pray give my compliments to all my friends. I am, dear Jack, your most affectionate brother,"

[GEORGE]

Writings of George Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph. D., p. 5.

"I Could Offer Myself a Willing Sacrifice"

After the hasty retreat, Colonel Dunbar, stricken with panic, fled onward to Philadelphia, abandoning everything, and Virginia was left naturally in a state of great alarm. The assembly came together, and at last, thoroughly frightened, voted abundant money, and ordered a regiment of a thousand men to be raised. Washington, who had returned to Mount Vernon ill and worn-out, was urged to solicit the command, but it was not his way to solicit, and he declined to do so now. August 14th, he wrote to his mother: "If it is in my power to avoid going to the Ohio again, I shall; but if the command is pressed upon me by the general voice of the country, and offered upon such terms as cannot be objected against, it would reflect dishonor on me to refuse it!" The same day he was offered the command of all the Virginia forces on his own terms, and accepted. Virginia believed in Washington, and he was ready to obey her call.

He at once assumed command and betook himself to Winchester, a general without an army, but still able to check by his presence the existing panic, and ready to enter upon the trying, dreary, and fruitless work that lay before him. In April, 1757, he wrote: "I have been posted then, for more than twenty months past, upon our cold and barren frontiers, to perform, I think I may say, impossibilities; that is, to protect from the cruel incursions of a

crafty, savage enemy a line of inhabitants, of more than three hundred and fifty miles in extent, with a force inadequate to the task!" This terse statement covers all that can be said of the next three years. It was a long struggle against a savage foe in front, and narrowness, jealousy, and stupidity behind, apparently without any chance of effecting anything, or gaining any glory or reward. Troops were voted, but were raised with difficulty, and when raised were neglected and ill-treated by the wrangling governor and assembly, which caused much ill-suppressed wrath in the breast of the commander-in-chief who labored day and night to bring about better discipline in camp, and who wrote long letters to Williamsburg recounting existing evils and praying for a new militia law.

The troops, in fact, were got out with vast difficulty even under the most stinging necessity, and were almost worthless when they came. Of one "noble captain" who refused to come, Washington wrote: "With coolness and moderation this great captain answered that his wife, family, and corn were all at stake; so were those of his soldiers; therefore it was impossible for him to come. Such is the example of the officers; such the behavior of the men; and upon such circumstances depends the safety of our country!" But while the soldiers were neglected, and the assembly faltered, and the militia disobeyed, the French and Indians kept at work on the long exposed frontier. There panic reigned, farm-houses and villages went up in smoke, and the fields were reddened with slaughter at each fresh incursion. Gentlemen in Williamsburg bore these misfortunes with reasonable fortitude, but Washington raged against the abuses and the inaction, and vowed that nothing but the imminent danger prevented his resignation. "The supplicating tears of the women," he wrote, "and moving petitions of the men melt me into such deadly sorrow that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering

enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease."

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 85.

Close of His Career as a Frontier Fighter

So closed the first period in Washington's public career. We have seen him pass through it in all its phases. It shows him as an adventurous pioneer, as a reckless frontier fighter, and as a soldier of great promise. He learned many things in this time, and was taught much in the hard school of adversity. In the effort to conquer Frenchmen and Indians he studied the art of war, and at the same time he learned to bear with and overcome the dulness and inefficiency of the government he served. Thus he was forced to practise self-control in order to attain his ends, and to acquire skill in the management of men. There could have been no better training for the work he was to do in the after years, and the future showed how deeply he profited by it. Let us turn now, for a moment, to the softer and pleasanter side of life, and having seen what Washington was, and what he did as a fighting man, let us try to know him in the equally important and far more attractive domain of private and domestic life.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 91.

CHAPTER IX

THE YOUNG COLONEL GOES COURTING

The Colonel of the Colony

During the three years that followed the Braddock campaign, Washington enjoyed all the honors and torments that his native colony could inflict upon him. He had rank, authority, men, and money; but what were all these to a soldier who was obliged to endure Dinwiddie? There can be no doubt that the old gentleman was hot for war, but some of the developments of his martial spirit were unspeakably exasperating to those who were expected to do the fighting. Although being a war governor was not an exact science in those days, it was not necessary that Dinwiddie should have been satisfied to display only the characteristics of an army mule, particularly as the customs of the time forbade that a governor should be treated according to his deserts. This conceited, obstinate, short-sighted, narrow-minded, jealous governor gave the military force more trouble than all the French and Indians on the border. Yet Washington, as the colonial commander-in-chief, did not proceed against the old fellow with powder and ball, or even drive him out of the country. Such self-restraint was phenomenal.

Fears that the French and Indians would transfer the seat of war to the settled portions of the colony made the Virginia Burgesses liberal of men and money, and a regiment of a thousand men was at once recruited. Washington became its colonel, for which Dinwiddie never forgave him, although he was obliged to sign his commission. The Governor's own candidate had been Colonel Innes, of North Carolina, who, like the Governor, was a

Scotchman, and was strongly supported by a number of his fellow countrymen. As the patriotic Scots of that period seemed to believe that the sites of the Garden of Eden and the town of Bethlehem were both in Scotland, and that the Scotch were the chosen race, they naturally clung together with great tenacity, and remembrance of the long and ugly fight over the Virginia colonelcy may have been the reason why, in the first draft of the Declaration of Independence, Scotchmen were classed with sundry creatures whose doings had been reprehensible.

As colonel of the Virginia regiment, Washington became commander-in-chief of the colony's forces. He established his headquarters at Winchester, which was the largest place near the border that had good lines of communication with the remainder of the colony.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 40.

How Colonel Washington "Took" Boston

One of the beauties of the military system of the day was, that each colony managed its own forces, under the nominal supervision of a commander-in-chief sent out from England. Quarrels were frequent over questions of rank, for some officers who bore commissions from the king were among the volunteers, and declined to receive orders from higher officers who had been commissioned only by governors. A Maryland captain named Dagworthy claimed command of Fort Cumberland on the strength of having held a king's commission, and a grand quarrel at once arose between Maryland and Virginia, which threatened to drive Washington out of the service. The case was finally referred to General Shirley, British commander-in-chief in America, and Washington was sent to the general to explain.

To this phase of the quarrel Washington owed one of the most enjoyable trips of his life; but this was only a minor result, for his journey brought him in contact with

Boston. It may be seen at first sight that an unfair advantage was taken of the young man, for he had not yet become the Father of his Country, while Boston, on the contrary, had been the Hub of the Universe for at least a century. Still, the man and the town impressed one another favorably; the original Yankee, being shapeless and awkward, could not fail to be greatly impressed by six feet two of symmetrical humanity; the original Yankee dressed very badly, whereas Washington was faultlessly and richly attired; Yankee horses were carefully modeled after dried codfish, and were about as sad-eyed and spiritless, whereas Washington rode into Boston on a magnificent charger, and even his colored servant was well mounted. The young Virginian "took the town" at once; the natives could not show him Bunker Hill Monument, the burnt district, or the Back Bay improvements, as now they would do within an hour of his arrival, but they gave him what they had—heartiness, patriotism, and beans. Concerning the latter, his letters are painfully silent; nothing but silence can do justice to some topics; but the people's hospitality and public spirit pleased him greatly.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 43.

The Handsome Colonel Rode away to Boston Town

The little cavalcade that left Virginia on February 4, 1756, must have looked brilliant enough as they rode away through the dark woods. First came the colonel, mounted of course on the finest of animals, for he loved and understood horses from the time when he rode bareback in the pasture to those later days when he acted as judge at a horse-race and saw his own pet colt "Magnolia" beaten. In this expedition he wore, of course, his uniform of buff and blue, with a white and scarlet cloak over his shoulders, and a sword-knot of red and gold. His "horse furniture" was of the best London make, trimmed with "livery lace," and the Washington arms were engraved upon the housings.



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Engraved on Wood by W. Wellington from Original by Percy Moran.

COLONEL WASHINGTON INTRODUCED TO MARY PHILIPSE THE HEIRESS

Close by his side rode his two aides, likewise in buff and blue, and behind came his servants, dressed in the Washington colors of white and scarlet and wearing hats laced with silver. Thus accoutred, they all rode on together to the North.

The colonel's fame had gone before him, for the hero of Braddock's stricken field and the commander of the Virginia forces was known by reputation throughout the colonies. Every door flew open to him as he passed, and every one was delighted to welcome the young soldier. He was dined and wined and feted in Philadelphia, and again in New York, where he fell in love at apparently short notice with the heiress Mary Philipse, the sister-in-law of his friend Beverly Robinson. Tearing himself away from these attractions he pushed on to Boston, then the most important city on the continent, and the headquarters of Shirley, the commander-in-chief. The little New England capital had at that time a society which, rich for those days, was relieved from its Puritan sombreness by the gayety and life brought in by the royal officers. Here Washington lingered ten days, talking war and politics with the governor, visiting in state the "great and general court," dancing every night at some ball, dining with and being feted by the magnates of the town. His business done, he returned to New York, tarried there awhile for the sake of the fair dame, but came to no conclusions, and then, like the soldier in the song, he gave his bridle-rein a shake and rode away to the South, and to the harassed and ravaged frontier of Virginia.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 95.

A Chain of Forts and the Gentlemen Associators

Washington's Boston trip was entirely successful, so far as the question of rank between him and the Maryland Captain Dagworthy was concerned. General Shirley was not any wiser than the majority of generals whom England

at that time exported to America, but he knew enough to determine that a colonel outranked a captain, even if the latter happened to be serving in his own native province. On other questions of rank, however, Shirley was unsatisfactory; Washington was unable to secure King's commissions for himself and his officers, although this desire was stronger in him than the wish to teach the meddlesome Dagworthy his place.

On returning to Virginia, he went promptly to work. From Eastern statesmen and drawing-rooms to Dinwiddie and a back-woods camp was a terrible change; but Washington did not, as many another officer would have done, engineer a sick leave and hurry back to a desirable city to prescribe for himself at trusty bar-rooms. He went right to work in the Shenandoah valley to repel invasion, and his task was as great as his strength and temper could endure. Fortunately his old friend Lord Fairfax, an active, brave sensible, soldierly, influential old fellow, lived in the valley, and was never appealed to in vain for counsel, means, or sympathetic profanity. There was not a particle of glory to be gained by defensive work on the border, but glory was exactly what the young officer did not need, however much he may have longed for it. Like every other young fellow who is worth keeping, he had to endure the experiences that suppress conceit and develop character. Glory, ease, even the opportunity to "show off," was denied him. Every military commander has some thorn in his flesh, but in Dinwiddie Washington found a boundless forest of thorns, in which all the underbrush was briars. The old marplot indited orders that were impossible of execution, and then countermanded them by orders that were worse. For only one thing could he be uniformly trusted, and that was, to oppose any measure that Washington suggested.

One of the old man's lunacies, in which he was supported by the Burgesses, was the establishing of twenty-three forts, on a border line about four hundred miles long,

there being but fifteen hundred men to distribute among them. It is somewhat remarkable that the French, with their known instinct of politeness, never sent Dinwiddie a vote of thanks for this unequalled plan for annihilating all the provincial forces. Then, as if he were determined to start an insane asylum with Washington as first patient, Dinwiddie turned loose upon the young commander a hundred men, called the Gentlemen Associators, who were to assist in selecting locations for the new forts. As all of the Associators were civilians they of course knew every thing worth knowing about military affairs.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 47.

Big George Washington

While he was at Mount Vernon he saw all his horses again,—“Valiant” and “Magnolia” and “Chinkling” and “Ajax,”—and had grand gallops over the country.

He had some fine dogs, too, to run by his side, and help him hunt the bushy-tailed foxes. “Vulcan” and “Ringwood” and “Music” and “Sweetlips” were the names of some of them. You may be sure the dogs were glad when they had their master home again.

But Washington did not have long to rest, for another war was coming, the great war of the Revolution.

The Story Hour, Nora A. Smith, p. 125

Broken in Health

In the winter of 1758 his health broke down completely. He was so ill that he thought that his constitution was seriously injured; and therefore withdrew to Mount Vernon, where he slowly recovered. Meantime a great man came at last to the head of affairs in England, and, inspired by William Pitt, fleets and armies went forth to conquer. Reviving at the prospect, Washington offered his services to General Forbes who had come to undertake the

task which Braddock had failed to accomplish. Once more English troops appeared, and a large army was gathered. Then the old story began again and Washington, whose proffered aid had been gladly received, chafed and worried all summer at the fresh spectacle of delay and stupidity which was presented to him. His advice was disregarded, and all the weary business of building new roads through the wilderness was once more undertaken. A detachment, sent forward contrary to his views, met with the fate of Braddock, and as the summer passed, and autumn changed to winter, it looked as if nothing would be gained in return for so much toil and preparation. But Pitt had conquered the Ohio in Canada, news arrived of the withdrawal of the French, the army pressed on, and, with Washington in the van, marching into the smoking ruins of Fort Duquesne, henceforth to be known to the world as Fort Pitt.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 90.

A Brief but Courtly Courtship

As the story runs, Colonel Washington, attended by his servant Bishop, was crossing William's Ferry, which was directly opposite the Chamberlayne house, on his way to the capital of the colony, where he had some business of importance with the Governor. Major Chamberlayne met him at the ferry, and pressed him to accept the hospitality of his house for a day or two. Colonel Washington at first declined, in consequence of the important business that claimed his presence in Williamsburg; but when the hospitable gentleman added to his persuasions the inducement that the loveliest widow in all Virginia was under his roof, the young officer loosed his bridle rein, accepted the invitation to dine with Major Chamberlayne, and gave Bishop orders to have the horses ready for departure at an early hour in the afternoon.

The story of this brief soldierly wooing has often been



From the Original by Alonzo Chappel.

COLONEL WASHINGTON VISITS MRS. CUSTIS

told, but by no person who had better opportunities of giving a correct version of it than Mr. G. W. P. Custis, in his "Recollections of Washington." He says that "they were mutually pleased on this their first interview, nor is it remarkable; they were of an age when impressions are strongest. The lady was fair to behold, of fascinating manners and splendidly endowed with worldly benefits. The hero fresh from his early fields, redolent of fame, and with a form on which 'every god did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man.' " The morning passed pleasantly away. Evening came, with Bishop, true to his orders, firm at his post, holding his favorite charger with one hand, while with the other he was waiting to offer the ready stirrup. The sun sank in the horizon, yet the colonel appeared not. And then the old soldier marveled at his chief's delay. " 'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange,—surely he was not wont to be a single moment behind his appointments, for he was the most punctual of all men. Meantime the host enjoyed the scene of the veteran on duty at the gate while the Colonel was so agreeably employed in the parlor, and proclaiming that no guest ever left his house after sunset, his military visitor was, without much difficulty, persuaded to order Bishop to put up the horses for the night. The sun rode high in the heavens the ensuing day when the enamored soldier pressed with his spur his charger's side, and speeded on his way to the seat of the government."

Upon his return from Williamsburg, Colonel Washington visited Mrs. Custis in her own house. Tradition says that upon this occasion the lover was rowed across the river by a slave, who, when asked whether his mistress was at home, replied, "Yes, sah, I reckon you's the man what's expected"; which proves that the fair widow was in readiness to receive her guest. The engagement evidently took place during this visit, as the lovers did not meet again until the time of their marriage, the following January.

"A Few Words" to His Affianced*(Letter to Mrs. Martha Custis.)*

"JULY 20, 1758.

"We have begun our march for the Ohio. A courier is starting for Williamsburg, and I embrace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other, my thoughts have been continually going to you as another self. That an all-powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever faithful and affectionate friend,"

[G. WASHINGTON.]

*Writings of George Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D., p. 6.***"The Story of an Untold Love"**

It has been asserted that Washington loved the wife of his friend George William Fairfax, but the evidence has not been produced. On the contrary, though the two corresponded, it was in a purely platonic fashion, very different from the strain of lovers, and that the correspondence implied nothing is to be found in the fact that he and Sally Carlyle (another Fairfax daughter) also wrote each other quite as frequently and on the same friendly footing; indeed, Washington evidently classed them in the same category, when he stated that "I have wrote to my two female correspondents." Thus the claim seems due, like many another of Washington's mythical love-affairs, rather to the desire of descendants to link their family "to a star" than to more substantial basis. Washington did, indeed, write to Sally Fairfax from the frontier, "I should think our time more agreeably spent, believe me, in playing a part in Cato, with the company you mention, and myself doubly happy in being the Juba to such a Marcia as you must make," but private theatricals then

no more than now implied "passionate love." What is more, Mrs. Fairfax was at this very time teasing him about another woman, and to her hints Washington replied:

"If you allow that any honor can be derived from my opposition . . . you destroy the merit of it entirely in me by attributing my anxiety to the animating prospect of possessing Mrs. Custis, when—I need not tell you, guess yourself. Should not my own Honor and the country's welfare be the excitement? 'Tis true I profess myself a votary of love. I acknowledge that a lady is in the case, and further I confess that this lady is known to you. Yes, Madame, as well as she is one who is too sensible of her charms to deny the Power whose influence he feels and must ever submit to. I feel the force of her amiable beauties in the recollection of a thousand tender passages that I would wish to obliterate, till I am bid revive them. But experience, alas! sadly reminds me how impossible this is, and evinces an opinion which I have long entertained that there is a Destiny which has the control of our actions, not to be resisted by the strongest efforts of Human Nature. You have drawn me, dear Madame, or rather I have drawn myself, into an honest confession of a simple Fact. Misconstrue not my meaning; doubt it not, nor expose it. The world has no business to know the object of my love, declared in this manner to you, when I want to conceal it. One thing above all things in this world I wish to know, and only one person of your acquaintance can solve me that, or guess my meaning?"

The True George Washington, Paul Leicester Ford, p. 91.

The Fall of Fort Duquesne

As they approached Fort Duquesne, the mementos of former disasters became more frequent; and the bones of those massacred in the defeat of Braddock still lay scattered about the battlefield, whitening in the sun.

At length the army arrived in sight of Fort Duquesne,

advancing with great precaution, and expecting a vigorous defense; but that formidable fortress, the terror and scourge of the frontier, and the object of such warlike enterprise, fell without a blow. . . . On the 25th of November, Washington, with the advanced guard, marched in, and planted the British flag on the yet smoking ruins.

One of the first offices of the army was to collect and bury, in one common tomb, the bones of their fellow-soldiers who had fallen in the battles of Braddock and Grant. In this pious duty it is said every one joined; and some veterans assisted, with heavy hearts and frequent ejaculations of poignant feeling, who had been present in the scenes of defeat and carnage.

The reduction of Fort Duquesne terminated, as Washington had foreseen, the troubles and dangers of the southern frontiers. The French domination of the Ohio was at an end; the Indians, as usual, paid homage to the conquering power, and a treaty of peace was concluded with all the tribes between the Ohio and the lakes.

With this campaign ended, for the present, the military career of Washington. His great object was attained, the restoration of quiet and security to his native province; and having abandoned all hope of attaining rank in the regular army, and his health being much impaired, he gave up his commission at the close of the year, and retired from the service, followed by the applause of his fellow-soldiers, and the gratitude and admiration of all his countrymen.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. I. p. 337.

Elected to the House of Burgesses

Washington's anxiety to end the Fort Duquesne expedition and the war must have made him an intolerable bore to everyone with whom he came in contact—every one but Mrs. Custis, of course. About this time it was natural that Washington should have had more than his ordinarily high regard for his personal appearance; for a

man who is in love and has been accepted, always betrays his secret by a general improvement of his dress. Washington, on the contrary, went to the opposite extremes. The uniform of the army, like that of all other armies of the period, was inexpressibly inappropriate to soldiers whose only duties were not drill, parade, and lounging, so Washington reformed it. The cumbrous, heavy coats were exchanged for thick flannel shirts, and the top coats for blankets, so that every volunteer became as unsightly and personally effective as an Indian. To popularize this dress, Washington himself wore it, though probably not in the presence of his sweetheart, and it is greatly to be regretted that no one thought to paint his picture at that time, for the picture would have impressed the man upon the public mind with an informal distinctness that would have been proof against all subsequent Fourth of July nonsense.

As Washington purposed retiring from military service at the close of the campaign, he proposed himself for election to the House of Burgesses. This move must not be construed to indicate the usual desire of retired soldiers to go into politics, for in Washington's day American legislators devoted themselves to public business, instead of personal aggrandizement. Although the county for which he stood was one in which he had frequently been obliged to enforce military customs that were distasteful to the voters' pockets, and although he did not make a stump speech, he was elected by a handsome majority.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 54.

Washington sent on a mission to the French.....	1753
Franklin announces that the Colonies must "Unite or Die," at the Albany Convention	1754
Braddock defeated at Fort Duquesne.....	1755
Fort Duquesne taken and named Fort Pitt by the English.....	1758
Washington's marriage	January 6, 1759
Wolf captures Quebec.....	1759

CHAPTER X

THE WEALTHY PLANTER OF MOUNT VERNON

The Sunshine and Glitter of the Wedding Day

As soon as Fort Duquesne had failed he hurried home, resigned his commission in the last week of December, and was married on January 6, 1759. It was a brilliant wedding party which assembled on that winter day in the little church near the White House. There were gathered Francis Fauquier, the gay, free-thinking, high-living governor, gorgeous in scarlet and gold; British officers, red-coated and gold-laced, and all the neighboring gentry in the handsomest clothes that London credit could furnish. The bride was attired in silk and satin, laces and brocade, with pearls on her neck and in her ears; while the bridegroom appeared in blue and silver trimmed with scarlet, and with gold buckles at his knees and on his shoes. After the ceremony the bride was taken home in a coach and six, her husband riding beside her, mounted on a splendid horse and followed by all the gentlemen of the party.

The sunshine and glitter of the wedding-day must have appeared to Washington deeply appropriate, for he certainly seemed to have all that heart of man could desire. Just twenty-seven, in the first flush of young manhood, keen of sense and yet wise in experience, life must have looked very fair and smiling. He had left the army with a well-earned fame, and had come home to take the wife of his choice and enjoy the good-will and respect of all men. While away on his last campaign he had been elected a member of the House of Burgesses, and when he took his seat on removing to Williamsburg, three months after his marriage, Mr. Robinson, the speaker, thanked him publicly



Engraved by J. Rogers from the Painting by John Woolaston.

MRS MARTHA DANDRIDGE CUSTIS WASHINGTON

in eloquent words for his services to the country. Washington rose to reply, but he was so utterly unable to talk about himself that he stood before the House stammering and blushing, until the speaker said, "Sit down, Mr. Washington: your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess." It is an old story, and as graceful as it is old, but it was all very grateful to Washington, especially as the words of the speaker bodied forth the feelings of Virginia. Such an atmosphere, filled with deserved respect and praise, was pleasant to begin with, and then he had everything else too.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 98.

Married Life at Mount Vernon

For sixteen years George Washington, benedict, was permitted to pursue, at Mount Vernon, the life of an English country gentleman. His wife, one of the most wealthy women of the country, was unable to manage her large estates, and Washington, of course, added this care to his own. Aside from his father's small legacy, the death of his half-brother, Lawrence, and of Lawrence's only child, had left Mount Vernon and other valuable properties to him. Like other Virginia planters, Washington owned slaves. He deplored this necessity and always used his influence to have the institution abolished gradually and legally. He cared for his wife's children and looked after their estates. When the daughter "Patsy" Custis died, her property reverted to her mother, adding greatly to the wealth of the Washingtons. The master of Mount Vernon ordered wearing apparel, liveries for his servants, equipages, harness, and accoutrements from England. The Washingtons entertained hospitably, kept a bench and a stud, and rode to hounds with the Fairfaxes and others of the neighboring gentry. When Mrs. Washington rode out she had her coach and four and was attended by black postilions in white and scarlet. . . .

For years after the French and Indian War, Colonel Washington was the champion of his former soldiers, looking after the interests of many of them, once taking a journey down the Ohio into the wilds of Kentucky to claim lands which some men, who could not afford to go themselves, had received in payment of their services with him on the frontier. One of these, a major who had been reproved for cowardice at Great Meadows, thinking he had been omitted in the distribution of land, wrote an abusive letter to Washington about it. To him the Colonel replied:

"Your impertinent letter was delivered to me yesterday. As I am not accustomed to receive such from any man, nor would have taken the same language from you personally without letting you feel some marks of my resentment, I would advise you to be cautious in writing me a second of the same tenor. But for your stupidity and sottishness you might have known, by attending to a public gazette, that you had your full quantity of ten thousand acres of land allowed you. But suppose you had really fallen short, do you think your superlative merit entitles you to a greater indulgence than others? . . . All my concern is that I ever engaged in behalf of so ungrateful a fellow as you are."

The Washington Story-Calendar Wayne Whipple, July 31 to Aug. 6, 1910.

Taking Charge of the Custis Estate

"WILLIAMSBURG, 1 May, 1759.

"*To Robert Cary, Merchant, London.*

"*Sir,*—The enclosed is the clergyman's certificate of my marriage with Mrs. Martha Custis, properly authenticated. You will therefore for the future please address all your letters which relate to the affairs of the late Daniel Parke Custis to me, as by marriage I am entitled to a third part of that estate, and am invested likewise with a care of the other two-thirds by a decree of our General Court,

which I obtained in order to strengthen the power I before had in consequence of my wife's administration.

"At present this serves only to advise you of the above change, and at the same time to acquaint you that I shall continue to make you the same consignments of tobacco as usual, and will endeavor to increase them in proportion as I find myself and the estate benefited thereby.

"On the other side is an invoice of some goods which I beg you to send me by the first ship bound either for the Potomac or to the Rappahannock, as I am in immediate want of them. Let them be insured, and in case of accident, reshipped without delay. Direct for me at Mount Vernon, Potomac River, Virginia. The former is the name of my seat, and the other of the river on which it is situated."

About a year after this he had occasion to write substantially as follows: "By this conveyance you will receive invoices of such goods as are wanting, which please to send as there directed by Captain J., in the spring, and let me beseech you to give the necessary directions for purchasing them upon the best terms. It is needless for me to particularize the sorts, qualities or taste I would choose to have them in, unless my directions are observed; and you may believe me when I tell you that instead of getting things good and fashionable in their several kinds, we often have articles sent us that could only have been used by our forefathers in days of yore.

"It is a custom, I have some reason to believe, with many of the shopkeepers and tradesmen of London, when they know goods are bespoke for exportation to palm sometimes very old, and sometimes very slight and indifferent ones upon us—taking care at the same time to advance ten, fifteen, or perhaps twenty per cent. upon them in price."

Washington, Jacob Abbott, p. 70.

A Kind and Indulgent Stepfather

It is reported that he was a good stepfather, and, to quote from England's new national anthem, "it's greatly to his credit," for usually the first move of a man who marries a pretty widow is to get her children out of the way by sending them off to boarding-school. But Washington loved the Custis children. He did all in his power to prevent his stepson making a fool of himself by marrying too early, and when Miss Custis was on her death-bed her stepfather was not ashamed to spend a great deal of time on his knees in prayer for her recovery. Indeed, he seems never to have outlived the habit of praying; like every other man of noble nature, high aspirations, and trying experiences, he frequently came upon times when the Almighty was the only being to whom he could talk without being misunderstood.

He was one of the very few Southern planters who considered that no man was too good to manage his own business. Instead of lying abed far into the morning, getting up with a headache, and making a household nuisance of himself, he arose early and saw that the day's work of the plantation was properly started. He could handle a shovel or ax, and he invented a plow, had it made in one of his shops, and tested it with his own carriage horses. He owned slaves and kept them busy, but there is no record of his having "licked his nigger," and by his will he provided for the freeing of them all; he had long desired to do this and was prevented only by the family complications which the Custis blacks and his own had formed by marrying.

In short, Washington was a model young man. We have alleged models for youth nowadays, but they are short, slight, feeble in health, and feeble of will; their blood is thin, their arms small, their eyes weak, and their heads weaker. They do nothing wrong, for about the same reason that a corpse refrains from sin, but they do nothing

right except as a matter of habit and superior convenience. They do not force themselves upon society, for they have no force, nor anything to sustain them when among other men. But Washington was evidently a fine specimen of physical manhood; tall, broad, deep-chested, hot-blooded, rich, admired by every one, he had every physical quality and personal environment that is named when men explain how certain other fine fellows have gone to the bad. But instead of aping the English "blood," as most of the lively, well-to-do young fellows of the present day are doing, he established a standard for the American blood. He was a faithful husband, and a very affectionate brevet parent. He was a staunch friend and an honorable master, the last named capacity being the rarest of all in which men excel. He never was too proud, lazy, or careless to manage his own business, and in his dealings with other men his honesty did not begin and end with paying his debts. He used the world without abusing it, enjoying many a good dinner, dance, fox-hunt, and horse-race, yet he attended church as regularly as he went to more festive gatherings, and was equal to an immense amount of praying when occasion demanded it. Neither riches nor personal feeling could make him ashamed to go to the legislature, or, when there, to make speeches for the sake of hearing himself talk, or burden the mails with printed reproductions of his efforts; yet when the occasion for talk was really presented, he showed himself as eloquent a speaker as was on record in America. Instead of straining always for something new, he had the noble quality of contentment, striving in all public and private affairs to make the most of a bird in hand, rather than chase phantasmal flocks and coveys through unfamiliar bushes. If any young man has, through familiarity with Washington's name and alleged lineaments, been inclined to regard the Father of His Country as a prig, let him search history and tradition for a finer illustration of what a full-blooded man should be.

Life of a Virginia Planter

It was no light matter to be a Virginia planter, when one had so high a standard of excellence as George Washington had. The main crop which he raised was tobacco, and the immediate attention which it required was only during a small part of the year; but, as we have seen, a successful planter was also a man of business, and really the governor of a little province. Many planters contented themselves with leaving the care of their estates and their negroes to overseers, while they themselves spent their time in visiting and receiving visits, in sport and politics. That was not Washington's way. He might easily have done so, for he had money enough; but such a life would have been very distasteful to a man who had undergone the hardships of a soldier, and had acquired habits of thoroughness and of love of work. It would have been no pleasure to Washington to be idle and self-indulgent, while seeing his fences tumbling down, and knowing that he was spending more money for everything than was necessary. The man who attends to his own affairs, and sees everything thriving under wise management, is the most contented man, and Washington's heart was in his work.

So he looked after everything himself. He rose early, often before light, when the days were short. He breakfasted lightly at seven in the summer and at eight in the winter, and after breakfast was in the saddle visiting the different parts of his estate, and looking after any improvements he had ordered. He was a splendid horseman and very fond of breaking in new horses. Dinner followed at two o'clock; he had an early tea; and when living at home, he was often in bed by nine o'clock.

These were regular old-fashioned hours, and the life which he led enabled him to accomplish a vast amount. He kept no clerk, but wrote out in his large round hand all

his letters and orders, entered every item in his day-book and ledger, and was scrupulously exact about every farthing of his accounts. He did not guess how he stood at any time, but he knew precisely how last year's crop compared with this year's; how many head of cattle he had; how many acres he had planted with tobacco; what wood he had cut; and just what goods he had ordered from London. He had been appointed by the court, guardian of his wife's two children, who had inherited property from their father; and he kept all their accounts separate, with the minutest care, for he held a trust to be sacred.

Twice a year he sent to his agent in London a list of such articles as he needed; there were plows, hoes, spades, and other agricultural implements; drugs, groceries of various sorts, clothes both for his family and for his negroes; tools, books, busts and ornaments; household furniture, and linen. Indeed, as one reads the long invoices which Washington sent to London, he wonders how people managed who had to send across the Atlantic for everything they might possibly need for the next six months. Then there were special orders for the children: for "Master Custis, six years old," there were, besides Irish holland, fine cambric, gloves, shoes, stockings, hats, combs, and brushes, such items as these,— "one pair handsome silver shoe and knee buckles, ten shillings' worth of toys, and six little books, for children beginning to read;" while for "Miss Custis, four years old," were a great variety of clothes, including "two caps, two pairs of ruffles, two tuckers, bibs, and aprons if fashionable," and finally, a "fashionable dressed baby, ten shillings, and other toys" to the same amount.

He required his agent to send him, with his bill for all the goods, the original bills of the merchants who sold the goods to the agent; then he copied all these orders and bills, giving every item, and in this way he had before him in his books an exact statement, in every particular, of his transactions.

He watched the market closely, and knew just what the varying price of tobacco was, and what he might expect for any other goods which he sent to be sold. He was determined that everything from his plantation should be of value and should receive its full price. So high a reputation did he secure for honesty that it was said that any barrel of flour that bore the brand of George Washington, Mount Vernon, was exempted from the customary inspection in the West Indian ports.

George Washington, an Historical Biography, Horace E. Scudder, p. 100.

Manufacturer and Fisherman as Well as Farmer

The magnitude of the charge of such an estate can be better understood when the condition of a Virginia plantation is realized. Before the Revolution practically everything the plantation could not produce was ordered yearly from Great Britain, and after the annual delivery of the invoices the estate could look for little outside help. Nor did this change rapidly after the Revolution, and during the period of Washington's management almost everything was bought in yearly supplies. This system compelled each plantation to be a little world unto itself; indeed, the three hundred souls on the Mount Vernon estate went far to make it a distinct and self-supporting community, and one of Washington's standing orders to his overseers was to "buy nothing you can make yourselves." Thus the planting and gathering of the crops were but a small part of the work to be done.

A corps of workmen—some negroes, some indentured servants, and some hired laborers—were kept on the estate. A blacksmith-shop occupied some, doing not merely the work of the plantation, but whatever business was brought to them from outside; and a wood-burner kept them and the mansion-house supplied with charcoal. A gang of carpenters were kept busy, and their spare time was utilized in framing houses to be put up in Alexandria, or in

the "Federal City," as Washington was called before the death of its namesake. A brick-maker, too, was kept constantly employed, and masons utilized the product of his labor. The gardener's gang had charge of the kitchen-garden, and set out thousands of grape-vines, fruit-trees, and hedge-plants.

A water-mill, with its staff, not merely ground meal for the hands, but produced a fine flour that commanded extra price in the market. In 1786 Washington asserted that his flour was "equal, I believe, in quality to any made in this country," and the Mount Vernon brand was of such value that some money was made by buying outside wheat and grinding it into flour. The coopers of the estate made the barrels in which it was packed, and Washington's schooner carried it to market.

The estate had its own shoemaker and in time a staff of weavers was trained. Before this was obtained, in 1760, though with only a modicum of the force he presently had, Washington ordered from London "450 ells of Osnabrig, 4 pieces of Brown Wools, 350 yards of Kendall Cotton and 100 yards of Dutch blanket." By 1768 he was manufacturing the chief part of his requirements, for in that year his weavers produced eight hundred and fifteen and one-quarter yards of linen, three hundred and sixty-five and one-quarter yards of woolen, one hundred and forty-four yards of linsey, and forty yards of cotton, or a total of thirteen hundred and sixty-five and one-half yards, one man and five negro girls having been employed. When once the looms were well organized an infinite variety of cloths was produced, the accounts mentioning "striped woolen, woolen plaided, cotton striped, linen, wool-birdseye, cotton filled with wool, linsey, M.'s and O.'s, cotton India dimity, cotton jump stripe, linen filled with tow, cotton striped with silk, Roman M., Janes twilled, huccabac, broadcloth, counterpain, birdseye diaper, kirsey wool, barragon, fustian, bed-ticking, herring-box, and shalloon."

One of the most important features of the estate was its fishery, for the catch, salted down, largely served in place of meat for the negroes' food. Of this advantage Washington wrote, "This river . . . is well supplied with various kinds of fish at all seasons of the year; and, in the spring, with the greatest profusion of shad, herrings, bass, carp, perch, sturgeon, &c. Several valuable fisheries appertain to the estate; the whole shore, in short, is one entire fishery." Whenever there was a run of fish, the seine was drawn, chiefly for herring and shad. and in good years this not merely amply supplied the home requirements, but allowed of sales; four or five shillings the thousand for herring and ten shillings the hundred for shad were the average prices, and sales of as high as eighty-five thousand herring were made in a single year.

The True George Washington, Paul Leicester Ford, p. 120.

Where to Build the New Church

There was always a Washington to surprise people. There was the still, self-controlled, grave man, who suddenly flashed forth a resolute act, seizing the opportunity, and doing the one thing which was instantly demanded; and there was the quick-tempered fiery man who held himself in check, waited for other people to speak and act, and then came forward with a few plain, deliberate words, which showed that he had grasped the whole situation, and could be depended on to carry through his resolution patiently and persistently.

There were, as I have said, few towns in Virginia. The divisions were by parishes, after the old English custom, and so when a man was of importance in his neighborhood he was very apt to be a vestryman in his parish. Mount Vernon was in Truro parish, and Washington was a vestryman there, as also in Fairfax parish. It happened that the church of Truro parish had fallen into decay, and was in sorry condition. It was necessary to build a new one, and

several meetings were held, for two parties had sprung up, one wished to rebuild on the same spot; and another urging some location more convenient to the parishioners, for the place where the old church had stood was not a central one. Finally a meeting was called to settle the matter. One of Washington's friends, George Mason, a man of fine speech, rose up and spoke most eloquently in favor of holding to the old site; there their fathers had worshipped, and there had their bodies been laid to rest. Every one seemed moved and ready to accept Mason's proposal.

Washington had also come prepared with a plea. He had not Mason's power of speech, but he took from his pocket a roll of paper and spread it before the meeting. On this sheet he had drawn off a plan of Truro parish; upon the plan were marked plainly the site of the old church, the place where every parishioner lived, and the spot which he advised for the site for the new church. He said very little; he simply showed the people his survey, and let them see for themselves that every consideration of convenience and fairness pointed to the new site as the one to be chosen. It was central, and no one could fail to see that the church was first of all for the living. His argument was the argument of good sense and reasonableness, and it carried the day against Mason's eloquent speech. Pohick Church, which was built on the new site, was constructed from plans which Washington himself drew.

George Washington, an Historical Biography, Horace E. Scudder, p. 116.

Pleasantest Glimpses of Family Feeling

The pleasantest glimpses of family feeling are gained, however, in his relations with his wife's children and grandchildren. John Parke and Martha Parke Custis—or "Jack" and "Patsy," as he called them—were at the date of his marriage respectively six and four years of age, and in the first invoice of goods to be shipped to him from London after he had become their stepfather, Washington ordered "10

shillings worth fo Toys," "6 little books for children beginning to read," and "1 fashionable-dressed baby to cost 10 shillings." When this latter shared the usual fate, he further wrote for "1 fashionable dress Doll to cost a guinea," and for "a box of Gingerbread Toys & Sugar Images or Comfits." A little later he ordered a Bible and Prayer-Book for each, "neatly bound in Turkey," with names "in gilt letters on the inside of the cover," followed ere long by an order for "1 very good Spinet." As Patsy grew, to girlhood she developed fits, and "solely on her account to try (by the advice of her Physician) the effect of the waters on her Complaint," Washington took the family over the mountains and camped at the "Warm Springs" in 1769, with "little benefit," for, after ailing four years longer, "she was seized with one of her usual Fits & expired in it, in less than two minutes without uttering a word, or groan, or scarce a sigh." "The Sweet Innocent Girl," Washington wrote, "entered into a more happy & peaceful abode than she has met with in the afflicted Path she has hitherto trod," but none the less "it is an easier matter to conceive than to describe the distress of this family" at the loss of "dear Patsy Custis."

The True George Washington, Paul Leicester Ford, p. 29.

Beating a Rascally Poacher

He hunted almost every day in the season, usually with success, but always with persistence. Like all true sportsmen Washington had a horror of illicit sport of any kind, and although he shot comparatively little, he was much annoyed by a vagabond who lurked in the creeks and inlets on his estate, and slaughtered his canvas-back ducks. Hearing the report of a gun one morning, he rode through the bushes and saw his poaching friend just shoving off in a canoe. The rascal raised his gun and covered his pursuer, whereupon Washington, the cold-blooded and patient person so familiar in the myths, dashed his

horse headlong into the water, seized the gun, grasped the canoe, and dragging it ashore pulled the man out of the boat and beat him soundly. If the man had yielded at once he would probably have got off easily enough, but when he put Washington's life in imminent peril, the wild fighting spirit flared up as usual.

The hunting season was of course that of the most lavish hospitality. There was always a great deal of dining about, but Mount Vernon was the chief resort, and its doors, ever open, were flung far back when people came for a meet, or gathered to talk over the events of a good run. Company was the rule and solitude the exception. When only the family were at dinner, the fact was written down in the diary with great care as an unusual event, for Washington was the soul of hospitality, and although he kept early hours, he loved society and a houseful of people. Profoundly reserved and silent as to himself, a lover of solitude so far as his own thoughts and feelings were concerned he was far from being a solitary man in the ordinary acceptance of the word. He liked life and gaiety and conversation, he liked music and dancing or a game of cards when the weather was bad and he enjoyed heartily the presence of young people and of his own friends. So Mount Vernon was always full of guests, and the master noted in his diary that although he owned more than a hundred cows he was obliged, nevertheless, to buy butter, which suggests an experience not unknown to gentlemen farmers of any period, and also that company was never lacking in that generous, open house overlooking the Potomac.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 112.

A Facetious Letter

President Taft said in the course of his speech to the Jerseymen on Washington's birthday that he was not keen to institute comparisons between the first President and his successors, but there was one thing he should like to know,

and that was whether Mr. Washington had a sense of humor. He had never seen any evidences of it. We commend to the President's attention the following illuminating document now in the possession of Mr. Julian E. Ingle, Jr., of this city, who is a great-great-great-nephew of both George and Martha:

Mount Vernon, 28th August, 1762.

Dear Sir:—I was favoured with your Epistle wrote on a certain 25th of July, when you ought to have been at Church, praying as becomes every good Christian Man who has as much to answer for as you have—strange it is that you will be so blind to truth that the enlightning sounds of the Gospel cannot reach your Ear, nor no Examples awaken you to a sense of Goodness—could you but behold with what religious zeal I hye me to Church on every Lord's day, it would do your heart good, and fill it, I hope, with equal fervency—but hark'ee—I am told you have lately introduced into your Family, a certain production which you are lost in admiration of, and spend so much time in contemplating the just proportions of its parts, the ease, and conveniences with which it abounds, that it is thought you will have little time to animadvert upon the prospect of your Crops, &c., pray how will this be reconciled to that anxious care and vigilance, which is so escencially necessary at a time when our growing Property—meaning the Tobacco—is assailed by every villainous worm that has had an existence since the days of Noah (how unkind it was of that Noah, now I have mentioned his name, to suffer such a brood of Vermin to get a birth in the Ark) but perhaps you may be as well of as we are—that is, have no Tobacco for them to eat, and there I think we nicked the Dogs, as I think to do you if you expect any more—but not without a full assurance of being with a very sincere regard,

D Sir, Yr Mo Affect. & Obed.,

G^o. WASHINGTON.

P. S. don't forget to make my Compl's. to Mrs. Bassett,

Miss Dudy, and the little ones, for Miss Dudy cannot be classed with small People without offering her great injustice. I shall see you, I expect, about the first of November.

To Coln Bassett, at Eltham.

The "new production" mentioned in the letter was a son and heir over whose birth Colonel Bassett was rejoicing. "Miss Dudy" was Miss Judy Diggs, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. Miss Judy's physical prowess was famous, and on one occasion, which Washington doubtless remembered, she had beaten a valiant youth of the community in a wrestling bout.

Harper's Weekly, March 5, 1910, p. 5.

A Manly, Wholesome, Many-sided Life

Take it for all in all, it was a manly, wholesome, many-sided life. It kept Washington young and strong, both mentally and physically. When he was forty he flung the iron bar, at some village sports, to a point which no competitor could approach. There was no man in all Virginia who could ride a horse with such a powerful and assured seat. There was no man who could journey farther on foot, and no man at Williamsburg who showed at the governor's receptions such a commanding presence, or who walked with such a strong and elastic step. As with the body, so with the mind. He never rusted. A practical carpenter and smith, he brought the same quiet intelligence and firm will to the forging of iron or the felling and sawing of trees that he had displayed in fighting France. The life of a country gentleman did not dull or stupefy him, or lead him to gross indulgences. He remained well-made and athletic, strong and enduring, keen in perception and in sense, and warm in his feelings and affections. Many men would have become heavy and useless in these years of quiet country life, but Washington simply ripened and, like all slowly maturing men, grew stronger, abler, and

wiser in the happy years of rest and waiting which intervened between youth and middle age.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 114.

The Outer Man

Writing to his London tailor for clothes, in 1763, Washington directed him to "take measure of a gentleman who wares well-made cloaths of the following size: to wit, 6 feet high and proportionably made—if anything rather slender than thick, for a person of that highth, with pretty long arms and thighs. You will take care to make the breeches longer than those you sent me last, and I would have you keep the measure of the cloaths you now make, and if any alteration is required in my next it shall be pointed out." About this time too, he ordered "6 pr. Man's riding Gloves—rather large than the middle size,"

and several dozen pairs of stockings, "to be long, and tolerably large."

The earliest known description of Washington was written in 1760 by his companion-in-arms and friend George Mercer, who attempted a "portraiture" in the following words: "He may be described as being straight as an Indian measuring six feet two inches in his stockings, and weighing 175 pounds when he took his seat in the House of Burgesses in 1759. His frame is padded with well-developed muscles, indicating great strength. His bones and joints are large, as are his feet and hands. He is wide shouldered, but has not a deep or round chest; is neat waisted, but is broad across the hips, and has rather long legs and arms. His head is well shaped though not large, but is gracefully poised on a superb neck. A large and straight rather than a prominent nose; blue-gray penetrating eyes, which are widely separated and overhung by a heavy brow. His face is long rather than broad, with high round cheek bones, and terminates in a good firm chin. He has a clear though rather a colorless pale

skin, which burns with the sun. A pleasing, benevolent, though a commanding countenance, dark brown hair, which he wears in a cue. His mouth is large and generally firmly closed, but which from time to time discloses some defective teeth. His features are regular and placid, though flexible and expressive of deep feeling when moved by emotion. In conversation he looks you full in the face, is deliberate, deferential and engaging. His demeanor at all times composed and dignified. His movements and gestures are graceful, his walk majestic, and he is a splendid horseman."

The True George Washington, Paul Leicester Ford, p. 38.

Social Diversions and the Dismal Swamp Company

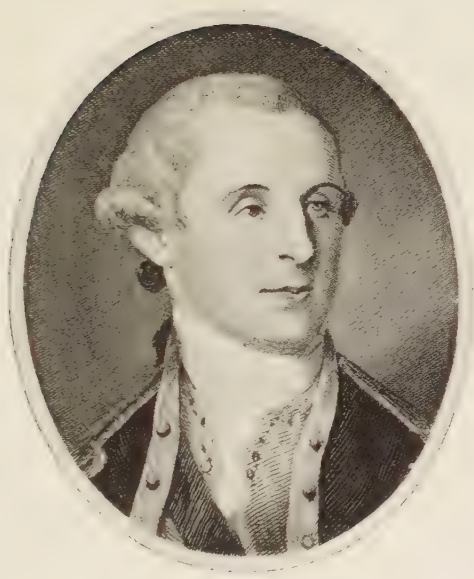
There is a series of notes in one of the diaries, describing the continued festivities, day after day, when the British frigate *Boston* arrived in the river just in front of Belvoir. Sir Thomas Adams was the commander. The officers were made at home in Mount Vernon and at Belvoir. Breakfast parties and dinner parties varied the ordinary life, and on board the frigate there were occasional tea parties. Washington, the Fairfaxes, and the other rich planters on the Potomac had beautiful barges, which had been built for them in England, and these barges were manned by negroes in uniform, with the neatness and precision of the navy or of our best modern boatmen. . . .

They were not far from Annapolis, and he and Mrs. Washington would visit that capital when the Legislature was in session, meeting an elegant, though not very large society. There were dinners and balls during the session, and occasional efforts at theatricals. Washington was always fond of the theatre; but in his day he had few opportunities for gratifying this taste. He danced at balls, and though the tradition is that he was a ceremonious and grave partner, that tradition probably belongs rather to a later period than to these days of his early marriage. Among the articles imported for his wife and her daughter, masks are mentioned.

He engaged himself, with other men of enterprise in his neighborhood, in a plan to drain the great Dismal Swamp in Southern Virginia. He explored it personally, both on horseback, as far as that was possible, and on foot where he could not press his horse. At the next session of the Virginia Legislature, the company, in behalf of which he had visited it, was chartered under the name of the "Dismal Swamp Company." With the work of that company the operations which have gone forward from time to time to improve that region practically began.

The Life of George Washington, Studied Anew, Edward Everett Hale, p. 128.

Treaty of peace between English and French....	1763
Pontiac War.....	1763
Stamp Act passed by Parliament.....	1765
Stamp Act repealed.....	1766
Declaratory Act passed.....	1766
Duty on tea, glass, paints and paper.....	1767
English troops sent to Boston.....	1768
So-called "Boston Massacre"	March 3, 1770



From a Miniature by J. De Mare.

COLONEL WASHINGTON

CHAPTER XI

THE VIRGINIA COLONEL AND THE COMING CONFLICT

The Stamp Act and Patrick Henry

From 1763, when the torment began, to 1774, only one year before Washington took command of the Continental army, he was as staunch a loyalist as could be found in England. Not once in all this time, however, did he under-rate the mischievous influence of any of England's injudicious efforts. As early as 1763, when the English Board of Trade ordered that colonial paper money, a small quantity of which had been issued during the French and Indian war, should be no longer a legal tender, he expressed the fear that the order "would set the whole country in flames," and when the Stamp Act was passed he wrote that there were many cogent reasons why it would prove ineffectual. He was also one of the first to predict that import duties, for revenue, would induce frugality in America and injure British manufactures.

Irving aptly says it was ominous that the first burst of opposition (by a representative body) to the Stamp Act should take place in Virginia, for this colony had been marked above all others for its sympathy for the mother country. The act was passed by Parliament in March, 1765; two months later, in the House of Burgesses, of which Washington was a member, Patrick Henry presented the famous resolutions declaring that Virginia's General Assembly had the exclusive right and power to tax the inhabitants of the colony, and that whoever maintained the contrary was Virginia's enemy; it was at the close of his speech supporting these resolutions that Henry drew the startling parallels which have been repeated countless millions of

times on school-room platforms. The resolutions, slightly changed in form but with all of their original spirit, were passed, the frightened Lieutenant-Governor dissolved the Assembly and ordered a new election, and Virginia jumped ahead a century within twenty-four hours.

The stamped paper, when it arrived, was treated with that peculiar quality of deference that is usually accorded to smallpox. Nobody wanted it, and those who had it kept it out of sight. As no legal papers were valid unless written upon it, the courts closed their doors, to the delight of all sinners except lawyers. The day on which the act went into operation was observed throughout the country as a day of mourning, the only festivities being the hanging or burning in effigy of the promoters of the act. Three months of this sort of thing convinced Parliament of its mistake, so it could not have been so remarkably stupid a body after all. . . . The act was repealed in the fourth month of its operation, to the great delight of all America, and of Washington, who had feared that its enforcement "would have been more direful than is generally apprehended, both to the mother country and her colonies."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 66.

The Grand Sachem's Prophecy

In the year 1772, Col. Washington, accompanied by Dr. Craik and a considerable party of hunters, woodsmen and others, proceeded to Kanawha, with a view to explore the country, and make surveys of extensive and valuable tracts of land. At that time the Kanawha was several hundred miles remote from the frontier settlements, and only accessible by Indian paths, which wound through the passes of the mountains.

One day, when resting in the camp from the fatigues attendant on so arduous an enterprise, a party of Indians were discovered approaching, led by a trader. They halted at a short distance, and the interpreter advancing,

declared that he was conducting a party, which consisted of a grand sachem and some attendant warriors; that the chief was a very great man among the northwestern tribes, and the same who commanded the Indians on the fall of Braddock, sixteen years before; that hearing of the visit of Col. Washington to the western country, this chief set out on a mission, the object of which himself would make known.

The colonel received the ambassador with courtesy, and having put matters in the camp in the best possible order for the reception of such distinguished visitors, which so short a notice would allow, the strangers were introduced. Among the colonists were some fine, tall, and manly figures, but as soon as the sachem approached, he in a moment pointed out the hero of the Monongahela amid the group, although sixteen years had elapsed since he had seen him, and then only in the tumult of the battle. The Indian was of lofty stature, and of a dignified and imposing appearance.

The council fire was kindled, when the grand sachem addressed our Washington to the following effect:—

“I am a chief, and the ruler over many tribes. My influence extends to the waters of the Great Lakes, and to the far Blue Mountains. I have travelled a long and a weary path, that I might see the young warrior of the great battle. It was on the day that the white man’s blood mixed with the streams of our forest, that I first beheld this chief. I called to my young men and said, ‘Mark yon tall and daring warrior; he is not of the red-coat tribe; he hath an Indian’s wisdom, and his warriors fight as well; himself alone is exposed. Quick, let your aim be certain, and he dies.’ Our rifles were levelled—rifles which but for him knew not how to miss. ’Twas all in vain; a power mightier far than we shielded him from harm. He cannot die in battle. I am old, and soon shall be gathered to the great council fire of my fathers in the land of the shades;

but ere I go, there is a something bids me speak in the voice of prophecy. Listen! The Great Spirit protects that man and guides his destinies. He will become the chief of nations, and a people yet unborn hail him as the founder of a mighty empire."

Entertaining Anecdotes of Washington (Boston, 1833), p. 49.

"Our Lordly Masters in Great Britain"

Washington . . . was growing exceedingly impatient of English misrule, and saw clearly to what it was leading. "At a time," he says, "when our lordly masters in Great Britain will be satisfied with nothing less than the deprivation of American freedom, it seems highly necessary that something should be done to avert the stroke, and maintain the liberty which we have derived from our ancestors. But the manner of doing it to answer the purpose effectually is the point in question. That no man should scruple, or hesitate a moment, to use arms in defense of so valuable a blessing, is clearly my opinion. Yet arms, I would beg leave to add, should be the last resort. We have already, it is said, proved the inefficacy of addresses to the throne, and remonstrances to Parliament. How far, then, their attention to our rights and privileges is to be awakened or alarmed by starving their trade and manufactures remains to be tried."

He took the lead in forming an association in Virginia, and he kept scrupulously to his agreement; for when he sent his orders to London, he was very careful to instruct his correspondents to send him none of the goods unless the Act of Parliament had meantime been repealed. As the times grew more exciting, Washington watched events steadily. He took no step backward, but he moved forward deliberately and with firmness. He did not allow himself to be carried away by the passions of the time. It was all very well, some said, to stop buying from England, but let us stop selling also. They need our tobacco. Suppose

we refuse to send it unless Parliament repeals the act. Washington stood out against that except as a final resource, and for the reason which he stated in a letter:—

“I am convinced, as much as I am of my own existence, that there is no relief for us but in their distress; and I think, at least I hope, that there is public virtue enough left among us to deny ourselves everything but the bare necessities of life to accomplish this end. This we have a right to do, and no power on earth can compel us to do otherwise, till it has first reduced us to the most abject state of slavery. The stopping of our exports would, no doubt, be a shorter method than the other to effect this purpose; but if we owe money to Great Britain, nothing but the last necessity can justify the non-payment of it; and, therefore, I have great doubts upon this head, and wish to see the other method first tried, which is legal and will facilitate these payments.”

George Washington, an Historical Biography, Horace E. Scudder, p. 128.

“Catch a Man before You Hang Him”

One of the earliest and most vigorous responses to the oppressions of the Stamp Act and the revenue collectors came from Captain Abraham Whipple of Providence, Rhode Island. As captain of a small ship bearing the appropriate name of the *Gamecock* he captured twenty-three French merchant vessels, during the French and Indian war. On one of Whipple's cruises to the West Indies his little ship was caught in a gale, and it became necessary to throw overboard the guns and heaviest cannon balls. Just after this a huge French ship hove in sight. Too much disabled to cope with such an enemy, Whipple resorted to stratagem. He cut up a spar into short lengths, painted them black like cannon and stuck them out at the porthole. He ordered the crew to put their caps on the ends of hand-spikes and set them up to look like crew all ready to fire the guns. With this harmless equipment, Whipple bore boldly down

upon the French privateer, which put about and soon sailed out of sight.

Captain Whipple was soon given charge of a company of eighty volunteers who went out in rowboats to the *Gaspée*, a British revenue ship. He announced that he had come to arrest Lieutenant Duddington, boarded the *Gaspée*, took Duddington and his men prisoners and burned the obnoxious craft at the water's edge. The cool daring of this act enraged the British. Captain Wallace, who commanded another British ship, wrote to Captain Whipple as follows:

"You, Abraham Whipple, on the 17th day of June, 1772, burned his Majesty's vessel, the *Gaspée*, and I will hang you at yard's arm."

Whipple's reply was characteristic:

To Sir James Wallace, Sir:

"Always catch a man before you hang him.

"ABRAHAM WHIPPLE."

The Story of the Liberty Bell, Wayne Whipple, p. 95.

Feasting and Fasting

When the Virginia Assembly met again, they proceeded to congratulate the governor on the arrival of Lady Dunmore, and then suddenly, as all was flowing smoothly along, there came a letter through the corresponding committee which Washington had helped to establish, telling of the measures against Boston. Everything else was thrown aside at once, a vigorous protest was entered on the journal of the House, and June 1st, when the Port Bill was to go into operation, was appointed a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. The first result was prompt dissolution of the assembly. The next was another meeting in the long room of the Raleigh tavern, where the Boston bill was denounced, non-importation was renewed, and the committee of correspondence instructed to take steps for calling a general congress. Events were beginning to move at last with



ABRAHAM WHIPPLE ATTACKS THE "GASPEE"

perilous rapidity. Washington dined with Lord Dunmore on the evening of that day, rode with him, and appeared at her ladyship's ball the next night. It was not his way to bite his thumb at men with whom he differed politically, nor to call the motives of his opponents in question. But when the 1st of June arrived, he noted in his diary that he fasted all day and attended the appointed services. He always meant what he said, being of a simple nature, and when he fasted and prayed there was something ominously earnest about it, something that his excellency the governor, who liked the society of this agreeable man and wise counsellor, would have done well to consider and draw conclusions from, and which he probably did not heed at all. He might well have reflected, as he undoubtedly failed to do, that when men of the George Washington type fast and pray on account of political misdoings, it is well for their opponents to look to it carefully.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 119.

Washington Presents Resolutions

England could prevent ships entering or leaving the port of Boston, but she could not control patriotic sympathy, which hurried from every part of the country to the relief of the beleaguered Yankees. One of the first results was the first Continental Congress in which all the colonies were represented. This Congress, which convened in the autumn of 1774, was composed of Englishmen as loyal as those who wrung Magna Charta from King John, but it asserted the right of the colonists, as British subjects, to make their own laws and impose their own taxes; it asserted the right to trial by jury, the right of petition, and the wrong of being annoyed by royal troops. It drafted a petition to the King, and addresses to the people of England, Canada and America, and then adjourned to meet again in the spring of 1775, should harmony not have been restored by that time.

Washington was a delegate to this Congress, and an affectionate subject of King George, but he was not a fool. A year earlier, in reply to a suggestion of his friend Bryan Fairfax, brother of his older friend the old Earl, that the colonies should petition the throne, he distinctly declared that there had already been petitions as good as any new ones that could be manufactured, . . . and . . . implied that if the petitions already sent were unproductive, there was no sense in wasting any more paper and ink. Still, he voted with his friends, did all he could to avert harm, and then and afterward . . . did all that could be done by a loyal Englishman who did not forget that he was an honest man. Before the Congress met he presided at a county political meeting that prepared a set of resolutions which were extremely loyal, but which, nevertheless, reminded the English Government that from the sovereign there was but one appeal.

These resolutions were presented by Washington in person at a general convention of Virginians, and in supporting them the quiet, self-contained young delegate astonished all of his associates by an outburst of eloquence that must have come from the heart, for he concluded by expressing his readiness to raise and equip a thousand men, at his own expense, and march to the relief of Boston against the British General Gage, who was infesting and annoying the city with a large force of British regulars.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 70.

“More Becoming a Turkish Bashaw”

The meeting of Fairfax County was held in due course, and Washington presided. The usual resolutions for self-government and against the vindictive Massachusetts measures were adopted. Union and non-importation were urged; and then the congress, which they advocated, was recommended to address a petition and remonstrance to the king, and ask him to reflect that “from our sovereign

there can be but one appeal." Everything was to be tried, everything was to be done, but the ultimate appeal was never lost sight of where Washington appeared, and the final sentence of these Fairfax County resolves is very characteristic of the leader in the meeting. Two days later he wrote to the worthy and still remonstrating Bryan Fairfax, repeating and enlarging his former questions, and adding: "Has not General Gage's conduct since his arrival, in stopping the address of his council, and publishing a proclamation more becoming to a Turkish bashaw than an English governor, declaring it treason to associate in any manner by which the commerce of Great Britain is to be affected,—has not this exhibited an unexampled testimony of the most despotic system of tyranny that ever was practised in a free government? . . . Shall we after this whine and cry for relief, when we have already tried it in vain? Or shall we supinely sit and see one province after another fall a sacrifice to despotism?" The fighting spirit of the man was rising. There was no rash rushing forward, no ignorant shouting for war, no blinking of the real issue, but a foresight that nothing could dim, and a perception of facts which nothing could confuse.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 122.

The Silent Man Becomes Eloquent

On August 1st Washington was at Williamsburg, to represent his country in the meeting of representatives from all Virginia. The convention passed resolutions like the Fairfax resolves, and chose delegates to a general congress. The silent man was now warming into action. He "made the most eloquent speech that ever was made," and said, "I will raise a thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march them to the relief of Boston." He was capable, it would seem, of talking to the purpose with some fire and force, for all he was so quiet and so retiring. When there was anything to say, he could say it so that it

stirred all who listened, because they felt that there was a mastering strength behind the words. He faced the terrible issue solemnly and firmly, but his blood was up, the fighting spirit in him was aroused, and the convention chose him as one of Virginia's six delegates to the Continental Congress. He lingered long enough to make a few preparations at Mount Vernon. He wrote another letter to Fairfax, interesting to us as showing the keenness with which he read in the meagre news-reports the character of Gage and of the opposing people of Massachusetts. Then he started for the North to take the first step in the long and difficult path that lay before him.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 123.

"An Innate Spirit of Freedom"

To his friend Bryan Fairfax, who, although a fine fellow and a Liberal in politics, was first of all an Englishman instead of an American, Washington wrote "*an innate spirit of freedom* first told me that the measures which the administration have for some time been and now are violently pursuing, are opposed to every principle of natural justice." To an old friend and comrade, Captain Mackenzie, now with Gage in Boston, he wrote in 1774 that, while none of the colonies desired independence, "this you may at the same time rely on, that none of them will ever submit to the loss of their valuable rights and privileges."

In the same year he offered to accept the command of a single Virginia company, should occasion require it to be called out, and he wrote his brother that "it is my full intention if needful, to devote my life and fortune to the cause." To George William Fairfax in England, he wrote early in 1775 that war was a sad alternative, "but can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?" His eloquence in supporting the Fairfax county resolutions, and his announcement that he was willing to raise and equip at his own expense a thousand men and lead them to Boston, have

already been alluded to, and yet during all this time there did not exist a more loyal subject of England. Botecourt and Dunmore, who were the royal governors in Virginia during the troublous time that gave the province a governor of her own, found in Washington hearty personal friendship and invaluable assistance at all duties that did not conflict with provincial rights. The famous Fairfax county resolutions with which his name is identified, claimed that those who signed them were Englishmen, and to Mackenzie he wrote, concerning independence. "I am satisfied that no such thing is desired by any thinking man in North America."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 76

"An Appeal to Arms and the God of Hosts"

I think that winter and spring of 1775 must have been a somewhat sorrowful one to George Washington, and that he must have felt as if a great change were coming into his life. His wife's daughter had died, and he missed her sadly. Young John Custis had married and gone away to live. The sound of war was heard on all sides, and among the visitors to Mount Vernon were some who afterward were to be generals in the American army. He still rode occasionally after the hounds, but the old days of fun were gone. George Fairfax had gone back to England, and the jolly company at Belvoir was scattered. The house itself there had caught fire and burned to the ground.

But the time for action was at hand. Washington turned from his home and his fox-hunting to go to Richmond as a delegate to a second Virginia convention. It was called to hear the reports of the delegates to Philadelphia and to see what further was to be done. It was clear to some, and to Washington among them, that the people must be ready for the worst. They had shown themselves in earnest by all the training they had been going through as independent companies. Now let those companies be

formed into a real army. It was idle to send any more petitions to the king.

"We must fight!" exclaimed Patrick Henry; "I repeat it, sir; we must fight! An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left us!"

A committee, of which Washington was one, was appointed to report a plan for an army of Virginia.

But when people make up their minds to fight, they know very well, if they are sensible, that more than half the task before them is to find means for feeding and clothing not only the troops but the people who are dependent on the troops. Therefore the convention appointed another committee, of which Washington was also a member, to devise a plan for encouraging manufactures, so that the people could do without England. Heretofore, the Virginians had done scarcely any manufacturing; nearly everything they needed they had bought from England, with tobacco. But if they were to be at war with England, they must be making ready to provide for themselves. It was late in the day to do anything; slavery, though they did not then see it clearly, had made a variety of industries impossible. However, the people were advised to form associations to promote the raising of wool, cotton, flax, and hemp, and to encourage the use of home manufactures.

Washington was again chosen one of the delegates to the Continental Congress, for the second Congress had been called to meet at Philadelphia. He was even readier to go than before. On the day when he was chosen, he wrote to his brother, John Augustine Washington:

"It is my full intention to devote my life and fortune to the cause we are engaged in, if needful."

George Washington, an Historical Biography, Horace E. Scudder, p. 138.

"A Mere Potomac Planter"

"How are you, Hugh?" This was the Master of the Rolls, Mr. John Morris. Then my aunt said, "Go and

speak to the ladies—you know them”; and as I turned aside, “I beg pardon, Sir William; this is my nephew, Hugh Wynne.” This was addressed to a high-coloured personage in yellow velvet with gold buttons, and a white flowered waistcoat, and with his queue in a fine hair net.

“This is Sir William Draper, Hugh; he who took Manila, as you must know.” . . . The famous soldier smiled as I saluted him with my best bow.

“Fine food for powder, Mistress Wynne, and already sixteen! I was in service three years earlier. Should he wish for an ensign’s commission, I am at your service.”

“Ah, Sir William, that might have been, a year or so ago, but now he may have to fight General Gage.”

“The gods forbid! Our poor general!”

“Mistress Wynne is a rank Whig,” put in Mrs. Ferguson. “She reads Dickinson’s ‘Farmer’s Letters,’ and all the wicked treason of that man Adams.”

“A low demagogue!” cried Mrs. Galloway. “I hear there have been disturbances in Boston, and that because one James Otis has been beaten by our officers, and because our bands play ‘Yankee Doodle’ on Sundays in front of the churches—I beg pardon, the meetings—Mr. Robinson, the king’s collector, has had to pay and apologize. Most shameful it is!”

“I should take short measures,” said the sailor.

“And I,” said Etherington. “I have just come from Virginia, but not a recruit could I get. It is like a nest of ants in a turmoil, and the worst of all are the officers who served in the French war. There is, too, a noisy talker, Patrick Henry, and a Mr. Washington.”

“I think it was he who saved the wreck of the king’s army under Mr. Braddock,” said my aunt. “I can remember how they all looked. Not a wig among them. The lodges must have been full of them, but their legs saved their scalps.”

“Is it for this that they call them wigwams?” cries naughty Miss Chew.

"A mere Potomac planter," said Etherington, "'pon my soul—and with such airs, as if they were gentlemen of the line." . . . "I have served the king as well as I know how, and I trust, madam, I shall have the pleasure to aid in the punishment of some of these insolent rebels."

Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., p. 71.

In Front of Carpenters' Hall

At half-past ten we drove down Second street and up Chestnut, where was a great crowd come to look on. Dr. Rush, seeing my aunt's chariot, got in at Second street, and, being one of the members, enabled us to get near to Carpenters' Alley, where, at the far end, back from the street, is the old building in which the Congress was to be held. . . . I think none had a better view than we. Andrew Allen came to speak to us, and then Mr. Galloway, not yet scared by the extreme measures of which few as yet dreamed, and which by and by drove these and many other gentlemen into open declarations for the crown. . . . Here and there militia uniforms were seen amid the dull grays, the smocks of farmers and mechanics, and the sober suits of tradesmen, all come to see. . . .

The Rev. Dr. Duché passed us. . . . He was to make this day the famous prayer which so moved Mr. Adams. And later, I may add, he went over to the other side. Soon others came. Some we knew not, but the great Dr. Rush pointed out such as were of his acquaintance.

"There," he said, "is Carter Braxton. He tells me he does not like the New England men—either their religion or their manners; and I like them both." . . . "There is the great Virginia orator, Mr. Patrick Henry," said the doctor. He was in simple dress, and looked up at us curiously, as he went by with Pendleton and Mr. Carroll. "He has a great estate—Mr. Carroll," said the doctor. "I wonder he will risk it." He was dressed in brown silk breeches, with a yellow figured waistcoat, and, like many

of them, wore his sword. Mr. Franklin had not yet come home, and some were late.

Presently the doctor called, and a man in the military dress of the Virginia militia turned toward us. "Colonel Washington," said the doctor, "will permit me to present him to a lady, a great friend of liberty. Mistress Wynne, Colonel Washington."

"I have already had the honor," he said, taking off his hat—a scrolled beaver.

"He is our best soldier, and we are fortunate that he is with us," said the doctor, as the colonel moved away.

The doctor changed his mind later, and helped, I fear, to make the trouble which came near to costing Conway his life. I have always been a great admirer of fine men, and as the Virginia colonel moved like Saul above the crowd, an erect, well-proportioned figure, he looked taller than he really was, but, as my aunt had said, was not of the bigness of my father.

"He has a good nose," said my Aunt Gainor, perhaps conscious of her own possession in the way of a nasal organ, and liking to see it as notable in another; "but how sedate he is! I find Mr. Peyton Randolph more agreeable, and there is Mr. Robert Morris—and John Dickinson."

Then John Adams went by, deep in talk with Roger Sherman, whom I thought shabbily dressed; and behind them Robert Livingston, whom my aunt knew. Thus it was, as I am glad to remember, that I beheld these men who were to be the makers of an empire. Perhaps no wiser group of people ever met for a greater fate, and surely the hand of God was seen in the matter; for what other colony—Canada, for example,—had such men to show? There, meanwhile, was England, with its great nobles and free commons and a splendid story of hard-won freedom, driving madly on its way of folly and defeat.

Of what went on within the hall we heard little. A declaration of rights was set forth, committees of corre-

spondence appointed, and addresses issued to the king and people of Great Britain. Congress broke up, and the winter went by; Gage was superseded by Sir William Howe; Clinton and Burgoyne were sent out, and ten thousand men were ordered to America to aid the purposes of the king.

Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., p. 198.

"A Brother's Sword Sheathed in a Brother's Breast"

Thus the winter wore away; spring opened, and toward the end of April Washington started again for the North, much occupied with certain tidings from Lexington and Concord which just then spread over the land. He saw all that it meant plainly enough, and after noting the fact that the colonists fought and fought well, he wrote to George Fairfax in England: "Unhappy it is to reflect that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy and peaceful plains of America are either to be drenched in blood or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative. But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?" Congress, it would seem, thought there was a good deal of room for hesitation, both for virtuous men and for others, and after the fashion of their race determined to do a little more debating and arguing, before taking any decisive step. After much resistance and discussion, a second "humble and dutiful petition" to the king was adopted, and with strange contradiction a confederation was formed at the same time, and Congress proceeded to exercise the sovereign powers thus vested in them. The most pressing and troublesome question before them was what to do with the army surrounding Boston, and with the actual hostilities there existing.

Washington, for his part, went quietly about as before, saying nothing and observing much, working hard as chairman of the military committees, planning for defense, and arranging for raising an army. One act of his alone stands out for us with significance at this critical time. In this second Congress he appeared habitually on the floor in



From the Original by Alonzo Chappel.

“THE EMBATTLED FARMERS” ON CONCORD BRIDGE

his blue and buff uniform of a Virginia colonel. It was his way of saying that the hour for action had come, and that he at least was ready for the fight whenever called upon.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 129.

The News Received in Philadelphia

The cold season was soon upon us, and the eventful year of '75 came, but with no great change for me and those I loved. A sullen rage possessed the colonies, and especially Massachusetts, where the Regulation Acts were quietly disregarded. No counsellors or jurymen would serve under the king's commission. The old muskets of the French and Indian wars were taken from the corners and put in order. Men drilled, and women cast bullets.

Failing to corrupt Samuel Adams and Hancock, Gage resolved to arrest them at Concord and to seize on the stores of powder and ball. "The heads of traitors will soon decorate Temple Bar," said a London gazette; and so the march of events went on. In the early spring Dr. Franklin came home in despair of accommodation; he saw nothing now to do but to fight, and this he told us plainly. His very words were in my mind on the night of April 23d of this year of '75, as I was slowly and thoughtfully walking over the bridge where Walnut crossed the Dock Creek, and where I stayed for a moment to strike flint and steel in order to light my pipe. Of a sudden I heard a dull but increasing noise to north, and then the strong voice of the bell in the state-house. It was not ringing for fire. Somewhat puzzled I walked swiftly to Second street, where were men and women in groups. I stopped a man and asked what had chanced. He said, "A battle! a battle! and General Gage killed." Couriers had reached the coffee-houses, but no one on the street seemed to have more than this vague information; all were going toward Chestnut street, where a meeting was to be held, as I learned and perhaps fuller news given out.

Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., p. 20.

Lee and Gates Visit Mount Vernon

When Congress adjourned, Washington returned to Mount Vernon, to the pursuits and pleasures that he loved, to his family and farm, and to his horses and his hounds, with whom he had many a good run, the last that he was to enjoy for years to come. He returned also to watch and wait as before, and to see war rapidly gather in the east. When the Virginia Convention again assembled, resolutions were introduced to arm and discipline men. . . . Washington said nothing, but he served on the committee to draft a plan of defense, and then fell to reviewing the independent companies which were springing up everywhere. . . . At Mount Vernon his old comrades of the French war began to appear, in search of courage and sympathy. Thither, too, came Charles Lee, a typical military adventurer of that period, a man of English birth and of varied service, brilliant, whimsical, and unbalanced. There also came Horatio Gates, likewise British, and disappointed with his prospects at home; less adventurous than Lee, but also less brilliant, and not much more valuable.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 129.

"I Now Nominate George Washington, of Virginia"

One morning in June, not long before the hour when the Congress was to assemble, John Adams was walking up and down the street in front of the building in which the meeting was to be held. His hands were clasped behind his back, and his head was bowed so that it was evident he was seriously troubled.

His meditations were interrupted by the approach of his cousin Samuel Adams, who, as he hailed him, said, "What is the topic with you this morning?"

"Oh, the army, the army!" replied John Adams. "I am determined to go into the hall this morning, and

enter upon a full detail of the state of the colonies, in order to show an absolute need of taking some decided steps. My whole aim shall be to induce Congress to appoint a day for adopting the army as the legal army of these United Colonies of North America, and then to hint at the election of a commander-in-chief."

"Well," said Samuel Adams, "I like that, Cousin John, but on whom have you fixed as that commander?"

"I will tell you. George Washington of Virginia, a member of this house."

"Oh, that will never do, never!" replied Samuel Adams, in surprise.

"It must do. It *shall* do, and for these reasons."

Then John Adams proceeded to call his cousin's attention to the exact condition of the country. For the success of the cause it was absolutely necessary that the middle and southern colonies should be heart and hand with the eastern. The American army was then at Cambridge, made up largely of New England men, and in the command of General Artemas Ward, himself a New Englander. Already some of the men from other sections of the country were holding back and protesting against the prominence the New England men were taking, and apparently were disposed to hold. As a means of keeping all together, the only course seemed to lie in the selection of a commander-in-chief from outside the eastern colonies, thereby uniting all sections in one body, a body that John Adams declared would then be irresistible.

Samuel Adams listened thoughtfully to his cousin's words, and then suggested that the devotion of the eastern men to General Ward would be a serious obstacle to such a selection. He recounted the distinguished services of Artemas Ward, his scholarship (he was a graduate of Harvard), his success in the French and Indian War, and the esteem in which he was held by all who knew him. He also referred to the well-known fact that John Hancock desired the position for himself.

John Hancock's claims were lightly put aside by John Adams, who had slight love for his colleague, as is well known. Then he willingly assented to all that his cousin had said in favor of Artemas Ward, but still clung to his purpose to have the Virginia colonel selected for the position. He referred to the remarkable services Washington had rendered in the wars of the colony, his well-balanced mind and large experience for so young a man, which more than atoned for his lack of training in the schools, and to the marked confidence which the people of all parts of the country had in his integrity and manhood.

After a further conversation Samuel Adams promised to "second the motion," and both men entered the hall where the assembly had now convened. John Adams soon took the floor and, in one of his most impassioned speeches, urged the adoption of the army by the Continental Congress. He himself was ready, he declared, "to arm the army, appoint a commander, vote supplies, and proceed to business."

Fears and objections were raised by some of his more timid hearers, and then, with a warmth he could not conceal, John Adams again rose and said: "Gentlemen, if this Congress will not adopt this army, before ten moons have set, New England will adopt it, and she will undertake the struggle alone! Yes, with a strong arm and a clear conscience she will front the foe single-handed!"

His burning words swept away all opposition, the time for the vote was fixed, and then after a heated debate the army was adopted by Congress.

The next problem was the election of a commander for the army, which now was no longer a "mob of rebels," but belonged to the United Colonies of North America; and naturally all looked again to John Adams to lead. And he was ready to lead, too.

On the appointed day he was in the assembly, and began his speech. First he entered into a description of

General Ward, and bestowed upon him such praise as must have satisfied even the warmest friends of the sturdy New England soldier. Then, drawing himself up to his full height, he paused for a moment before he added: "But this is *not* the man I have chosen!"

The scene was intensely dramatic, and the eyes of all the assembly were fixed upon the speaker. At his right was seated George Washington, clad in his uniform of a Virginia colonel, and he, too, was leaning forward with breathless interest, eager to hear the name of the man whom John Adams would propose.

More quietly, then, John Adams went on to portray the qualifications the new commander must have. Becoming more eloquent as his speech drew to an end, he closed with these words: "Gentlemen, I know these qualifications are high, but we all know they are needful in this crisis in this chief. Does any one say they are not to be obtained in this country? In reply, I have to say they are; they reside in one of our own body, and he is the man whom I now nominate.—GEORGE WASHINGTON OF VIRGINIA."

The startled Washington as he heard the words leaped to his feet and rushed into an adjoining room. The entire body sat silent and astonished. In the midst of the silence, Samuel Adams, acting on a promise he had previously given his cousin, rose, and moved for an adjournment, that time for consultation and deliberation might be had. The motion prevailed, and the assembly was dismissed.

A Short History of the American Revolution, Everett Tomlinson, p. 44.

Colonel Washington Elected Commander-in-chief

Two days before the battle of Bunker Hill Congress formally adopted all the colonial troops that had been raised; and on the very day on which the Yankees started for Bunker Hill and a glorious history, Delegate Washington of the Continental Congress was informed of his unanimous election as commander-in-chief. Material from

which to make commanders was not at all scarce in the country at that time, for every man with a taste for war had enjoyed numerous chances for gratifying it during the many difficulties with French and Indians in the preceding twenty years. Ward, already in command of the Massachusetts troops, had seen hard service, and so had Israel Putnam. Schuyler, who needed only Washington's patience to be Washington's double, had fought the French and been carefully educated in military science. Greene, Pomeroy, Montgomery, Stark, and Prescott were not so prominent, but were all trusty fighters, while Charles Lee and Horatio Gates, both English soldiers, who had left their country for their country's good, were regarded with that adoring awe which twenty years ago characterized every American who gazed upon any foreigner who had ever worn a uniform. But Congress, though far,—very far,—from right in its impression that it knew everything, understood that ability to fight was not everything in war, and that the result of the conflict would depend largely upon the commander-in-chief's personal character. Washington's military record was known to all the members, and as for the man himself, he had sat among them in both sessions, and his intellectual and moral greatness had impressed themselves even upon the giants of whom the great Chatham spoke when he informed the House of Lords that "in the master States of the world I know not the people or senate who, in such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the delegates of America, assembled in General Congress in Philadelphia." Questioned about the same men individually, Patrick Henry, who was one of the delegates, said, "if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 75.

Washington's Commission as Commander-in-chief

In Congress

The delegates of the United Colonies of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts bay, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New-York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New Castle, Kent & Sussex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina

To **George Washington** Esquire

We reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, conduct and fidelity Do by these presents constitute and appoint you to be **General and Commander in Chief** of the Army of the United Colonies and of all the forces raised or to be raised by them and of all others who shall voluntary offer their service and join the said army for the defense of American Liberty and for repelling every hostile invasion thereof. **AND** you are hereby vested with full power and authority to act as you shall think for the good and welfare of the service.

And we do hereby strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under your command to be obedient to your orders & and diligent in the exercise of their several duties.

And we do also enjoin and require you to be careful in executing the great trust reposed in you, by causing strict discipline and order to be observed in the army and that the soldiers are duly exercised and provided with all convenient necessities.

And you are to regulate your conduct in every respect by the rules and discipline of war (as herewith given you) and punctually to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of the said United Colonies or a committee of Congress for that purpose appointed.

THIS COMMISSION to continue in force until revoked by this or a future Congress.

By order of the Congress

JOHN HANCOCK

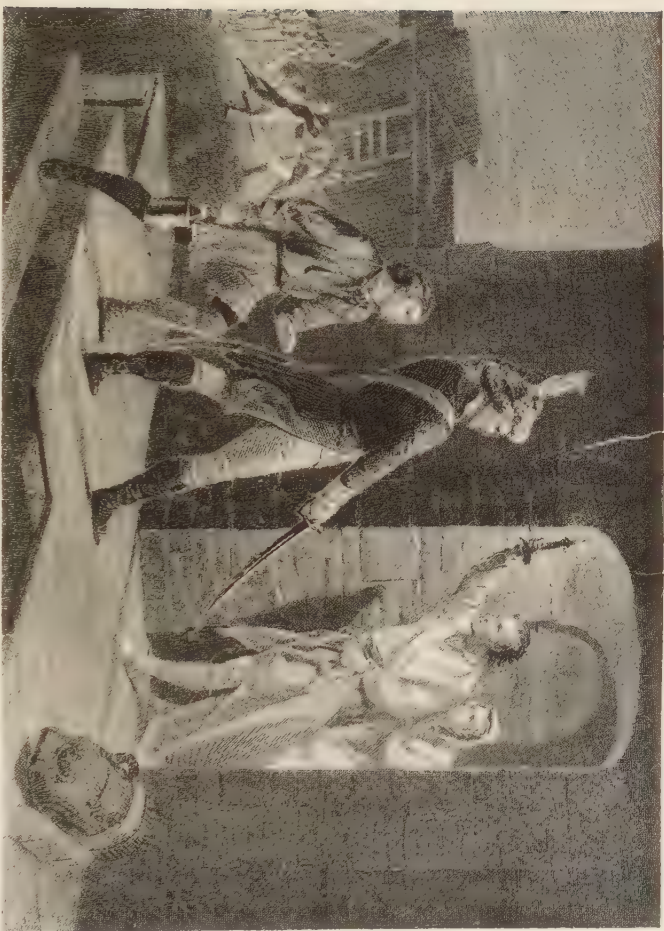
President.

Dated, Philadelphia June 19th, 1775.

Attest CHAS. THOMSON, Secr.

Writings of George Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D., p. 34.

Abraham Whipple destroys the <i>Gaspée</i> , June 10, 1772	
All duties repealed except tax on tea.....	1773
"Boston Tea Party".....	1773
General Gage made military governor of Boston,	1774
Boston Port Bill.....	June 1, 1774
First Continental Congress meets, Philadelphia,	
	September 5, 1774
Battles of Lexington and Concord.....	April 19, 1775
Second Continental Congress meets.....	May 10, 1775
Ticonderoga taken by Ethan Allen.....	May 10, 1775
Crown Point taken.....	May 11, 1775



Engraved by T. Phillips from the painting by Alonzo Chappel.

GEN. ETHAN ALLEN DEMANDS THE SURRENDER OF TICONDEROGA

"In the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

CHAPTER XII

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND RAW RECRUITS

"A Subject Which Fills Me with Inexpressible Concern"

When Washington left Mount Vernon, in May, 1775, to attend the Continental Congress, he did not foresee his appointment as commander-in-chief, and as soon as it occurred he wrote his wife,—

"I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased, when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress, that the whole army raised for the defense of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

"You may believe me my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. . . . I shall feel no pain from the toil and dangers of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone."

To prevent this loneliness as far as possible, he wrote at the same time to different members of the two families as follows:

"My great concern upon this occasion is, the thought of leaving your mother under the uneasiness which I fear this affair will throw her into; I therefore hope, expect, and indeed have no doubt, of your using every means in your power to keep up her spirits, by doing everything in your power to promote her quiet. I have, I must confess, very uneasy feelings on her account, but as it has been a kind of unavoidable necessity which has led me into this appointment, I shall more readily hope that success will attend it and crown our meetings with happiness."

"I entreat you and Mrs. Bassett if possible to visit at Mount Vernon, as also my wife's other friends. I could wish you to take her down, as I have no expectation of returning till winter and feel great uneasiness at her lonesome situation."

"I shall hope that my friends will visit and endeavor to keep up the spirits of my wife, as much as they can, as my departure will, I know, be a cutting stroke upon her; and on this account alone I have many very disagreeable sensations. I hope you and my sister, (although the distance is great), will find as much leisure this summer as to spend a little time at Mount Vernon."

Writings of George Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D., p. 59.

Brave Exploits of Commodore Whipple

The day that Washington was elected commander-in-chief of the Continental Army, Rhode Island purchased two sloops, the *Providence* and a smaller ship, and placed Abraham Whipple in charge of them to drive the British out of Narragansett Bay. He did this effectually with his little fleet. Abraham Whipple fired the first shot on the sea in the Revolution. He was recognized by the new government of the United States before John Paul Jones and thus became the first commodore of the American navy. Commodore Whipple's many daring exploits placed him beside Paul Jones as a Revolutionary hero. It is a

curious fortune of war that his brave deeds have been so seldom mentioned. It is sometimes stated that Whipple was in command of the disguised Indians of the Boston Tea Party, but he had nothing to do with that escapade. He conducted an exploit that required much more heroism and shrewdness. This was the passing of the British blockading fleet off the coast of Rhode Island, in 1778, carrying important despatches to France. He chose a stormy night in April for this dangerous undertaking. Commanding his little ship, the *Providence*, he hurled a defiant broadside at the British fleet as he passed through its lines. With a voice stronger than the gale, he gave loud commands to his men which confused the British, but he ordered the very opposite tactics in lower tones to his men. So the *Providence* escaped to France with the despatches to Dr. Franklin, John Adams and Arthur Lee, the American commissioners in Paris, who finally succeeded in enlisting the aid of the French for the American war for independence.

It was a strange looking navy of which Abraham Whipple was the first commodore. At his own expense he furnished uniforms for his crews. With the little *Providence* he patrolled the coast to defend the struggling commerce of the colonies against many and larger British ships. While in Massachusetts Bay he was ordered to intercept a fleet of one hundred and fifty vessels bound for the West Indies. Pretending to be a Halifax trader, he joined the fleet and by separating several ships every night from the rest, under the cover of darkness, he took possession of ten large vessels which he convoyed into Boston Harbor in triumph. These ships, laden with food and provisions, afforded great relief to the blockaded and nearly starved colony. His prize was valued at more than a million dollars.

The Story of the Liberty Bell, Wayne Whipple, p. 95.

“The Feeble Americans Could Scarce Keep up with Them!”

After the tardy repeal of the obnoxious Stamp Act,

Franklin returned to America, in the spring of 1775. While he was crossing the Atlantic the

“Embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.”

After reaching Philadelphia Franklin wrote to Edmund Burke, who was also friendly to the colonies:

“General Gage’s troops made a most vigorous retreat—twenty miles in three hours—scarce to be paralleled in history; the feeble Americans, who pelted them all the way [from Concord and Lexington] back to Boston could scarce keep up with them!”

While in London, Franklin explained the uprising of the American people with the proverb, “The waves never rise but when the winds blow.” He had so highly incensed the king and the ministry by his ardent advocacy of the people’s cause that they took the postmaster-generalship away from him. While the members of the English government were treating him to a variety of indignities, William Pitt, later made Earl of Chatham, referred to Franklin as “an honor not to the British nation only, but to human nature.”

From Philadelphia he wrote this famous letter to his friend Strahan in London:

“*Mr. Strahan:*

“You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed our country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people. Look upon your hands. They are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy, and

“I am

“Yours,

“B. FRANKLIN.”

Few Men but Many Heroes

It was a bold stand which the hardy Americans had taken. If they had been thoroughly united themselves it would have been different, but the New England men had been so eager and determined that they had not waited for others to join them but had gone ahead on their own responsibility. In all the thirteen colonies the entire population was only about 2,600,000,* and though this may seem like a very small number from which to draw forces to contend against King George, we must not forget that the people of Great Britain were also much fewer in number than they are to-day.

As soon as the result of the battle between the regulars and the minute-men was known, the angry colonies began to start for Boston to join their bold fellow-patriots. Israel Putnam had been ploughing in his fields at Pomfret, Connecticut, when the report came to him. Instantly abandoning his task he left word for the militia to follow him, and leaping upon the back of his horse he rode so swiftly on his journey of a hundred miles that in about eighteen hours he arrived at Cambridge, where the minute-men were assembled, at the same time when John Stark came down from New Hampshire with the first company of men from that colony. Benedict Arnold, who was then a captain, had taken sixty men from the assembly of students and people in New Haven, and soon he, too, was with the little patriot army. So from the farms and hill-sides, from the villages and hamlets, the angry colonists came, and in a very brief time General Gage and his soldiers found themselves besieged in Boston by an army that was

*In 1775 the population of the thirteen colonies was said to be as follows:

Virginia,	560,000	New York,	180,000
Massachusetts,	360,000	New Jersey,	130,000
Pennsylvania,	300,000	New Hampshire,	80,000
North Carolina	260,000	Rhode Island,	50,000
Maryland,	220,000	Delaware,	40,000
Connecticut,	200,000	Georgia,	30,000
South Carolina,	180,000.		

made up of 16,000 rude and poorly equipped, but very determined men.

Apparently no one knew just what to do next. It was determined to hold the red-coats in the city, but what to expect, or what the next move was to be, there was no one to decide.

On the 10th of May two events occurred which did much to decide the future of the colonies, and of the war. One of these was the capture of Fort Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys; and the other was the assembling of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. The chief problem before the Congress was the relation of the colonies to the army, and the appointment of a commander-in-chief.

A Short History of the American Revolution, Everett Tomlinson, p. 42.

Left Home, Wife, Friends, Fortune, and Security, for the Risks of a Rebel

As every soldier of any character knows exactly how a given campaign should be conducted, it is probable that many patriots envied Washington his position; it is also probable that the position gave Washington less satisfaction than it would have given to any other citizen who might have obtained it. His life since his marriage had been unusually pleasant and he was fully competent to enjoy it. Wars generally find numerous men very glad of an excuse to leave home, but Washington had not even a cross wife or a creditor to escape, while the salary attached to his office, even had he accepted it, would not have made good the losses sustained by his estates through his inability to manage his personal affairs. He left home, wife, friends, comfort, fortune, and security for the risks of a soldier's life and the chance of a rebel's doom. Millions of boys have gazed enviously at pictures of Washington taking command of the army; could a picture of Washington alone with his thoughts be exhibited, the meanest beggar would not envy the young commander.

The Virginia Fox-hunter and the New England Farmers

It had been a time of great anxiety to all men. The Virginia colonel was commander-in-chief: a motley army held Sir William Howe penned up in Boston, and why he so quietly accepted this sheep-like fate no man of us could comprehend. My aunt, a great letter-writer, had many correspondents, and one or two in the camp at Cambridge.

"My Virginia fox-hunter," said my aunt, "is having evil days with the New England farmers. He is disposed to be despotic, says—well, no matter who. He likes the whipping-post too well, and thinks all should, like himself, serve without pay. A slow man it is, but intelligent," says my Aunt Gainor; "sure to get himself right, and patient too. You will see, Hugh; he will come slowly to understand these people."

I smiled at the good lady's confidence, and yet she was right. They took him ill at first in that undisciplined camp, and queer things were said of him. Like the rest, he was learning the business of war, and was to commit many blunders and get sharp lessons in this school of the soldier.

These were everywhere uneasy times. Day after day we heard of this one or that one gone to swell the ever-changing number of those who beset Sir William. Gondolas—most unlike gondolas they were—were being built in haste for our own river defense. Committees, going from house to house, collected arms, tent-stuffs, kettles, blankets, and what not, for our troops. There were noisy elections, arrests of Tories; and in October the death of Peyton Randolph, ex-president of the Congress, and the news of the coming of the Hessian hirelings. It was a season of stir, angry discussion, and stern waiting for what was to come.

"Their Spirit Has Exceeded Their Strength"

The commander-in-chief found himself heartily supported by Massachusetts local spirit, although the people are best described by Washington's words concerning the soldiers: "Their spirit has exceeded their strength." He had some valuable assistants—Lee, though a soldier of fortune, and what would now be called a crank, was an able disciplinarian; Israel Putnam never had an equal for getting work out of men when some able head had explained to him what the work ought to be; and Artemas Ward, the senior major-general, although he soon satisfied himself that his earlier rank of lieutenant-colonel, in a force sent against the Indians, was as high as his military abilities entitled him to, was an educated gentleman, and large-brained lawyer and legislator, whose sense of order and regard for the cause made him quite valuable. Gates was very useful as adjutant-general. Greene's memory was heavily charged with scientific theories of war, which his intelligence enabled him to put into successful practice whenever opportunity offered. There were also some trustworthy war governors, with Trumbull of Connecticut at their head.

Washington promptly proceeded to fortify his lines, and, like every other new commander, he with equal celerity asked for more money and men. The fortifications he possessed almost at once, for they depended only upon his own order and Yankee picks and shovels; the funds and re-enforcements came more slowly, for they had to be obtained through Congress, and all congresses are alike in their inability to do a little work before they have done a great deal of talk.

True to Virginian ancestry and tradition, Washington kept "open house" at Cambridge. If any man thinks that this, at least, was easy enough to do, let him first load his heart with everybody's else troubles, and then try to play

the genial host to a different score or two of chance visitors every day. Every body who was in trouble complained to Washington; even Schuyler, who was certainly one of the noblest characters of the Revolutionary period, allowed his affection for his chief to manifest itself in repinings; but to his credit be it said that Washington's confessions of similar troubles made New York's major-general ashamed of himself. Delegations from exposed sea-coast towns begged men and arms from Washington, instead of turning out their local militia. From this period of torment dates the impression, which never gained a foothold in Virginia, that Washington was by nature reserved and unsympathetic. Any true man learns, by listening to the complaints of other men, to confine his own bemoanings to his God and his wife, and to keep his heart off his sleeve, lest haply it may not be equal to the service demanded of it in its proper place.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 84.

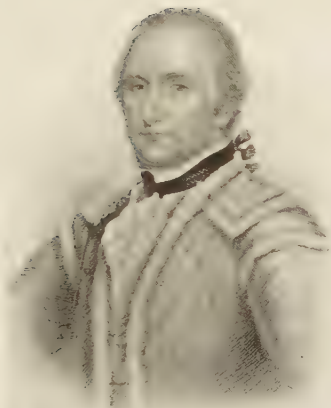
"General Gage, Take Care of *Your* Nose!"

What the life and duties of the soldiers were may perhaps be better understood by the following letter of William Emerson, a chaplain in the army at Cambridge, written not long after Washington assumed command of the forces:

"New lords, new laws. The generals, Washington and Lee, are upon the lines every day. New orders from his excellency are read to the respective regiments every morning after prayers. The strictest government is taking place and the greatest distinction is made between the officers and soldiers. Every one is made to know his place and keep it, or be tied up and receive thirty or forty lashes according to his crime. Thousands are at work every day from four till eleven o'clock in the morning. It is surprising how much work has been done. The lines are extended almost from Cambridge to the Mystic River; so

that very soon it will be morally impossible for the enemy to get between the works, except in one place which is supposed to be left purposely unfortified, to entice the enemy out of their fortresses. Who would have thought twelve months past that all Cambridge and Charlestown would be covered over with American camps and cut up into forts and intrenchments, and all the lands, fields, and orchards laid common—horses and cattle feeding in the choicest mowing land, whole fields of corn eaten down to the ground, and large parks of well regulated locusts cut down for fire-wood and other public uses. This, I must say, looks a little melancholy. My quarters are at the foot of the famous Prospect Hill, where such preparations are made for the reception of the enemy. It is very diverting to walk among the camps. They are as different in their form as the owners are in their dress, and every tent is a portraiture of the temper and taste of the persons who encamp in it. Some are made of boards and some of sail-cloth; some partly of one and partly of the other. Again, others are made of stone or turf, brick or brush. Some are thrown up in a hurry; others are curiously wrought with doors and windows, done with wreaths and withes, in the manner of a basket. Some are your proper tents and marquees, looking like the regular camp of the enemy. In these are the Rhode Islanders, who are furnished with tent equipage and everything in the most exact English style. However, I think this great variety rather a beauty than a blemish in the army."

The bulk of the army at Cambridge had been made up of men from the New England colonies, of whom naturally Massachusetts had provided the largest number. Others were hastening, however, to join the ranks, and in some of the colonies, notably Pennsylvania, so great was the enthusiasm that measures had to be taken to restrict the numbers. One of the colonial newspapers informs us of the unique method employed by one leader to select the best men



Gen. Daniel Morgan



Gen. Artemas Ward



Gen. Israel Putnam



Gen. Henry Knox

PORTRAITS OF FOUR GENERALS BESIEGING BOSTON

without giving offense to those who might not be chosen. He took a piece of chalk and drew on a board a nose of ordinary size. Then he placed his drawing at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards from the line and declared that those who should shoot nearest to the mark should go to Cambridge with him. More than sixty hit the mark, and the newspaper sagely concludes its description of the incident by remarking:

"General Gage, take care of *your* nose!"

"Daniel Morgan's rifle-men," composed for the most part of pioneers from Virginia, together with a few from Maryland and Western Pennsylvania, were among the best of the recruits, although the New England men were not as cordial in their welcome as they might have been owing to their prejudice against Irishmen, for the majority of this band were of Irish birth. They were famous for their skill with the rifle, and it is said that on the run through the forest they could load their guns and that every man was able to hit a running squirrel at a distance of three hundred yards. The garb of these sharp-shooters was also unique, and every one wore a loose hunting shirt, on the front of which were the well-known words of Patrick Henry, "Liberty or Death." The leader of this band, Daniel Morgan himself, was as unique as his men. Born in New Jersey, of Welsh descent, he was a giant in stature and possessed of a physical strength almost beyond belief. At one time he had received five hundred lashes on the bare back by the order of a British officer, and at another he had escaped from the Indians after having been shot through the neck by a rifle ball.

A Short History of the American Revolution, Everett Tomlinson, p. 70.

Most Unsoldier-like in Figure

The army, if we may call it by that name, which was besieging Boston was composed almost exclusively of New Englanders. But it was joined during the summer by a few

troops from the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia, who aroused much interest, because they were expected to make deadly use of the rifle at three hundred yards instead of using the smooth-bore musket, which was useless at only half that distance.

No money had to be appropriated to buy their weapons, for, like the Boer of South Africa, each one of them procured his rifle by taking it down from the pegs on which it rested above his fireplace. He slung his own powder-horn across his shoulder and strapped his bullet-pouch around his waist.

As for his uniform, it consisted of a round hat, which could be bought for a trifle at any country store, and a garment made at home by his wife, and sometimes called a smock-frock, which was nothing more than a shirt belted around the waist and hanging down over the hips instead of being tucked into the trousers. It was the same sort of garment used by farm laborers, and it was made of the cotton cloth which is now used for overalls, or of ticking such as we use to cover mattresses and pillows. When used in the woods it was called a rifle-shirt or hunting-shirt, was sometimes ornamented with a fringed cape, and into its ample looseness above the belt were stuffed loaves of bread, salt pork, dried venison, a frying-pan, or a coffee-pot, until the hardy woodsman became most unsoldier-like in figure.

The True Story of the American Revolution, Sydney George Fisher, p. 259.

“An Egregious Want of Public Spirit”

No offensive movement was attempted by the British, and Washington was unable to provoke a fight. There were times when the troops in Boston could have broken the colonial line, doubled up the pieces, sent part of the farmers flying home, and turned the others into bushwhackers, and probably the British general longed to do it, but he was acting under orders. George III, though his intellect had

never ripened, was not a ferocious man, and he preferred to conquer peaceably if possible, while Lord North, although a time-server, was a man of brains. If they believed that the Yankees could be wearied into submission, they were not far from right, for there were times when all the persuasions of all the nobler heads and hearts in the army were necessary to prevent the early enthusiasts from breaking ranks and going home. While the weather remained warm soldiering in front of Boston was simply glorious picnicking, but when cold nights began, and overcoats were scarce, and a turn on guard seemed harder work than a ten-mile walk to a country dance, the boys felt homesick. Many a homesick Yankee has tramped and fought his way alone from the Atlantic to the Pacific; how tremendous, then, must have been the temptation to desert from the lines before Boston when home was near by and the road led through a friendly country! Besides, the original term of enlistment of most of the troops would expire with the year.

Washington himself was homesick from the beginning of the war to the end, and realized the possibility of finding himself without an army. He was therefore anxious to attack the enemy, but he was always restrained by Congress or a council of war, or both. Through long furloughs many re-enlistments were secured, and at the beginning of 1776 he still had an army, but at a terrible cost to his own patience and his regard for his countrymen. He complained to Congress of "an egregious want of public spirit" in New England, and that "instead of pressing to be engaged in the cause of their country, which I vainly flattered myself would be the case, I find we are likely to be deserted in a most critical time."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 88.

The Ministers Who Provoked and Prolonged the Revolution

The administrations of the English government, from 1760 to the close of our Revolutionary war, were more or

less directed by the intriguing incapacity of the king. George the Third is said to have possessed many private virtues,—and very private for a long time he kept them from his subjects,—but, as a monarch, he was without magnanimity in his sentiments or enlargement in his ideas; prejudiced, uncultivated, bigoted, and perverse; his boasted morality and piety, when exercised in the sphere of government, partook of the narrowness of his mind and the obstinacy of his will; his conscience being used to transmute his hatreds into duties, and his religious sentiment to sanctify his vindictive passions; and as it was his ambition to rule an empire by the petty politics of a court, he preferred rather to have his folly flattered by parasites than his ignorance enlightened by statesmen. Such a disposition in the king of a free country was incompatible with efficiency in the conduct of affairs, as it split parties into factions and made established principles yield to personal expedients. Bute, the king's first minister, after a short administration unexampled for corruption and feebleness, gave way before a storm of popular contempt and hatred. To him succeeded George Grenville, the originator of the Stamp Act, and the blundering promoter of American Independence. Grenville was a hard, sullen, dogmatic, penurious man of affairs, with a complete mastery of the details of parliamentary business, and threading with ease all the labyrinths of English law, but limited in his conceptions, fixed in his opinions, without any of that sagacity which reads results in their principles, and chiefly distinguished for a kind of sour honesty, not infrequently found in men of harsh tempers and technical intellects. It was soon discovered that, though imperious enough to be a tyrant, he was not servile enough to be a tool; that the same domineering temper which enabled him to push arbitrary measures in Parliament, made him put insolent questions in the closet; and the king, in despair of a servant who could not tax America and persecute Wilkes, without at the same time insulting his master, dismissed

him for the Marquis of Rockingham, a leader of the great Whig connection, and a sturdy friend of the colonists both before the Revolution and during its progress. Under him the Stamp Act was repealed; but his administration soon proved too liberal to satisfy the politicians who governed the understanding of the king; and the experiment was tried of a composite ministry, put together by Chatham, consisting of members selected from different factions, but without any principle of cohesion to unite them; and the anarchy inherent in the arrangement became portentously apparent, when Chatham, driven by the gout into a state of nervous imbecility, left it to work out its mission of misrule and its eccentric control was seized by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the gay, false, dissipated, veering, presumptuous, and unscrupulous Charles Townshend. This man was so brilliant and fascinating as an orator that Walpole said of one of his speeches, that it was like hearing Garrick act extempore scenes from Congreve; but he was without any guiding moral or political principles; and, boundlessly admired by the House of Commons and boundlessly craving its admiration, he seemed ever to act from the impulses of vanity, and speak ever from the inspiration of champagne. Grenville, smarting under his recent defeat, but still doggedly bent on having a revenue raised in America, missed no opportunity of goading this versatile political *roué* with his exasperating sarcasms. "You are cowards," he said on one occasion, turning to the Treasury bench; "you are afraid of the Americans; you dare not tax America." Townshend, stung by this taunt, started passionately up from his seat, exclaiming, "Fear! cowards! dare not tax America? I do dare tax America!" and this boyish bravado ushered in the celebrated bill, which was to cost England thirteen colonies, add a hundred millions of pounds to her debt, and affix a stain on her public character. Townshend, by the grace of a putrid fever, was saved from witnessing the consequences of his vainglorious pre-

sumption; and the direction of his policy eventually fell into the hands of Lord North, a good-natured, second-rate, jobbing statesman, equally destitute of lofty virtues and splendid vices, under whose administration the American war was commenced and prosecuted. Of all the ministers of George the Third, North was the most esteemed by his sovereign; for he had the tact to follow plans which originated in the king's unreasoning brain and wilful disposition, and yet to veil their weak injustice in a drapery of arguments furnished from his own more enlarged mind and easier temper. Chatham and Camden thundered against him in the Lords; Burke and Fox raved and shouted statesmanship to him in the Commons, and screamed out the maxims of wisdom in ecstasies of invective; but he, good-naturedly indifferent to popular execration, and sleeping quietly through whole hours of philippics hot with threats of impeachment, pursued his course of court-ordained folly with the serene composure of a Ulysses or a Somers. The war, as conducted by his ministry, was badly managed; but he had one wise thought which happily failed to become a fact. The command in America was offered to Lord Clive; but, fortunately for us, Clive, at about that time, concluded to commit suicide, and our rustic soldiery were thus saved from meeting in the field a general, who, in vigor of will and fertility of resource, was unequalled by any European commander who had appeared since the death of Marlborough. It may here be added, that Lord North's plans of conciliation were the amiabilities of tyranny and benignities of extortion. They bring to mind the little French fable, wherein a farmer convokes the tenants of his barn-yard, and with sweet solemnity says, "Dear animals, I have assembled you here to advise me what sauce I shall cook you with." "But," exclaims an insurrectionary chicken, "We don't want to be eaten at all"—to which the urbane chairman replies, "My child you wander from the point!"

Provisions, Discipline, Ammunition, Scarce

But any conceit he may have indulged in was speedily knocked out of him when he rode through the lines to inspect his men. He knew that in Boston were four experienced English officers—Generals Gage, Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne—the latter, although he wrote two plays and was compelled to surrender at Saratoga, was far more of a man than Americans have believed. These officers had 11,000 well disciplined and equipped soldiers, and there was a strong British fleet in the bay. To combat this force Washington had 14,000 men, who, on leaving their homes had been so heavily loaded with patriotism that they had not been able to bring anything else. They were full of fight, and each man knew exactly how the war should be conducted, but they were so deficient in ammunition that a ten-minute engagement would have exhausted it, as Washington accidentally discovered while trying to provoke a fight.

Discipline was about as scarce as ammunition, and officers competent to require and maintain it were wanting. A Rhode Island brigadier, son of a Quaker miller named Greene, formed in himself and his little command a pleasing exception to the rule, and afterward demonstrated his superiority to all of the Indian fighters, except Washington, who outranked him at the start; but most of the officers were stout-hearted, hard-headed fellows, who respected their men who had elected them far too much to ask them to do anything so distasteful as drill. Provisions were scarce, medical attendance was insufficient, there were no defenses worth the name, and worst of all, there was no money.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 83.

Scouring the Country for Powder

By the end of July the army was in a better posture of defence, and then at the beginning of the next month,

as the prospect was brightening, it was suddenly discovered that there was no gunpowder. An undrilled army, imperfectly organized, was facing a disciplined force and had only some nine rounds in the cartridge-boxes. Yet there is no quivering in the letters from headquarters. Anxiety and strain of nerve are apparent; but a resolute determination rises over all, supported by a ready fertility of resource. Couriers flew over the country asking for powder in every town and in every village. A vessel was even dispatched to the Bermudas to seize there a supply of powder, of which the general, always listening, had heard. Thus the immediate and grinding pressure was presently relieved, but the staple of war still remained pitifully and perilously meager all through the winter.

Meantime, while thus overwhelmed with the cares immediately about him, Washington was watching the rest of the country. He had a keen eye upon Johnson and his Indians in the valley of the Mohawk; he followed sharply every movement of Tryon and the Tories in New York; he refused with stern good sense to detach troops to Connecticut and Long Island, knowing well when to give and when to say No, a difficult monosyllable for the new general of freshly revolted colonies. But if he would not detach in one place, he was ready enough to do in another. He sent one expedition by Lake Champlain, under Montgomery, to Montreal, and gave Arnold picked troops to march through the wilds of Maine and strike Quebec. The scheme was bold and brilliant, both in conception and in execution, and came very near severing Canada forever from the British crown. A chapter of little accidents, each one of which proved as fatal as it was unavoidable, a moment's delay on the Plains of Abraham, and the whole campaign failed; but there was a grasp of conditions, a clearness of perception, and a comprehensiveness about the plan, which stamp it as the work of a great soldier, who saw besides the military importance, the enormous political value held out by the chance of such a victory.

The daring, far-reaching quality of this Canadian expedition was more congenial to Washington's temper and character than the wearing work of the siege. All that man could do before Boston was done, and still Congress expected the impossible, and grumbled because without ships he did not secure the harbor. He himself, while he inwardly resented such criticism, chafed under the monotonous drudgery of the intrenchments. He was longing, according to his nature, to fight, and was, it must be confessed, quite ready to attempt the impossible in his own way. Early in September he proposed to attack the town in boats and by the neck of land at Roxbury, but the council of officers unanimously voted against him. A little more than a month later he planned another attack, and was again voted down by his officers. Councils of war never fight, it is said, and perhaps in this case it was well that such was their habit, for the schemes look rather desperate now. To us they serve to show the temper of the man, and also his self-control, for Washington was ready enough to over-ride councils when wholly free from doubt himself.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 139.

Trials with Friend and Foe

Washington had for his headquarters the beautiful colonial house in Cambridge occupied a hundred years later by the poet Longfellow. In this house his wife visited him during the long campaign around Boston. He found his men a most unsoldierlike crowd in discipline and appearance. The men elected officers who let them have their own way. Of these Washington once wrote:

"There is no such thing as getting officers of this stamp to carry orders into execution—to curry favor with the men (by whom they were chosen, and on whose smile they may possibly think they may again rely) seems to be one of the principal objects of their attention. I have made a pretty good slam amongst such kind of officers as the Massa-

chusetts government abounds in, since I came into this camp, having broke one colonel and two captains for cowardly behavior in the action on Bunker Hill, two captains for drawing more pay and provisions than they had men in their company, and one for being absent from his post when the enemy appeared there and burnt a house just by it. Besides these I have at this time one colonel, one major, one captain and two subalterns under arrest for trial. In short I spare none and yet fear it will not all do, as these people seem to be too attentive to everything but their own interests."

It was an army of everything but soldiers, in the children's "button charm:" "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, tinker, tailor," and farmer—instead of "soldier, sailor,"—and so on through the childish lingo. . . .

General Gage, the British commander in Boston, had treated the "rebel" prisoners as if they were criminals, and replied to Washington's remonstrances to this in contemptuous and even scurrilous terms. There seemed to be no end to the stupidity and arrogance of the commanders the British Government sent over to America. Gage sneered at Washington's "usurped authority," and called the Americans "criminals"—about to be hanged. Washington replied with cool dignity:

"My duty now makes it necessary to apprise you that for the future I shall regulate all my conduct toward those gentlemen who are or may be in our possession exactly by the rule you shall observe towards those of ours now in your custody."

In reply to Gage's allusions to Washington himself there is a touch of sarcasm:

"You affect, sir, to despise all rank not derived from the same source as your own. I cannot conceive one more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the purest source and

original fountain of all power. Far from making it a plea for cruelty, a mind of true magnanimity and enlarged ideas would comprehend and respect it."

Washington's acquaintance with Gage had begun twenty years earlier, in the Braddock campaign. It is doubtful, however, if the British general's soul possessed "magnanimity" enough to appreciate the rebel commander's sarcasm.

The Washington Story-Calendar, Wayne Whipple, August 28 to September 4 1910.

"Old Put" and the Fat Woman

As we learn what life he led during these years (he was on horseback during the greater part of forty-eight hours on one occasion), we do not need to be assured that he possessed a strong constitution, and still less that he grew gray and blind in the service of his country. Fortunate for him that he was able to laugh sometimes. For George Washington knew how to laugh in spite of the efforts of his early biographers to conceal what in their eyes was apparently an infirmity. While one of the several treacheries was being unearthed during the Boston winter, Washington looked out of an upper window at headquarters, and beheld this treachery's missing link approaching in the shape of a large, fat woman, whom large, stout General Putnam had straddled in front of him on his saddle, and was thus carrying captive to the commander. The commander appears to have been duly convulsed. In the midst of matters so few of which are laughing matters it would be agreeable to tell and dwell upon every instance of mirth of the commander that is recorded; but we must content ourselves with the knowledge that he did laugh heartily more than once, and that the incident of the fat woman is not the solitary jet of hilarity whose radiance twinkles in that dusk.

From an address on *The Seven Ages of Washington*, delivered by Owen Wister before the University of Pennsylvania, on University Day, February 22, 1907, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, and reported in *The Alumni Register*, Vol. XI, No. 6, p. 265.

"Seized Two Brawny Riflemen by the Throat"

One morning, while Washington was closeted with Sullivan at headquarters, on some mission from the house, Colonel Glover, of the Marblehead regiment, which was encamped in an enclosed pasture north of the College, came in to announce that his men were in a state of mutiny. Washington instantly strode to his horse, kept always in readiness at the door, leaped into the saddle, and, followed by Gen. Sullivan and Col. Glover, rode at full gallop to the camp. His servant, Pompey, sent in advance to let down the bars, had just dismounted for the purpose, when Washington, coming up leaped over Pompey, bars and all, and darted into the midst of the mutineers. It was on the occasion of the well-known contest between the fishermen of Marblehead and the Virginian riflemen under Morgan; the latter of whom, in half Indian equipments of fringed and ruffled hunting shirts, provoked the merriment of the northern troops. From words they proceeded to blows and soon at least a thousand combatants, armed for the most part with snow-balls, were engaged in conflict. "The General threw the bridle of his horse into his servant's hands, and, rushing into the thickest of the fight, seized two tall, brawny riflemen by the throat, keeping them at arm's length, talking to, and shaking them."

The Life of James Sullivan, T. C. Amory, Vol. I, p. 69.

Some Relaxation and a "Handsome Lift"

When Congress finally determined that Boston should be attacked, it was at a time when the army was particularly weak and the British position had been strengthened. Of a congressional committee of three, who had previously visited the city to consult with Washington and a New England committee, the Virginia and Carolina members who owned no property in Boston, patriotically expressed themselves willing that the city should be burned, if neces-



Engraved by G. K. Hill from the Original by F. O. C. Darley.

"SEIZING TWO BRAWNY RIFLEMEN BY THE THROAT"

sary, in case of an engagement, and even the Pennsylvania member, Benjamin Franklin, of whom Boston was one of the birthplaces, is not on record as having objected. Naturally the New England committee did not care to regard Boston in the light of blazing roofs, nor did they desire to see any thing done that might provoke the British to fire the town.

There was but little likelihood, however, of the Yankee cannon setting fire to Boston, for there was scarcely any artillery in the works or any powder with which to charge the nine-pounder or two that were mounted. Fortunately, one of the little cruisers which Washington had sent out captured a ship loaded with cannon, shot, musket-balls, and gun-flints, but no powder. A Boston bookseller named Knox, destined afterward to become famous, had gone to Ticonderoga earlier in the campaign for some of the ordnance captured by Ethan Allen a year before, and he brought it, too, in spite of obstacles such as no transportation encountered during the great civil war; he took the cannon on sleds, in winter, through Vermont and New Hampshire. Powder was still lacking, but fortunately Lee, who had been sent to New York to head off an unexpected demonstration, sent Washington a quantity from the royal arsenal in that city.

Washington was not entirely without encouragement during his long period of helplessness in front of Boston. His wife came to camp; or, to speak more politely, Lady Washington visited Cambridge, so there was at least one person near him who did not ask for promotion or a contract, or talk about the state of the country. She even insisted upon celebrating Twelfth Night, the anniversary of her wedding, by giving a grand party, and although her husband at first objected, she overruled his objections, and probably to his great benefit, for the commander-in-chief needed a great deal more diversion than usually he had.

Washington's heart was also strengthened, with all

other patriotic hearts, by Lieutenant Mowat, R. N., who had not the slightest intention of helping the colonial cause when he sailed into Falmouth (now Portland, Maine) and started the series of tremendous conflagrations for which Portland stands proudly pre-eminent among American towns. The burning of Falmouth enabled every patriot to hate England without feeling guilty about it, and it even cured Washington of whatever love he may have had left for royal rule, for the doughty lieutenant announced that all other seaports were to be treated as Falmouth had been. In the South, Lord Dunmore, late an honored acquaintance of Washington, gave the patriot cause a handsome lift by burning Norfolk.

George Washington, John Habberton. p. 93.

Washington elected commander-in-chief,	June 15, 1775
Battle of Bunker Hill.....	June 17, 1775
Washington took command of Continental Army,	
	July 3, 1775
Montgomery captured Montreal...	November 13, 1775
Montgomery and Arnold stormed Quebec,	Dec. 31, 1775

CHAPTER XIII

DRIVING THE BRITISH OUT OF BOSTON

Raising the Grand Union Flag on New Year's Day, 1776

The official origin of the flag with thirteen alternate red and white stripes, representing the United Colonies, and the subjoined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew (the "king's colors") in a blue canton, which was raised on Prospect Hill, Cambridge, on the first day of January, 1776, has never been satisfactorily determined.

A book on colonial and revolutionary flags, published some years ago, says that the Colonial Congress, in the fall of 1775, appointed Messrs. Franklin, Harrison, and Lynch as a committee to consider and recommend a design for a colonial flag, and that the committee reached Cambridge on the morning of December 15, 1775, and completed their duties before midnight of that day. Nearly twenty pages are devoted to the discussions that were engaged in by the committee, General Washington, and two or three unnamed persons, relative to the design of a flag for the standard of the army and navy. It is stated that the union design was unanimously approved by the committee and adopted by General Washington, but the author fails to give his authority for that and other statements given in the book, relative to the Cambridge flag.

General Washington, writing to Colonel Joseph Reed, his military secretary, under date of January 4, 1776, says:

"We are at length favored with a sight of his majesty's most gracious speech, breathing sentiments of tenderness and compassion for his deluded American subjects! The echo is not yet come to hand, but we know what it must be; and, as Lord North said (and we ought to have believed and

acted accordingly), we now know the ultimatum of British justice. The speech I send you. A volume of them was sent out by the Boston gentry; and, farcical enough, we gave great joy to them, without knowing or intending it; for, on that day, the day which gave being to the new army, but before the proclamation came to hand, we had hoisted the Union flag in compliment to the United Colonies. But behold! it was received in Boston as a token of the deep impression the speech had made upon us, and as a signal of submission. So we hear, by a person out of Boston, last night. By this time, I presume, they begin to think it strange we have not made a formal surrender of our lives."

The Stars and Stripes and Other American Flags, Peleg D. Harrison, pp. 39 to 44.

Not the Stars and Stripes

Washington and his men, indeed, nearly all the people, had to bear all things, believe all things, hope all things, and endure all things, before they could bring our beautiful banner to its perfection and make it the flag of the free and independent nation we are now so justly proud to call our own. The growth of the flag even then was gradual and slow.

The first flag . . . was not the Stars and Stripes, by any means. Its simple colored stripes tell a most interesting story. It shows that, even then, the colonies had no idea of separating from England. They were still loyal English people demanding liberties and freedom from oppression that they believed their king and Parliament ought to grant to the faithful subjects beyond the sea. The flag that Franklin and the Congress devised for Washington proves this. Instead of having stars in the canton as they are now, they had the British flag—the English Cross of St. George, in red, and the Scotch Cross of St. Andrew, in white, placed one over the other, on a blue canton. With this design they had thirteen red and white stripes, to show that the thirteen colonies were banded together but still loyal to the old flag

if the king and his counsellors would grant them the liberty due to all Englishmen, allow them to be represented in the English Parliament and have a voice in the affairs of government, especially in the management of their own matters.

When this flag was raised over the garrison at Cambridge, Massachusetts, with appropriate ceremonies, by Washington and the flag committee, it was greeted with thirteen cheers and thirteen guns—that is, a cannon was fired thirteen times.

This flag was displayed by Washington at the head of the colonial army, in Cambridge, just across the river from Boston, on New Year's Day, 1776, six months before the Continental Congress, in Philadelphia, voted to adopt the Declaration of Independence. The British, when they saw the new banner, seemed to understand that it meant that the colonies would yield after all.

The Story of the American Flag, Wayne Whipple, p. 38.

“Obliged to Conceal It from My Own Officers”

Meanwhile, Washington was incessantly goaded by the impatient murmurs of the public, as we may judge by his letters to Mr. Reed. “I know the integrity of my own heart,” writes he, on the 10th of February; “but to declare it, unless to a friend, may be an argument of vanity. I know the unhappy predicament I stand in; I know that much is expected of me; I know that without men, without arms, without ammunition, without anything fit for the accomodation of a soldier, little is to be done, and, what is mortifying, I know that I cannot stand justified to the world without exposing my own weaknesses, and injuring the cause, by declaring my wants; which I am determined not to do, further than unavoidable necessity brings every man acquainted with them.

“My own situation is so irksome to me at times, that if I did not consult the public good more than my tranquillity, I should long ere this have put everything on the

cast of a die. So far from having an army of twenty thousand men, well armed, I have been here with less than one half that number, including sick, furloughed, and on command; and those neither armed nor clothed as they should be. In short, my situation has been such, that I have been obliged to use art, to conceal it from my own officers."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 217.

The Blockade of Boston

The siege of Boston continued through the winter, without any striking incident to enliven its monotony. The British remained within their works, leaving the beleaguering army slowly to augment its forces. The country was dissatisfied with the inaction of the latter. Even Congress was anxious for some successful blow that might revive popular enthusiasm. Washington shared this anxiety, and had repeatedly, in councils of war, suggested an attack upon the town, but had found a majority of his general officers opposed to it. He had hoped some favorable opportunity would present, when, the harbor being frozen, the troops might approach the town on ice. The winter, however, though severe at first, proved a mild one and the bay continued open. General Putnam, in the mean time, having completed the new works at Lechmere Point, and being desirous of keeping up the spirit of his men, resolved to treat them to an exploit. Accordingly, from his "impregnable fortress" of Cobble Hill, he detached a party of about two hundred, under his favorite officer, Major Knowlton, to surprise and capture a British guard stationed at Charlestown. It was a daring enterprise, and executed with spirit. As Charlestown Neck was completely protected, Knowlton led his men across the mill-dam, round the base of the hill, and immediately below the fort; set fire to the guard-house and some buildings in its vicinity; made several prisoners, and retired without loss; although thundered upon by the



Engraved by Hulpin from the Original by P. O. G. Darley.

THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL KNOX WITH CANNON FROM TICONDEROGA

cannon of the fort. The exploit was attended by a dramatic effect on which Putnam had not calculated.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, page 214.

"It Is a Noble Cause"

Further ammunition being received from the royal arsenal at New York and other quarters and a re-enforcement of ten regiments of militia, Washington no longer met with opposition to his warlike measures. Lechmere Point, which Putnam had fortified, was immediately to be supplied with mortars and heavy cannon, so as to command Boston on the north; and Dorchester Heights, on the south of the town, were forthwith to be taken possession of.

"If any thing," said Washington, "will induce the enemy to hazard an engagement, it will be our attempting to fortify those heights, as, in that event taking place, we shall be able to command a great part of the town, and almost the whole harbor." Their possession, moreover, would enable him to push his works to Nook's Hill, and other points opposite Boston, whence a cannonade and bombardment must drive the enemy from the city.

The council of Massachusetts, at his request, ordered the militia of the towns contiguous to Dorchester and Roxbury, to hold themselves in readiness to repair to the lines at those places with arms, ammunition and accoutrements, on receiving a preconcerted signal.

Washington felt painfully aware how much depended upon the success of this attempt. There was a cloud of gloom and distrust lowering upon the public mind. Danger threatened on the north and south. Montgomery had fallen before the walls of Quebec. The army in Canada was shattered. Tryon and the Tories were plotting mischief in New York. Dunmore was harassing the lower part of Virginia, and Clinton and his fleet were prowling along the coast, on a secret errand of mischief.

Washington's general orders evince the solemn and

anxious state of his feelings. In those of the 26th of February, he forbade all playing at cards and other games of chance. "At this time of public distress," writes he, "men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country, without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality: It is a noble cause we are engaged in; it is the cause of virtue and mankind; every advantage and comfort to us and our posterity depend upon the vigor of our exertions; in short, freedom or slavery must be the result of our conduct; there can, therefore, be no greater inducement to men to behave well. But it may not be amiss to the troops to know, that, if any man in action shall presume to skulk, hide himself, or retreat from the enemy without the orders of his commanding officer, he will be instantly shot down as an example of cowardice; cowards having too frequently disconcerted the best formed troops by their dastardly behavior."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 220.

"When the Dreadful 'Tomorrow' Will Be, I Know Not"

The evening of Monday the 4th of March was fixed upon for the occupation on Dorchester Heights. The ground was frozen too hard to be easily intrenched; fascines therefore and gabions and bundles of screwed hay were collected during the two preceding nights with which to form breastworks and redoubts. During these two busy nights the enemies' batteries were cannonaded and bombarded from opposite points to occupy their attention and prevent their noticing these preparations. They replied with spirit, and the incessant roar of artillery thus kept up, covered completely the rumbling of wagons and ordnance.

How little the enemy were aware of what was impending, we may gather from the following extract of a letter from an officer of distinction in the British army in Boston to his friend in London, dated on the 3d of March:

"For these last six weeks or near two months, we have

been better amused than could possibly be expected in our situation. We had a theatre, we had balls, and there is actually a subscription on foot for a masquerade. England seems to have forgot us, and we have endeavored to forget ourselves. But we were aroused to a sense of our situation last night, in a manner unpleasant enough. The rebels have been for some time past erecting a bomb battery, and last night they began to play on us. Two shells fell not far from me. One fell upon Colonel Monckton's house, but luckily did not burst until it had crossed the street. Many houses were damaged but no lives lost. The rebel army," adds he "is not brave, I believe, but it is agreed on all hands that their artillery officers are at least equal to ours."

The wife of John Adams, who resided in the vicinity of the American camp, and knew that a general action was meditated, expresses in a letter to her husband the feelings of a patriot woman during the suspense of these nights.

"I have been in a constant state of anxiety, since you left me," writes she on Saturday. "It has been said to-morrow and tomorrow for this month, and when the dreadful tomorrow will be, I know not. But hark! The house this instant shakes with the roar of cannon. I have been close to the door, and find it is a cannonade from our army. Orders, I find, are come, for all the remaining militia to repair to the lines Monday night, by twelve o'clock. No sleep for me tonight."

On Sunday the letter is resumed. "I went to bed after twelve, but got no rest; the cannon continued firing, and my heart kept pace with them all night. We had a pretty quiet day, but what tomorrow will bring forth, God only knows."

On Monday, the appointed evening, she continues: "I have just returned from Penn's Hill, where I have been sitting to hear the amazing roar of cannon, and from whence I could see every shell that was thrown. The sound, I

think, is one of the grandest in nature, and is of the true species of the sublime. 'Tis now an incessant roar; but oh, the fatal ideas which are connected with the sound! How many of our dear countrymen must fall!

"I went to bed about twelve, and rose again a little after one. I could no more sleep than if I had been in the engagement; the rattling of the windows, the jar of the house, the continual roar of twenty-four pounders, and the bursting of shells, give us such ideas, and realize a scene to us of which we could scarcely form any conception. I hope to give you joy of Boston even if it is in ruins, before I send this away."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 223.

"With the Expedition of Genii"

On the Monday evening thus graphically described, as soon as the firing commenced, the detachment under General Thomas set out on its cautious and secret march from the lines of Roxbury and Dorchester. Everything was conducted as regularly and quietly as possible. A covering party of eight hundred men preceded the carts with the intrenching tools; then came General Thomas with the working party, twelve hundred strong, followed by a train of three hundred wagons, laden with fascines, gabions, and hay screwed into bundles of seven or eight hundred weight. A great number of such bundles were ranged in a line along Dorchester Neck on the side next the enemy, to protect the troops, while passing, from being raked by the fire of the enemy. Fortunately, although the moon, as Washington writes, was shining in its full lustre, the flash and roar of cannonry from opposite points, and the bursting of bomb-shells high in the air, so engaged and diverted the attention of the enemy, that the detachment reached the heights about eight o'clock, without being heard or perceived. The covering party then divided; one half proceeded to the point nearest Boston, the other to the one

nearest to Castle Williams. The working party commenced to fortify, under the directions of Gridley, the veteran engineer, who had planned the works on Bunker's Hill. It was severe labor, for the earth was frozen eighteen inches deep; but the men worked with more than their usual spirit; for the eye of the commander-in-chief was upon them. Though not called there by his duties, Washington could not be absent from this eventful preparation.

The labors of the night were carried on by the Americans with their usual activity and address. When a relief party arrived at four o'clock in the morning, two forts were in sufficient forwardness to furnish protection against small-arms and grape-shot; and such use was made of the fascines and bundles of screwed hay, that, at dawn, a formidable-looking fortress frowned along the height. We have the testimony of a British officer already quoted, for the fact. "This morning at daybreak we discovered two redoubts on Dorchester Point, and two smaller ones on their flanks. They were all raised during last night, with an expedition equal to that of the genii belonging to Aladdin's wonderful lamp. From these hills they command the whole town, so that we must drive them from their posts, or desert the place."

Howe gazed at the mushroom fortress with astonishment, as it loomed indistinctly, but grandly, through a morning fog.

"The rebels," exclaimed he, "have done more work in one night, than my whole army would have done in one month."

Washington had watched, with intense anxiety, the effect of the revelation at daybreak. "When the enemy first discovered our works in the morning," writes he, "they seemed to be in great confusion, and from their movements, to intend an attack."

Evacuate the Place as Soon as Possible

An American, who was on Dorchester Heights, gives a picture of the scene. A tremendous cannonade was commenced from the forts in Boston, and the shipping in the harbor. "Cannon shot," writes he, "are continually rolling and rebounding over the hill, and it is astonishing to observe how little our soldiers are terrified by them. The royal troops are perceived to be in motion, as if embarking to pass the harbor and land on Dorchester shore, to attack our works. The hills and elevations in this vicinity are covered with spectators to witness deeds of horror in the expected conflict. His excellency, General Washington, is present, animating and encouraging the soldiers, and they in return manifest their joy; and express a warm desire for the approach of the enemy; each man knows his own place. Our breastworks are strengthened, and among the means of defence are a great number of barrels, filled with stones and sand, and arranged in front of our works, which are to be put in motion, and made to roll down the hill, to break the legs of the assailants as they advance."

General Thomas was re-inforced with two thousand men. Old Putnam stood ready to make a descent upon the north side of the town, with his four thousand picked men, as soon as the heights on the south should be assailed: "All the forenoon," says the American above cited, "we were in momentary expectation of witnessing an awful scene; nothing less than the carnage of Breed's Hill battle was expected."

As Washington rode about the heights, he reminded the troops that it was the 5th of March, the anniversary of the Boston massacre, and called on them to revenge the slaughter of their brethren. They answered him with shouts. "Our officers and men," writes he, "appeared impatient for the appeal. The event, I think, must have been fortunate; nothing less than success and victory on our side."

In the evening the British began to move. Lord Percy was to lead the attack. Twenty-five hundred men were embarked in transports, which were to convey them to the rendezvous at Castle Williams. A violent storm set in from the east. The transports could not reach their place of destination. The men-of-war could not cover and support them. A furious surf beat on the shore where the boats would have to land. The attack was consequently postponed until the following day.

That day was equally unpropitious. The storm continued with torrents of rain. The attack was again postponed. In the mean time, the Americans went on strengthening their works; by the time the storm subsided, General Howe deemed them too strong to be easily carried; the attempt, therefore, was relinquished altogether.

What was to be done? The shells thrown from the heights into the town, proved that it was no longer tenable. The fleet was equally exposed. Admiral Shuldhham, the successor to Graves, assured Howe that if the Americans maintained possession of the heights, his ships could not remain in the harbor. It was determined, therefore, in a council of war, to evacuate the place as soon as possible. But now came on a humiliating perplexity. The troops, in embarking, would be exposed to a destructive fire. How was this to be prevented? General Howe's pride would not suffer him to make capitulations, he endeavored to work on the fears of the Bostonians, by hinting that if his troops were molested while embarking, he might be obliged to cover their retreat, by setting fire to the town.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 228.

A British Burlesque Turned to Melodrama

The British officers had fitted up a theatre, which was well attended by the troops and Tories. On the evening in question, an afterpiece was to be performed, entitled "The Blockade of Boston," intended as a burlesque on the

patriot army which was beleaguering it. Washington is said to have been represented in it as an awkward lout, equipped with a huge wig, and a long rusty sword, attended by a country booby as orderly sergeant, in rustic garb, with an old firelock seven or eight feet long.

The theatre was crowded, especially by the military. The first piece was over, and the curtain was rising for the farce, when a sergeant made his appearance, and announced that "the alarm guns were firing at Charlestown, and the Yankees attacking Bunker's Hill." At first this was supposed to be a part of the entertainment, until General Howe gave the word, "Officers, to your alarm posts."

Great confusion ensued; every one scrambled out of the theatre as fast as possible. There was, as usual, some shrieking and fainting of the ladies; and the farce of "The Blockade of Boston" had a more serious than comic termination.

The London Chronicle in a sneering comment on Boston affairs gave Burgoyne as the author of this burlesque afterpiece, though perhaps unjustly. "General Burgoyne has opened a theatrical campaign, of which himself is sole manager, being determined to act with the Provincials on the defensive only. Tom Thumb has already been represented; while, on the other hand, the Provincials are preparing to exhibit, early in the spring, 'Measure for Measure.' "

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 215.

"There Never Existed a More Miserable Set of Beings!"

Daily preparations were now made by the enemy for departure. By proclamation, the inhabitants were ordered to deliver up all linen and woollen goods, and all other goods, that, in possession of the rebels, would aid them in carrying on the war. Crean Bush, a New York Tory, was authorized to take possession of such goods, and put them on board two of the transports. Under cover of his commission, he and his myrmidons broke open stores, and stripped them of

their contents. Marauding gangs from the fleet and army followed their example, and extended their depredations to private houses. On the 14th, Howe, in a general order, declared that the first soldier caught plundering should be hanged on the spot. Still on the 16th houses were broken open, goods destroyed, and furniture defaced by the troops. Some of the furniture, it is true, belonged to the officers, and it was destroyed because they could neither sell it nor carry it away.

For some days the embarkation of the troops was delayed by adverse winds. Washington, who was imperfectly informed of affairs in Boston, feared that the movements there might be a feint. Determined to bring things to a crisis, he detached a force to Nook's Hill on Saturday the 16th, which threw up a breastwork in the night regardless of the cannonading of the enemy. This commanded Boston Neck, and the south part of the town, and a deserter brought a false report to the British that a general assault was intended.

The embarkation, so long delayed, began with a hurry and confusion at four o'clock in the morning. The harbor of Boston soon presented a striking and tumultuous scene. There were seventy-eight ships and transports casting loose for sea, and eleven or twelve thousand men, soldiers, sailors, and refugees, hurrying to embark; many especially of the latter, with their families and personal effects. The refugees, in fact, labored under greater disadvantages than the king's troops, being obliged to man their own vessels, as sufficient seamen could not be spared from the king's transports. Speaking of those "who had taken upon themselves the style and title of government men" in Boston, and acted an unfriendly part in this great contest, Washington observes:

"By all accounts there never existed a more miserable set of beings than these wretched creatures now are. Taught to believe that the power of Great Britain was superior to all opposition, and that foreign aid, if not, was at hand; they

were even higher and more insulting in their opposition than the Regulars. When the order issued, therefore, for embarking the troops in Boston, no electric shock—no sudden clap of thunder—in a word, the last trump could not have struck them with greater consternation. They were at their wits' end, and conscious of their black ingratitude, chose to commit themselves, in the manner I have above described, to the mercy of the waves at a tempestuous season rather than meet their offended countrymen."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 223.

The British Sentry Was a Dummy

Napoleon is credited with the remark that English soldiers never know when they are whipped, but they had not lapsed into this deplorable degree of ignorance at the time of the Revolution; for when General Howe and Admiral Shulldham saw these redoubts, they agreed with beautiful unanimity that the town was untenable, and promptly prepared to depart. Nobody pressed them to stay; the Americans did not fire even a single shot to distract their attention, and the British returned the compliment by refraining from firing a single house. It was the greatest moving day that had been known in North America up to that date; but the British did all the work and the Americans looked on, which is unalloyed bliss to one who has no moving to do. Finally an American sentinel found that the British sentry in front of him was a dummy; within a few moments the American flag floated over Boston for the first time.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 94.

"The Face of Disorder and Confusion"

At an early hour of the morning, the troops stationed at Cambridge and Roxbury had paraded, and several regiments under Putnam had embarked in boats, and

dropped down Charles River, to Sewell's Point, to watch the movements of the enemy by land and water. About nine o'clock a large body of troops were seen marching down Bunker's Hill, while boats full of soldiers were putting off for the shipping. Two scouts were sent from the camp to reconnoitre. The works appeared still to be occupied, for sentries were posted about them with shouldered muskets. Observing them to be motionless, the scouts made nearer scrutiny, and discovered them to be mere effigies, set up to delay the advance of the Americans. Pushing on, they found the works deserted, and gave signal of the fact; whereupon, a detachment was sent from the camp to take possession.

Part of Putnam's troops were now sent back to Cambridge; a part were ordered forward to occupy Boston. General Ward, too, with five hundred men, made his way from Roxbury, across the Neck, about which the enemy had scattered caltrops or crow's feet, to impede invasion. The gates were unbarred and thrown open, and the Americans entered in triumph, with drums beating and colors flying.

By ten o'clock the enemy were all embarked and under way: Putnam had taken command of the city, and occupied the important points, and the flag of thirteen stripes, the standard of the Union, floated above all the forts.

On the following day, Washington himself entered the town, where he was joyfully welcomed. He beheld around him sad traces of the devastation caused by the bombardment, though not to the extent that he had apprehended. There were evidences, also, of the haste with which the British had retreated—five pieces of ordnance with their trunnions knocked off, others hastily spiked; others thrown off the wharf.

"General Howe's retreat," writes Washington, "was precipitate beyond anything I could have conceived. The destruction of the stores at Dunbar's camp, after

Braddock's defeat, was but a faint image of what may be seen at Boston; artillery carts cut to pieces in one place, gun carriages in another; shells broke here, shots buried there, and everything carrying with it the face of disorder and confusion as also of distress."

We close this eventful chapter of Washington's history, with the honor decreed to him by the highest authority of his country. On motion of John Adams, who had first moved his nomination as commander-in-chief, a unanimous vote of thanks to him was passed in Congress; and it was ordered that a gold medal be struck, commemorating the evacuation of Boston, bearing the effigy of Washington as its deliverer.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 236.

"It Takes the Ragged Boys to Do the Fighting"

The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, immortal as the author of "The Man without a Country," related in conversation, many stories of Washington, gathered from the accounts of eye-witnesses who were old people in Dr. Hale's boyhood. Here is one given, as nearly as the writer can remember, in the language of the aged minister-author.

"An old parishioner I had once told me that when Washington entered Boston after its evacuation, on the 17th of March, 1776, he made the best tavern in the town his headquarters. This was at the head of King street, as State street was then called. General Howe also had lived at the same inn. My informant's mother was the inn-keeper's daughter, a little girl running about the house, and naturally interested in all that was going on.

"General Washington, who was exceedingly fond of children, called the little girl to him, and while holding her on his knee, asked:

"'Now that you have seen the soldiers on both sides, which do you like best?'

"The little girl hesitated, but, like the great Washington



Engraving by J. Godfrey after the Painting by M. A. Wagenaar.

SIR WILLIAM HOWE AND THE BRITISH LEAVING BOSTON

himself, could not tell a lie, she said, with childish honesty,
 " 'I like the "red coats" best.'

"The American general laughed at her frankness, and said, gently:

" 'Yes, my dear, the red-coats do look the best, but it takes the ragged boys to do the fighting.' "

(This anecdote has been authenticated. W. W.)

"No Man Ever Commanded under More Difficult Circumstances"

(Letter to John Augustine Washington.)

"Cambridge, 31 March, 1776.

"*Dear Brother:*

"The want of arms and powder is not peculiar to Virginia. This country, of which doubtless you have heard large and flattering accounts, is more deficient in both than you can conceive. I have been here months together, with (what will be scarcely believed) not thirty rounds of musket cartridges to a man; and have been obliged to submit to all the insults of the enemy's cannon for want of powder, keeping what little we had for pistol distance. Another thing has been done, which, added to the above, will put it in the power of this army to say, what perhaps no other with justice ever could say. We have maintained our ground against the enemy, under this want of powder, and we have disbanded one army, and recruited another, within musket shot of two and twenty regiments, the flower of the British army, whilst our force has been but little if any superior to theirs; and, at last, have beaten them into a shameful and precipitate retreat out of a place the strongest by nature on this continent, and strengthened and fortified at an enormous expense. . . .

"I believe I may with great truth affirm, that no man perhaps since the first institution of armies ever commanded

one under more difficult circumstances than I have done. To enumerate the particulars would fill a volume. Many of my difficulties and distresses were of so peculiar a cast, that, in order to conceal them from the enemy, I was obliged to conceal them from my friends, and indeed from my own army, thereby subjecting my conduct to interpretations unfavorable to my character, especially by those at a distance, who could not in the smallest degree be acquainted with the springs that governed it. I am happy, however, to find, and to hear from different quarters, that my reputation stands fair, that my conduct hitherto has given universal satisfaction. The addresses which I have received, and which I suppose will be published, from the General Court of this colony, and from the selectmen of Boston upon the evacuation of the town, and my approaching departure from the colony, exhibit a pleasing testimony of their approbation of my conduct, and of their personal regard, which I have found in various other instances, and which, in retirement, will afford many comfortable reflections.

“General Charles Lee, I suppose, is with you before this. He is the first officer, in military knowledge and experience, we have in the whole army. He is zealously attached to the cause, honest and well-meaning, but rather fickle and violent, I fear, in his temper. However, as he possesses an uncommon share of good sense and spirit, I congratulate my countrymen upon his appointment to that department. As I am now nearly at the end of my eighth page, I think it time to conclude; especially, as I set out with prefacing the little time I had for friendly correspondences. I shall only add, therefore, my affectionate regards to my sister and the children, and compliments to friends; and that I am, with every sentiment of true affection, your loving brother and faithful friend,”

[G. WASHINGTON].

"Execrable Parricides!"

Washington did not linger over his victory. Even while the British fleet still hung about the harbor he began to send troops to New York to make ready for the next attack. He entered Boston in order to see that every precaution was taken against the spread of smallpox, and then prepared to depart himself. Two ideas, during his first winter of conflict, had taken possession of his mind, and undoubtedly influenced profoundly his future course. One was the conviction that the struggle must be fought out to the bitter end, and must bring either subjugation or complete independence. He wrote in February: "With respect to myself, I have never entertained an idea of an accommodation, since I heard of the measures which were adopted in consequence of the Bunker Hill fight"; and at an earlier date he said: "I hope my countrymen (of Virginia) will rise superior to any losses the whole navy of Great Britain may bring on them, and that the destruction of Norfolk and threatened devastation of other places will have no other effect than to unite the whole country in one indissoluble band against a nation which seems to be lost to every sense of virtue and those feelings which distinguish a civilized people from the most barbarous savages." With such thoughts he sought to make Congress appreciate the probable long duration of the struggle, and he bent every energy to giving permanency to his army, and decisiveness to each campaign. The other idea which had grown in his mind during the weary siege was that the Tories were thoroughly dangerous and deserved scant mercy. In his second letter to Gage he refers to them, with the frankness which characterized him when he felt strongly, as "execrable parricides," and he made ready to treat them with the utmost severity at New York and elsewhere. When Washington was aroused there was a stern and relentless side to his character, in keeping with the force and strength

which were his chief qualities. His attitude on this point seems harsh now when the old Tories no longer look very dreadful. But they were dangerous then, and Washington, with his honest hatred of all that seemed to partake of meanness or treason, proposed to put them down and render them harmless, being well convinced, after his clear-sighted fashion, that war was not peace, and that mildness to domestic foes was sadly misplaced.

His errand to New England was now done and well done. His victory was won, everything was settled at Boston; and so, having sent his army forward, he started for New York, to meet the harder trials that still awaited him.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 152.

CHAPTER XIV

THE STARS AND STRIPES AND THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The Commander-in-chief Invited to Confer with Congress

When President [of Congress] Hancock, under date of May 16, wrote to the commander-in-chief advising him of the resolution of Congress requesting his presence in Philadelphia, he added:

"I request the favor that you will please to honor me with your and your lady's company at my house, where I have a bed at your service, and where every endeavor on my part and Mrs. Hancock's will be exerted to make your abode agreeable. I reside in an airy, open part of the city, in Arch street, corner of Fourth street."

Washington, however, on his arrival at Philadelphia, received a note from Mr. Hancock, expressing his sorrow that it was not in his power to wait on him in person on account of a severe fit of the gout. From this note it does not appear that the General and Mrs. Washington availed themselves of the invitation.

Itinerary of General Washington from June 15, 1775, to December 23, 1783. William S. Baker, p. 40.

Going to Philadelphia

Washington left New York on May 21 and arrived at Philadelphia on the 23d, at two o'clock in the afternoon, stopping on the way at Amboy, New Jersey, "to view," as he wrote to General Schuyler, "the ground, and such places on Staten Island contiguous to it, as may be proper for works of defense."

Itinerary of General Washington from June 15, 1775, to December 23, 1783. William S. Baker, p. 39.

Consulting with Congress on the Coming Campaign

Agreeable to order, General Washington attended in Congress, and after some conference with him,

"*Resolved*, that he be directed to attend again to-morrow."

Journal of Congress, May, 24, 1776.

Agreeable to order, General Washington attended, and after some conference with him,

"*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to confer with his excellency, General Washington, Major-general Gates, Brigadier-general Mifflin, and to concert a plan of military operations for the ensuing campaign."

Journal of Congress, May 25, 1776.

Attended by Indians, Washington Reviews the Troops

On Monday afternoon (May 27) General Washington, the members of Congress, Gen. Gates and Mifflin, reviewed the four battalions, the rifle battalion, the light horse, and three artillery companies of the city militia, amounting to near 2500 men, when they went through their manœuvres to general satisfaction. At the same time two battalions of the Continental troops were reviewed by the General. The Indians who are come to town on business with the Congress, attended the General in reviewing the militia.

Pennsylvania Gazette, May 29, 1776.

General Washington and the Stars and Stripes

The writer is indebted to the grandsons of Betsy Ross, Mr. William J. Canby and Mr. George Canby, for interesting and valuable information relative to the making of the first flag. Congress appointed General Washington, Colonel George Ross and Robert Morris a committee "authorized to design a suitable flag for the nation,"

and they called upon Mrs. Ross, who was conducting an upholstery business on Arch Street, below Third, in Philadelphia. Washington had frequently called upon Mrs. Ross before his appointment as commander-in-chief of the army, and knew her skill with the needle, having employed her to embroider his shirt ruffles and do needle-work of other kinds.

Mrs. Ross was shown a rough drawing of the flag, which was explained by General Washington. She objected to the six-pointed stars in the design, and suggested that they ought to have but five points. The sketch was redrawn in pencil by General Washington, the stars were changed to five-pointed, and other minor alterations were made.

The fact that in the original drawing the stars were six-pointed is strong evidence that they were not derived from the Washington arms, for those on his escutcheon were five-pointed, but one ingenious writer quotes Washington as saying that "he preferred a star that would not be an exact copy of those on his coat of arms, and that he also thought a six-pointed star would be easier to make." Mrs. Ross demonstrated the ease of making a five-pointed star, by folding a piece of paper and producing one by a single clip of her scissors.

The Stars and Stripes and Other American Flags, Peleg D. Harrison, p. 62.

Ordering the Flag Made

So they needed another flag—a real liberty flag. In June, 1776, only a few weeks before the great Declaration, a committee of three persons, General Washington, Robert Morris (who afterwards became the money manager of the Revolution) and Colonel George Ross, called on Mrs. Ross, the widow of Colonel Ross's nephew, to have a banner made. The members of the committee had evidently availed themselves of the advice of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, for he was interested in flags and had been chairman of the previous flag committee. Washington and his

friends seemed to have a pretty good idea of what they wanted.

It has been shown how the idea of the Stars and Stripes had been growing up among all the queer designs that had been flung to the breezes during those years of turmoil and trouble with the Mother Country. The thirteen colonies had often been represented, on sea and land, by thirteen stripes, and sometimes by thirteen white stars in a blue sky or field. These stars were generally five-pointed. The committee seems to have agreed upon placing the thirteen stars in a circle, in a blue canton. Washington, in his drawing, had made the stars six-pointed, it is said, because he wanted to make the stars *different* from those in his own coat-of-arms, which were five-pointed! It is often stated that Washington secured the design for our flag from his own coat-of-arms. No doubt Franklin suggested this also. But there had been several flags made of thirteen stripes, and quite a number of star standards appeared about this time. If his coat-of-arms had really resembled the flag, that would have been the very reason why Washington would *not* have allowed it to be copied. He was not that kind of a man. There is nothing that can be quoted from what Washington ever said or wrote, of all that is left to us, that even hints at such an idea. Indeed, much that he wrote seems rather to contradict the notion of his copying his coat-of-arms. . . .

When General Washington and his secret or self-appointed committee needed some one to make up the flag they had planned, they naturally went to the bright and skillful young "Widow Ross," as she was sometimes called. Besides, Betsy was a niece, by marriage, of Colonel Ross, one of the so-called committee. Washington laid the design before the blooming young woman, with his accustomed gallantry. When Mrs. Ross saw the six-pointed star in the drawing, she took a piece of paper, folded it, made one snip of the scissors, unfolded it and smilingly held up a perfect five-pointed star.

The men were delighted with her deftness and skill, and felt that the bright little woman was just the right person to whom to entrust the making of the wonderful new flag. They told her what they desired—thirteen red and white stripes, with the red at the top and bottom of the flag, which would make seven red stripes and six white. The canton to be a blue square, extending from the top down over the seven bars and stopping at the eighth, a white stripe. In this blue field was a circle of thirteen white stars. The description given by Congress was of "a constellation," or a group of stars. The story is told that John Adams wished to have the stars arranged in the form of the star-group, Lyra, which is the shape of a lyre or harp, as there were just thirteen stars in that constellation. But they could not arrange it to look well, so they decided on the circle of stars. As there is no end to a circle, they hoped that the new nation that they were trying to organize would also be without end—that it would live until the end of time.

The Story of the American Flag, Wayne Whipple, p. 44.

Stars and Stripes Not from Washington's Coat-of-arms

That neither the stars nor stripes were derived from the Washington coat-of-arms is shown by Washington himself, in a grand sentiment on our national flag, which he gave in these words:

"We take the star from Heaven, the red from our mother country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty."

It will be noticed that the suggestion expressed elsewhere, that the stripes on the continental Union Flag, the immediate predecessor of our national emblem, may have been formed by placing six white stripes across the red ensign of the United Kingdom, accords with what Washington said.

Historian Benson J. Lossing would never believe that the Washington arms were the beginning of the flag, and so expressed himself in a letter to Thomas Gibbons. He thought the stripes may have been suggested by the flag of the English East India Company, with which the colonists in the seaports had long been familiar.

The Stars and Stripes and Other American Flags, Peleg D. Harrison, p. 58.

Drawing up and Discussing the Declaration

On the first day of July, 1776, with Benjamin Harrison in the chair, the resolution was brought up for action. The DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE had been drawn up by Thomas Jefferson, who had been appointed chairman of the committee. He was a very young man at this time, a delegate from Virginia, not very much of a speaker, though his pen had already become known not only as that of a "ready writer" but of an able writer as well. Jefferson had desired John Adams to draw up the documents; but Adams, as far-sighted as he had been when he had secured the appointment of Washington as commander-in-chief of the army, and for very much the same reasons, insisted upon his young colleague doing the work. In his autobiography John Adams gave the following reasons for declining to do the work, and for his insistence that Jefferson should do it:

"1. That he was a Virginian and I a Massachusetten-sian. 2. That he was a Southern man and I a Northern one. 3. That I had been so obnoxious for my early and constant zeal in promoting the measure, that every draft of mine would undergo a more severe scrutiny and criticism in Congress than one of his composition. 4. And lastly, and that would be reason enough if there were no other, I had a great opinion of the elegance of his pen and none at all of my own. I therefore insisted that no hesitation should be made on his part. He accordingly took the minutes, and in a day or two produced me his draft."

Richard Henry Lee, [who had made the motion for the Declaration] was absent on that first day of July, owing to the illness in his family, and John Adams was called upon to defend the resolution he had seconded. Perhaps he was not the fiery, magnetic speaker that Lee was, but he was a man of greater intellect, and his speech was a powerful one. Doubtless many of those who are reading this page have declaimed in their school days portions of that speech, or supposed portions, before admiring audiences, and have declared that "sink or swim, survive or perish," they were unhesitatingly in favor of independence. Samuel Adams of Massachusetts, Dr. Witherspoon of New Jersey, Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, and others also spoke warmly in its favor.

The resolution was opposed by some, for what measure ever yet existed to which all men agreed? The strongest speech in opposition was made by John Dickinson, who brought forward points that in one form or another have been urged against every new movement since the world began.

"The country would not be any stronger, proposed alliances with France, Spain, or other foreign nations were all uncertain. There would be no hope of future favors from Great Britain. The colonies themselves had no settled government, and first all these details should be arranged, and *then* America might take her place among the nations of the world"—all of which was not without weight, but after all was very much like the consent of the anxious mother for her boy to enter the water *after* he had learned to swim; or telling a young teacher or physician that he will be employed *after* he shall have had some experience. Learning comes by experience, and centuries ago a writer declared that all such reasons as those advanced by John Dickinson against any movement which of itself *was right*, would usually prevent the measure itself from being entered upon. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

The resolution declaring the colonies to be free and

independent was unanimously adopted on the *second day of July, 1776*. Nine colonies the preceding day had voted in favor of it. New York was silent because . . . her delegate had not been instructed. Pennsylvania voted nay, and so did South Carolina. Delaware also was counted in the negative, although one of her delegates cast his vote in favor of adopting the resolution. The final vote was unanimous, at least as far as twelve colonies were concerned, for the New York delegates, though not opposed to it, did not feel that they ought to vote for it.

The form drawn up by Jefferson was modified and slightly changed, and after a full discussion, was adopted, July 4th, 1776.

A Short History of the American Revolution, Everett Tomlinson, p. 89.

[Washington returned to New York, June 6, 1776.]

A Badly Armed, Undisciplined, Disorderly Rabble

The patriot military forces of New York, when General Howe first arrived, were only about ten thousand. His delay of nearly two months allowed them the opportunity to increase this number. Enthusiasm and rumors soon had their numbers up to forty-five thousand or fifty thousand. It had seemed to both the patriots and their Congress that before long they must surely have that number. Many expected more. But by the actual returns made by Washington, his forces, all told, were only 20,275. Of these the sick were so numerous that those fit for duty were only about fourteen thousand. The large sick-list was apparently the result of shockingly unsanitary conditions, which for long afterwards were characteristic of the patriot camps; and in winter they were always afflicted with the smallpox. Besides disease which was so prevalent among them, they were a most badly armed, undisciplined, disorderly rabble, marauding on the inhabitants and committing all kinds of irregularities. Except a few troops, like Smallwood's Marylanders, they were for the most part merely a collection

of squads of farmers and militia bringing with them the guns they had in their houses.

The True Story of the American Revolution, Sydney George Fisher, p. 309.

Conspiracy to Kill or Kidnap Washington

The great aim of the British, at present, was to get possession of New York and the Hudson, and make them the basis of military operations. This they hoped to effect on the arrival of a powerful armament, hourly expected, and designed for operations on the seaboard.

At this critical juncture there was an alarm of a conspiracy among the Tories in the city and on Long Island, suddenly to take up arms and co-operate with the British troops on their arrival. The wildest reports were in circulation concerning it. Some of the Tories were to break down the King's Bridge, others were to blow up the magazines, spike the guns, and massacre all the field-officers. Washington was to be killed or delivered up to the enemy. Some of his own body-guard were said to be in the plot.

Corbie's tavern, near Washington's quarters, was a kind of rendezvous of the conspirators. There one Gilbert Forbes, a gunsmith, "a short, thick man, with a white coat," enlisted men, gave them money, and "swore them on the book to secrecy." From this house a correspondence was kept up with Governor Tryon on shipboard through a "mulatto-colored negro, dressed in blue clothes." At this tavern it was supposed Washington's body-guards were tampered with. Thomas Hickey, one of the guards, a dark-complexioned man, five feet six inches high, and well set, was said not only to be enlisted, but to have aided in corrupting his comrades; among others, Greene the drummer, and Johnson the fifer.

It was further testified before the committee, that one Sergeant Graham, an old soldier, formerly of the royal artillery, had been employed by Governor Tryon to prowl round and survey the grounds and works about the city,

and on Long Island, and that, on information thus procured, a plan of operations had been concerted. On the arrival of the fleet, a man-of-war should cannonade the battery at Red Hook; while that was doing, a detachment of the army should land below with cannon, and by a circuitous march surprise and storm the works on Long Island. The shipping then, with the remainder of the army, were to divide, one part to run up the Hudson, the other up the East River; troops were to land above New York, secure the pass at King's Bridge, and cut off all communications between city and country.

Much of the evidence given was of a dubious kind. It was certain that persons had been secretly enlisted, and sworn to hostile operations, but Washington did not think that any regular plan had been digested by the conspirators.

"The matter," writes he, "I am in hopes, by a timely discovery, will be suppressed."

According to the mayor's own admission before the committee, he had been cognizant of attempts to enlist Tories and corrupt Washington's guards, though he declared that he had discountenanced them. He had, on one occasion, also, at the request of Governor Tryon, paid money for him to Gilbert Forbes, the gunsmith, for rifles and round-bored guns which he had already furnished, and for others he was to make. He had done so, however (according to his account), with great reluctance, and after much hesitation and delay, warning the gunsmith that he would be hanged if found out. The mayor, with a number of others, was detained in prison to await a trial.

Thomas Hickey, the individual of Washington's guard, was tried before a court-martial. He was an Irishman and had been a deserter from the British army. The court-martial found him guilty of mutiny and sedition, and treacherous correspondence with the enemy, and sentenced him to be hanged.

The sentence was approved by Washington, and was car-

ried promptly into effect, in the most solemn and impressive manner, to serve as a warning and an example in this time of treachery and danger. On the morning of June 28th, all the officers and men off duty, belonging to the brigades of Heath, Spencer, Stirling and Scott, assembled under arms at their respective parades at 10 o'clock, and marched thence to the grounds. Twenty men from each brigade, with bayonets fixed, guarded the prisoner to the place of execution, which was a field near the Bowery Lane. There he was hanged in the presence, we are told, of near twenty thousand persons.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 289.

"A Most Barbarous and Infernal Plot"

"Since Friday last, a most barbarous and infernal plot has been discovered among the Tories in New York. Two of General Washington's guards are concerned; a third whom they tempted to join them made the first discovery. The general report of their design is as follows: Upon the arrival of the British troops, they were to murder all the staff-officers, blow up the magazines, and secure all the passes of the town. Gilbert Forbes, a gunsmith in the Broadway, was taken between two and three o'clock on Saturday morning and carried before our Congress who were then sitting. He refused to make any discovery, upon which he was sent to jail. The Reverend Mr. Livingston went to see him early in the morning, and told him he was very sorry to find he had been concerned, that his time was very short, not having above three days to live, and advised him to prepare himself. This had the desired effect; and he requested to be carried before Congress again, promising to discover all he knew. Several have since been taken; between twenty and thirty, among them the mayor. They are all now in confinement. Their party, it is said, consisted of about five hundred."

[Two other extracts from newspapers of the time will

explain the methods employed by the angry soldiers to protect their leader and bring the leaders to justice.]

"Yesterday (23) the mayor was examined twice, and returned prisoner under a strong guard. We have now thirty-four prisoners, and many more, it is expected, will be taken up. A party of our men went over to Long Island on Saturday last to take up some of the Tories; they returned yesterday, and brought to town one Downing, who is charged with being in the hellish plot. They took six more prisoners and put them in Jamaica jail, on Long Island. The Tories made some resistance, and fired on our men in the woods; our men then returned the fire, wounding one man mortally; they then called for quarter."

"This forenoon (June 28) was executed in a field between the Colonels M'Dougall and Huntington's camp, near the Bowery-Lane, New York, in the presence of near twenty thousand spectators, a soldier belonging to his Excellency General Washington's guards, for mutiny and conspiracy; being one of these who formed, and was soon to have put in execution, that horrid plot of assassinating the staff-officers, blowing up the magazines, and securing the passes of the town on the arrival of the hungry ministerial myrmidons. During the execution, Kip, the moon-curser, suddenly sank down and expired instantly."

Pennsylvania Journal, (newspaper) accounts.

In a Board of Treasury, Flying Camp, and Barn Hospital

Having received a plain education and left a good home, I determined to try my fortune in a strange place and support myself, independent of friends, whom I was to leave, and who were as opulent as the farmers of that day generally were. I soon discovered, after taking my station in office, on a salary of five hundred dollars per annum, that there was little difficulty in the way of success. Soon after this appointment I was, with the other clerks in the different offices, appointed a signer of Continental money in

order to help our salaries; this was of great service. We continued to sign the bills until a hundred dollar note would scarcely give a hearty man a dinner; but the signing answered the purpose for the time being and I was thankful.

I continued with the Board of Treasury, then occupying a house at the corner of Fourth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, very differently organized from what it is now at the city of Washington.

Previous to my settlement in this city, or thought of doing so, to wit, in the spring of 1776, Congress resolved, at the request of General Washington, to raise, for the short time of six months, an auxiliary force to be denominated a Flying Camp, to be dressed in hunting shirts, which was soon accomplished, composed mostly of young men. A near relative of mine obtained a commission of lieutenant; he being at that time a stripling of a boy, but full of zeal, he prevailed on his brother and myself to enlist in his company, promising me the appointment of sergeant. Elated with the idea of being a soldier I at once signed the articles and prepared to join the company at their rendezvous at Chester Town. The regiment, commanded by Colonel William Richardson, was soon completed, and was ready to march by the first of July, and were ordered to Fort Washington in the North [Hudson] River, twelve miles above the city of New York.

It so happened that we reached that city on the Fourth of July, being the anniversary of my own birth, as well as the day Congress, then in session, declared the United States free and independent—a glorious day long to be remembered. Before ten days had expired (from taking up the line of march), we were safely encamped at Fort Washington, our place of destination, a short time before the British fleet, commanded by Admiral Lord Howe, and the army, by Sir Henry Clinton, appeared off Sandy Hook, and took possession of the city of New York. . . . Fort Washington [was] on Manhattan and Fort Lee, on the

Jersey shore, directly opposite. Fort Washington had a garrison of one thousand men commanded by Colonel McDougall.

The soldiers belonging to the regiment to which I belonged, being thinly clad in hunting shirts, became very sickly as the fall approached. As I was well and active, I was ordered over to Hackensack, in Jersey, in charge of all the invalids belonging to the regiment, and succeeded in securing good quarters in a large barn, belonging to a farmer close by; I took quarters myself in the family owning said farm, who treated me with great kindness during my sojourn. I had the misfortune to bury the most of my companions far from their own home, yet [I was] not dismayed. Before the army retired into winter quarters, and the Flying Camp discharged, myself and those who survived (our time being about to expire) wended our way back to our native homes much fatigued and discouraged.

Reminiscences, in manuscript, of Cornelius 'Comegys, through courtesy of his great-grandson, G. Albert Smyth.

How the Declaration Was Received in New York

Washington hailed the Declaration with joy. It is true, it was but a formal recognition of a state of things which had long existed, but it put an end to all those temporizing hopes of reconciliation which had clogged the military action of the country.

On the 9th of July, he caused it to be read at six o'clock in the evening, at the head of each brigade of the army. "The general hopes," said he in his orders, "that this important event will serve as a fresh incentive to every officer and soldier, to act with fidelity and courage, as knowing that now the peace and safety of his country depend, under God, solely on the success of our arms; and that he is now in the service of a state, possessed of sufficient power to reward his merit, and advance him to the highest honors of a free country."



from the Engraving by J. McGowan.

ANNOUNCING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE FROM THE STEPS OF
INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

The excitable populace of New York were not content with the ringing of bells to proclaim their joy. There was a leaden statue of George III in the Bowling Green, in front of the fort. Since kingly rule is at an end, why retain its effigy? On the same evening, therefore, the statue was pulled down amid the shouts of the multitude, and broken up to be run into bullets "to be used in the cause of independence."

Some of the soldiery having been implicated in this popular effervescence, Washington censured it in general orders, as having much the appearance of a riot and a want of discipline, and the army was forbidden to indulge in any irregularities of the kind. It was his constant effort to inspire his countrymen in arms with his own elevated ideas of the cause in which they were engaged, and to make them feel that it was no ordinary warfare, admitting of vulgar passions and perturbations. "The general hopes and trusts," said he, "that every officer and man will endeavor so to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 305.

Statue of George III Melted into Bullets

The New Yorkers, now that they knew something definite about their political status, made themselves entirely equal to the situation by such means as are usually employed by civilians on patriotic occasions; that is, they hurrahed, rang bells, and built bonfires.

But neither the resolution, the Declaration, the general order, nor the enthusiasm secured Washington the re-enforcements that he so greatly needed. The works in and opposite the city and at Fort Washington, on the upper end of Manhattan Island, did not prevent two warships from sailing up the Hudson, frightening the city nearly into hysterics as they passed, and making themselves at home in that wide portion of the river known as Haverstraw

Bay. This naval venture, however, had the good effects of stimulating activity on all the defenses along the Hudson and causing Washington to send George Clinton, a militia brigadier of great ability, to discipline the Tories up the river.

About this time the occupation of being a Tory was almost as uncomfortable as that of being commander-in-chief; but this fact did not cause Washington to comport himself sympathetically towards the king's friends. The Tories meant well, at the start; their only fault was, that they were so loyal to the king that their hearts were too much for their heads. Had they remained neutral in word and act, they would have had no trouble; but as talk, all theories to the contrary notwithstanding, is the ruling passion of humanity, their tongues wagged incessantly, and, being compelled to play a double part in order to show their loyalty to one side and save their property from the other, they rapidly developed into the most accomplished and exasperating liars that the country had yet known.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 102.

"The Times That Try Men's Souls"

Franklin's faith all through "the times that try men's souls" (as Thomas Paine wrote concerning this very crisis) was ever cheerful. During those days of poverty and disaster he never lost hope. When he heard bad news he exclaimed: "It will come all right in the end." He proved his sincerity by putting \$15,000 (the amount awarded him by the Pennsylvania Assembly) into the cause of liberty—devoting the people's gift to their country's good.

When it was too late the English ministers began to see that they had blundered. Soon after the Declaration of Independence, Lord Howe wrote to Franklin advising a conference which should bring about a reconciliation between Mother England and her daughter in America. Franklin wrote back:

"Long did I endeavor, with unfeigned and unwearied zeal, to preserve from breaking that fine and noble China vase, the British Empire; for I knew that, once broken, the separate parts could not retain even their share of the strength or value that existed in the whole, and that a perfect reunion of their parts could scarce ever be hoped for."

At a conference which took place between Lord Howe, representing England, and Franklin, John Adams and Edward Rutledge, for the colonies, Lord Howe expressed a deep fraternal feeling for them saying, "If America should fail, I should feel and lament it like the loss of a brother."

Franklin bowed and calmly said: "We will do our utmost endeavor to spare your lordship that mortification."

The Franklin Story-Calendar, Wayne Whipple, November 13 to 26, 1910.

"Unpack His Heart with Words?"

In the summer of 1776, at New York, when he was at the head of the Army of the Revolution, the following appeared among the General Orders of August 3d:

"The General is sorry to be informed, that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

Is it probable, nay, is it possible, that the author of these orders ever lost or forgot the character and principles of his youth and manhood from which they came, so that in later years he became accustomed to

"unpack *his* heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,"

or emphasize the utterances of excited passion with habitual profanity? I think not!

Libels on Washington, Geo. H. Moore, p. 6.

"George Washington, Esq., etc., etc."

"We expect a bloody summer in New York and Canada," wrote General Washington to his brother, after his return to New York. . . .

British men-of-war began to arrive in New York Harbor and to land soldiers by thousands on Staten Island. General Howe and his brother, Lord Howe, on their arrival, found Washington in possession of New York and two small forts, named for the two generals, Washington and Lee, were built above the city on opposite sides of the Hudson, to prevent the British fleet from ascending that wide stream. But Washington's ever vanishing forces were inadequate to guard and hold New York and the surrounding country, separated as it was by great rivers. Lord Howe had come with full pardoning powers from King George. He tried to open communication with the commander-in-chief of the colonial army, sending a messenger with a letter addressed to "Mr." Washington. This General Washington's secretary refused to receive. Then an officer arrived at Washington's headquarters with a communication for "George Washington, Esq., etc., etc." Though the officer was received with careful courtesy this letter also was declined.

"But the 'etc., etc.,' implies *everything*," protested the bearer of it.

"It may also mean *anything*!" said Washington, laughing.

Then he added that the "pardoning power" of Lord Howe would be of no avail, for there was nothing to pardon, and, in fact, no pardon had been asked.

Of course, the form of address on a letter was a trifling thing—but Washington comprehended that he represented

the rising young republic, and England must be made to realize this. Lord Howe, at least, recognized Washington's character and the justice of his claim to courteous treatment, which Gage had been incapable of seeing, for he wrote back to England that they might as well give "General" Washington his proper title. But nothing came of the Howes' attempted negotiations to end the war.

Washington's army was now drawn from a wider range of territory than that of New England and the South. Of the difficulties besetting the young commander, John Adams once said:

"It requires more serenity of temper, a deeper understanding, and more courage than fell to the lot of Marlborough, to ride in this whirlwind."

The Washington Story-Calendar, Wayne Whipple, September 4 to 10, 1910.

CHAPTER XV

DEFEATS AND RETREATS

General Howe Turns the Tables

Howe and his brother were experienced military commanders. They had the aid of Clinton and Cornwallis, both of whom were good generals, and over thirty thousand well armed soldiers—men who fought for a living—while Washington had less than eighteen thousand, most of whom knew nothing of war, while many had no muskets to fight with. On the other hand, Washington had the advantage of position. He not only held the city and the forts on the Hudson, but he had possession of Brooklyn Heights on Long Island directly opposite the city on the south. General Howe, with his army, was on Staten Island. He saw that if he could take Brooklyn Heights, and plant his cannon there, he could drive Washington out of New York, just as Washington, by seizing Dorchester Heights, had driven him out of Boston.

General Putnam was in command of the Heights with a force of nine thousand men. Believing that the British meant to attack him, he sent about half his force to meet the enemy. The British, twenty thousand strong, or nearly five to one of the Americans, came across from Staten Island and landing on the southwestern shore of Long Island began their march toward the Heights. They soon met and defeated the little army sent against them, in what was called the battle of Long Island (August 27, 1776). They then got ready to besiege Putnam.

Putnam with his whole army would certainly have been captured if it had not been for Washington's energy and skill. During the night a dense fog came up. Washington

took advantage of it and succeeded in getting all the men across the river in boats to New York. In the morning, when the British commander stretched out his hand to take the "nest of rebels," as he called it, he got the nest indeed, but it was empty—the birds had flown.

The Leading Facts of American History, D. H. Montgomery, p. 170.

The Masterly Retreat from Long Island

The next day brought the heavy rain with which a merciful Providence almost invariably blesses the wounded and weary after a great battle. There was some skirmishing and cannonading, and an appearance of intention to carry the works by regular approach. A heavy fog enveloped everything on the 28th, but when it lifted for a moment there were business indications about the fleet off Staten Island. As there was nothing to prevent the ships doing in East River as the enemy had done between the two lines two days before, a council of war determined to evacuate the Long Island lines. In spite of the fog, all water craft on both rivers were brought around to the Brooklyn ferry landing by dark. . . . On their arrival, they were manned by the Marblehead fishermen and sailors who composed an entire Massachusetts regiment, while Washington, who, like all other sensible men, had learned that the only way to have a thing done to suit him was to do it himself, superintended the embarkation. General Mifflin, with eight hundred fresh troops and the remnants of three regiments that had suffered severely in the recent engagement, manned the lines, while the remaining eight thousand men, with all their stores and *impedimenta*, retreated, to the ferry, the rear being covered by a few light guns commanded by Captain Alexander Hamilton, who later became one of the biggest guns in the American political field. . . .

Mifflin went back to the lines, and held them until his own retreat was ordered, when his detachment quietly

and safely crossed the river, Washington himself moving with the extreme rear. About this time the Reliable Contraband makes his first appearance in American military history. He was sent by his owner, residing near the ferry, to inform the British of the retreat, but he struck a Hessian outpost; the Hessians did not understand English, much less Congo-Brooklyn-English, and the man and brother had not enjoyed the modern opportunities of his race for attending universities and studying German, so he was put under guard till daylight, and when he finally made himself understood and the British hurried to the ferry, they secured only an independent rear guard of three thieves. . . .

Blame for the defeat on Long Island has been heaped upon numerous people who did not deserve any share in it; Greene has been charged with the full responsibility for the pass at the left of the ridge being unguarded, although he had not, up to the time he fell sick, been able to do much more than look to his inner line. Putman and Sullivan have been blamed, although neither knew the ground. Washington, as commander-in-chief, has been blamed for everything connected with the affair, except the existence of Long Island. The author of this volume stakes his reputation, as a military critic, on the opinion that the blame really and exclusively belongs to Lord Howe, who had altogether too many men to allow the Americans a fair show. *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum!* The credit for the retreat has been almost equally divided between Washington and Providence, which is about the square thing, for although Providence is the sole supplier of heavy fogs in East River, . . . it was Washington who availed himself of the heaven-sent covering.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 111.

In a Tempest of Anger at Kip's Bay

Washington, looking beyond the confusion of the moment, saw that he had gained much by delay, and had his



Engraved by Ridgway from the Original by Chappel.

LORD STIRLING AT THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND

own plan well defined. He wrote: "We have not only delayed the operations of the campaign till it is too late to effect any capital incursion into the country, but have drawn the enemy's forces to one point. . . . It would be presumption to draw out our young troops into open ground against their superiors both in number and discipline, and I have never spared the spade and pick-axe." Every one else, however, saw only past defeat and present peril.

The British ships gradually made their way up the river, until it became apparent that they intended to surround and cut off the American army. Washington made preparations to withdraw, but uncertainty of information came near rendering his precautions futile. September 15th the men-of-war opened fire, and troops were landed near Kip's Bay. The militia in the breastworks at that point had been at Brooklyn and gave way at once, communicating their panic to two Connecticut regiments. Washington, galloping down to the scene of battle, came upon the disordered and flying troops. He dashed in among them, but even while he was trying to rally them they broke again on the appearance of some sixty or seventy of the enemy, and ran in all directions. In a tempest of anger Washington drew his pistols, struck the fugitives with his sword, and was only forced from the field by one of his officers seizing the bridle of his horse and dragging him away from the British, now within a hundred yards of the spot.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 163.

"No Time for the Army to Lose Their General"

On September 15, a group of horsemen, occupying a slight eminence of ground on the island of Manhattan, were gazing eastward. Below and nearer the water were spread lines of soldiers behind intrenchments, while from three men-of-war lying in the river came a heavy cannonade

that swept the shore line and spread over the water a pall of smoke which, as it drifted to leeward, obscured the Long Island shore from view.

" 'Tis evidently a feint, your Excellency," presently asserted one of the observers, "to cover a genuine attack elsewhere—most likely above the Haarlem."

The person addressed—a man with an anxious, careworn face that made him look fifty at least—lowered his glass, but did not reply for some moments. "You may be right, sir," he remarked, "though to me it has the air of an intended attack. What think you, Reed?"

"I agree with Mifflin. The attack will be higher up. Hah! Look there!"

A rift had come in the smoke, and a column of boats, moving with well-timed oars, could for a moment be seen as it came forward.

"They intend a landing at Kip's Bay, as I surmised," exclaimed the general. "Gentlemen, we shall be needed below." He turned to Reed and gave him an order concerning reinforcements, then wheeled, and, followed by the rest, trotted over the plowed field. Once on the highway, he spurred his horse, putting him to a sharp canter. . .

The road lay in the hollow of the land, and not till the party reached a slight rise were they able once more to get a glimpse of the shores of the bay. Then it was to find the flotilla well in toward its intended landing-place, and the American troops retreating in great disorder from their breastworks.

Exclamations of surprise and dismay sprang from the lips of the riders, and their leader, turning his horse, jumped the fence and galloped across the field to intercept the fugitives. Five minutes brought them up to the runaways, who, out of breath with the sharpness of their race, had come to a halt, and were being formed by their officers into a little less disorder.

"General Fellows, what is the reason for this shameful

retreat?" demanded the general, when within speaking distance.

"The men were seized with a panic on the approach of the boats, your Excellency, and could not be held in the lines."

Washington faced the regiments, his face blazing with scorn. "You ran before a shot had been fired! Before you had lost a man you deserted the works that have taken many weeks to build, and which could be held against any such force." He paused for a moment, and then, drawing his sword, called with spirit: "Who's for recovering them?"

A faint cheer passed down the lines; but almost as it sounded, the red coats of fifty or sixty light infantry came into view on the road, a skirmishing party thrown forward from the landing to reconnoiter. Had they been Howe's whole army, however, they could not have proved more effective, for instantly the two brigades broke and dissolved once more into squads of flying men.

At such cowardice, Washington lost all control of himself, and, dashing in among the fugitives, he passionately struck right and left with the flat of his sword, thundering curses at them; while Putnam and Mifflin, as well as the aides, followed his example. It was hopeless, however, to stay the rush; the men took the blows and curses unheeding while throwing away their guns and scattering in every direction.

Made frantic by such conduct, Washington wheeled his horse. "Charge!" he cried, and rode toward the enemy, waving his sword.

If the commander-in-chief hoped to put some of his own courage into the troops by his example he failed. Not a man of the runaways ceased fleeing. None the less, as if regardless of consequences in his desperation, Washington rode on, until one of the aides dashed his spurs into his horse and came up beside his general at a mad gallop.

"Your Excellency!" he cried, "'tis but hopeless, and

will end but in—" Then, as his superior did not heed him, he seized the left rein of his horse's bridle, and, pulling on it, swung him about in a large circle, letting go his hold only when they were riding away from the enemy.

Washington offered no resistance, and rode the hundred yards to where the rest of his staff were standing, with bowed head. Nothing was said as he rejoined the group, and Blueskin, disappointed in the charge for which he had shown as much eagerness as his rider, let his mind recur to thoughts of oats; finding no control in the hand that held his bridle, he set out at an easy trot toward headquarters.

"Get you some supper, gentlemen," he ordered, to such of his aides as were still of his party, "for 'tis likely that you will have more riding when the council have deliberated."

"'Tis advice he might take himself to proper advantage," said one of the juniors, while they were stripping off their wet coverings in a side room.

"Aye," asserted Brereton. "The general uses us hard, Tilghman, but he uses himself harder."

The make-shift meal was still unfinished, when the general's body-servant appeared with tea. Taking it, Brereton marched boldly to the council door, and, giving a knock, went in without awaiting a reply.

The group of anxious-faced men about the table looked up, and Washington, with a frown, demanded, "For what do you interrupt us, sir?"

The young officer put the tea down on the map lying in front of the general. "Billy didn't dare take this to your Excellency, so I made bold e'en to bring it myself."

"This is no time for tea, Colonel Brereton."

"'Tis no time for the army to lose their general," replied the aide. "I pray you drink it, sir, for our sake, if you won't for your own."

A kindly look supplanted the sternness of the previous

moment on the general's face. "I thank you for your thoughtfulness, Brereton," he said, raising the cup and pouring some of the steaming drink into the saucer.

Janice Meredith, Paul Leicester Ford, p. 154.

"I Can Only Regret That I Have but One Life"

Washington, as we know, at this time had been in great perplexity as to what the next movements of the British would be, and after consulting with his officers it was decided that some trusty man must be sent as a spy to Long Island to learn of the movements and plans of the British army.

Colonel Knowlton, whose regiment was known as "Congress's Own," and was composed of very sterling men, was directed to select some suitable man for the task, and his choice fell upon young Captain Nathan Hale of Connecticut, who, provided with passes and letters by Washington that would be helpful among all the armed vessels of the Americans, soon afterward crossed to Long Island, where he made many notes and sketches, and then prepared to recross the Sound to his friends. But as the old story runs, he was recognized by a relative who was a very bitter Tory, and at once was turned over to General Howe. Without even the form of a trial he was sent to Cunningham, the provost marshal, a man whose deeds make him one of the most justly detested men in our history, with orders for his execution.

Even at this time Cunningham showed his true nature, for he . . . refused young Hale permission to read his Bible or have a word with a clergyman before his death. Even the tender letters he had, by permission of Howe, written his mother were destroyed, and Nathan Hale was speedily hanged from an apple tree in an orchard that grew near the present East Broadway. The last words of the brave young martyr were, "I can only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

The tragic death of Nathan Hale created a feeling of intense anger among the Continentals. The brutality and cold-blooded cruelty that attended it increased the fear of the wavering, and strengthened the determination of those who already were committed to the cause of the new nation.

A Short History of the American Revolution, Everett Tomlinson, p. 120.

A Short, Sharp Action at White Plains

Meanwhile the days slipped along, and Washington waited on the Harlem Plains, planning descents on Long Island, and determining to make a desperate stand where he was, unless the situation decidedly changed. Then the situation did change, as neither he nor any one else apparently had anticipated. The British war-ships came up the Hudson past the forts, brushing aside our boasted obstructions, destroying our little fleet, and getting command of the river. Then General Howe landed at Frog's Point, where he was checked for the moment by the good disposition of Heath, under Washington's direction. These two events made it evident that the situation of the American army was full of peril, and that retreat was again necessary. Such certainly was the conclusion of the council of war, on [Oct.] 16th, acting this time in agreement with their chief. Six days Howe lingered on Frog's Point, bringing up stores or artillery or something; it matters little now why he tarried. Suffice it that he waited, and gave six days to his opponent. They were of little value to Howe, but they were of inestimable worth to Washington, who employed them in getting everything in readiness, in holding his council of war, and then on the 17th in moving deliberately off to very strong ground at White Plains. On his way he fought two or three slight, sharp and successful skirmishes with the British. Sir William followed closely, but with much caution, having now a dull glimmer in his mind that at the head of the raw troops in front of him was a man with whom it was not safe to be entirely careless.

On the 28th, Howe came up to Washington's position, and found the Americans quite equal in numbers, strongly intrenched, and waiting his attack with confidence. He hesitated, doubted, and finally feeling that he must do something, sent four thousand men to storm Chatterton Hill, an outlying post, where some fourteen hundred Americans were stationed. There was a short, sharp action, and then the Americans retreated in good order to the main army, having lost less than half as many men as their opponents. With caution now much enlarged, Howe sent for reinforcements, and waited two days. The third day it rained, and on the fourth Howe found that Washington had withdrawn to a higher and quite impregnable line of hills, where he held all the passes in the rear and awaited a second attack. Howe contemplated the situation for two or three days longer, and then broke camp and withdrew to Dobbs Ferry. Such were the great results of the victory of Long Island, two wasted months, and the American army still untouched.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 168.

"If We Do Meet Again—Why, We Shall Smile"

Lee was evidently elevated by his successes at the South, and disposed to criticise disparagingly the military operations of other commanders. In a letter, written on the day of his arrival, to his old associate in arms, General Gates, he condemns the position of the army, and censures Washington for submitting to the dictation of Congress, whose meddlesome instructions had produced it. "*Inter nos,*" writes he, "the Congress seems to stumble at every step. I do not mean one or two of the cattle but the whole stable. I have been very free in delivering my opinion to them. In my opinion General Washington is much to blame in not menacing 'em with resignation, unless they refrain from unhinging the army by their absurd interference. Adieu, my dear friend; if we do meet again—why, we shall smile."

In the meantime, Congress, on the 11th of October, having heard of the ingress of the *Phoenix*, *Roebuck* and *Tartar*, passed a resolution that General Washington be desired, if it be practicable, by every art, and at whatever expense, to obstruct effectually the navigation of the North River between Fort Washington and Mount Constitution as well to prevent the egress of the enemy's vessels lately gone up as to hinder them from receiving succors.

Under so many conflicting circumstances, Washington held a council of war on the 16th, at Lee's headquarters.

Letters from the convention and from individual members of it were read, concerning the turbulence of the disaffected in the upper parts of the States; intelligence gained from deserters was likewise stated, showing the intention of the enemy to surround the camp.

After much consideration and debate, all agreed, with but one dissenting voice, that it was not possible to prevent the communication from being cut off, and that one of the consequences mentioned in the question must follow.

As the resolve of Congress seemed imperative with regard to Fort Washington, that post, it was agreed, should be "retained as long as possible."

A strong garrison was accordingly placed in it, and solemnly charged by Washington to defend it to the last extremity. The name of the opposite post on the Jersey shore, where Greene was stationed, was changed from Fort Constitution to Fort Lee, in honor of the General. Lee, in fact, was the military idol of the day. Even the family of the commander-in-chief joined in paying him homage. Colonel Tench Tilghman, Washington's aide-de-camp, in a letter to a friend, writes: "You ask if General Lee is in health, and our people bold. I answer both in the affirmative. His appearance among us has contributed not a little to the latter."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 441.

"Perhaps to Lose My Character"

Howe, like most other genial gentlemen, was extremely lazy, so instead of hurrying into New Jersey, cutting off Washington and capturing Philadelphia, all of which he might have done with half of his force, he lingered to capture Fort Washington, which was neither useful, dangerous nor ornamental. Washington got as far south on the Palisades in time to observe the capture of the fort bearing his name, and to see the fort's defenders, who had not learned how to surrender according to German rule, bayoneted in great numbers by the Hessians while asking for quarter. Instead of swearing at Congress or condemning Greene's soul to the final abode of the wicked,—for both Congress and Greene had opposed Washington's desire to abandon the fort—the self-contained commander-in-chief burst into tears, thus proving anew his rare ability for doing the right thing at the right time.

The loss of the fort deprived Washington of three thousand troops, and the time of nearly all the remainder of the army would expire within a fortnight; two thousand men on each side of the Hudson was Washington's own estimate of the regular troops that would remain. No wonder, then, that he wrote his brother, regarding the delay of Congress in "engaging men upon such terms as would insure success," that he was "wearied almost to death with the retrograde motion of things, and I solemnly protest that a pecuniary reward of twenty thousand pounds a year would not induce me to undergo what I do, and after all, perhaps to lose my character, as it is impossible, under such a variety of distressing circumstances, to conduct matters agreeably to the public expectations."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 124.

Six Weeks after the Battle of Long Island

Such was the status of the war six weeks after the battle of Long Island; Washington was merely on the de-

fensive in a position not hard to turn or even surround; that the British must sooner or later compel him to abandon his position would have been evident to any soldier of ordinary experience in strategy, but Washington was not that sort of a man, as yet, and even Greene, his ablest lieutenant, did not realize the army's danger. Lee *en route* from the south, although no patriot, was a better soldier; he comprehended the situation, freed his mind to Congress by letter, and then joined Washington. Meanwhile the enemy, on the Sound, worked further and further to the rear, landing troops finally near New Rochelle and moving toward White Plains, to which town Washington threw back his left. But the enemy's movements were not made without opposition; little by little the rebels were learning how to fight, and before Howe was fairly in line in Westchester county on the Sound, he had been severely tormented by Hand's Pennsylvanians, who had done valiant things on Long Island, Prescott, whom Howe had learned to respect at Bunker Hill, and Colonel Glover's Marblehead men, who had been at sea too much to fear anything on land.

Washington finally massed most of the army at White Plains, where he fortified high ground with the Bronx river and a morass in front. It was in this vicinity that the Americans first saw and feared the British dragoon and that Washington inaugurated the beginning of the end of this special apprehension by offering a special reward of a hundred dollars to every man who brought in a trooper with his horse and accoutrements. A hundred dollars can create a great deal of courage.

At White Plains Washington scared Howe with a fortification erected in a manner not recognized by foreign authorities on defensive works. It consisted of corn stalks, pulled up by the roots and piled so that the rooted ends, with masses of earth clinging to them, resembled embankments of earth. Corn had occasionally saved the country

in time of peace, but never before had it risen to the dignity of constituting a fortification.

By this time, the end of October, the weather seemed very cold to Washington's army, which owned as few overcoats as an equal number of tramps would have done. Worse yet, their clothes were threadbare, and Washington had no new ones to issue; even shoddy blankets had not yet been invented, much less issued. Men who shiver all night are not the ones to fight well by daylight. For this reason and many others, one of which was that the enemy was certain to fortify his base before moving to an attack, Washington waited until Howe had intrenched himself: then he fell back to Northcastle, five miles, and again threw up lines. This apparently disgusted the enemy, for at the rate of distance already covered, Washington might hold him in pursuit for several years. Howe suddenly gave up the game and fell back toward New York, and Washington, leaving a force under Lee at Northcastle, from which point he could easily fall back so as to have the Croton River on his front, and placed Heath at Peekskill in command of a division for the defense of the Highlands, crossed the Hudson with his remaining troops and went into New Jersey to discover what Howe was up to.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 120.

The British Take Fort Washington

Howe was resolved, however, that his campaign should not be utterly fruitless, and therefore directed his attention to the defences of the Hudson, Fort Lee, and Fort Washington, and here he met with better success. Congress, in its military wisdom, had insisted that these forts must and could be held. So thought the generals, and so most especially and most unluckily, did Greene. Washington, with his usual accurate and keen perception, saw, from the time the men-of-war came up the Hudson, and, now that the British army was free, more clearly than ever

that both forts ought to be abandoned. Sure of his ground, he overruled Congress, but was so far influenced by Greene that he gave to that officer discretionary orders as to withdrawal. This was an act of weakness, as he afterwards admitted, for which he bitterly reproached himself, never confusing or glossing over his own errors, but loyal there as elsewhere to facts. An attempt was made to hold both forts and both were lost as he had foreseen. From Fort Lee the garrison withdrew in safety. Fort Washington was carried by storm after a severe struggle. Twenty-six hundred men and all the munitions of war fell into the hands of the enemy. It was a serious and most depressing loss, and was felt throughout the continent.

Meantime Washington had crossed into the Jerseys, and, after the loss of Fort Lee, began to retreat before the British, who, flushed with victory, now advanced rapidly under Lord Cornwallis. The crisis of his fate and of the Revolution was upon him. His army was melting away. The militia had almost all disappeared, and regiments whose term of enlistment had expired were departing daily. Lee, who had a division under his command, was ordered to come up, but paid no attention, although the orders were repeated almost every day for a month.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 169.

"Who Would Have Blamed Him?"

At Hackensack, Washington had only about three thousand men, and the country being flat, was defenseless against any force that could cross the river. So he placed another river behind him by moving to Newark. Adjutant Reed was sent to Governor Livingston, of New Jersey, to beg for militia—for any sort of men were better than none, and General Mifflin was hurried to Philadelphia to ask aid of that city and Congress. Lee, still at Northcastle, was ordered to cross the Hudson, march south and join Wash-



Gen. William Howe



Sir Henry Clinton



Lord Cornwallis

PORTRAITS OF THREE BRITISH COMMANDERS

ington, and on him great dependence was placed, for he really had troops fairly equipped for service.

But Lee who never respected any military officer except the one he saw in his mirror, had begun to imagine himself an independent commander, and not only failed to obey orders but coolly outlined a campaign of his own, and endeavored to weaken Heath, who was holding the Highlands. Lee had but a single principle in life; this was, to consider the interests of Charles Lee, first, last, and all the time; but many a better man in his position might have lost his head temporarily under the undeserved praise and unmerited flattery that were heaped upon him. Even Reed, Washington's best friend, was so dazzled by Lee's brilliancy that he forgot his own honor so far as to criticise Washington and praise Lee in letters to the latter; worse still, a portion of this correspondence came under the eye of Washington, just when he needed all the friends he had, and gave him the cruelest wound he ever received. If he had never, after this, attached himself affectionately to any one, who would have blamed him?

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 126.

A Letter to the Mother of Mary Philipse

In the midst of these public movements, old associations assert themselves. Here is a letter to the mother of the Mary Philipse, whom he did not marry twenty years before:

"To Mrs. Philipse, Philipsboro.

"Headquarters at Mr. Valentine's, Oct. 22, 1776.

"MADAM:

"The misfortunes of war and the unhappy circumstances frequently attendant thereon to individuals are more to be lamented than avoided; but it is the duty of every one to alleviate these as much as possible. Far be it from me, then, to add to the distress of a lady, who, I am but too sensible, must already have suffered much uneasi-

ness, if not inconvenience, on account of Col. Philipse's absence.

"No special order has gone forth from me for removal of the stock of the inhabitants, but from the nature of the case, and in consequence of some resolutions of the convention of this State, the measure has been adopted. However, as I am satisfied it is not meant to deprive families of their necessary support, I shall not withhold my consent to your retaining such parts of your stock as may be essential to this purpose, relying on your assurances and promise that no more will be retained."

"G. W."

In the correspondence of the autumn, both military and private, are one and another intimation of the condition of the currency. In a long letter of Aug. 15th to his agent, Lund Washington, he says:

"A barrel of corn which used to sell for ten shillings will now fetch forty shillings. A barrel of pork which could be had for three pounds sells for five pounds."

Satisfied that Howe intended to operate in New Jersey, he withdrew the principal part of his force there, and was obliged, from point to point, to retire before him. Early in December he crossed the Delaware River, and virtually left the Jerseys in the hands of the English.

The Life of George Washington, Studied Anew, Edward Everett Hale, p. 195.

Sharing His Blanket with a Negro Servant

Once the General was engaged in earnest consultation with Colonel Pickering until after night had fairly set in. Washington prepared to stay with the Colonel over night, provided he had a spare blanket and straw. "Oh, yes," said Primus, who was appealed to, "plenty of straw and blankets, plenty."

In the middle of the night Washington awoke. He looked about him and descried the negro. He gazed at him a while and then spoke.

"Primus," said he, "Primus!" Primus started up and rubbed his eyes.

"What, General?" said he.

Washington rose up in his bed. "Primus," said he, "what do you mean by saying you had blankets and straw enough? Here you have given up your blankets and straw to me, that I may sleep comfortably, while you are obliged to sit through the night." "It's nothing, General," said Primus! "It's nothing! I'm well enough! Don't trouble yourself about me, General, but go to sleep again. No matter about me, I sleep very good!" "But it is matter, it is matter," said Washington. "I cannot do it, Primus. If either is to sit up, I will. But I think there is no need of either sitting up. The blanket is wide enough for two. Come and lie down with me."

"Oh, no, General!" said Primus, starting and protesting against the proposition. "No, let me sit here." "I say come and lie down here!" said Washington. "There is room for both; I insist upon it."

He threw open the blanket as he spoke, and moved to one side of the straw. Primus professed to have been exceedingly shocked at the idea of lying under the same covering with the commander-in-chief, but his tone was so resolute and determined that he could not hesitate. He prepared himself therefore and laid himself down by Washington; on the same straw under the same blanket, and the General and the negro slept until morning.

Washington's Birthday Edited by Robert Haven Schauffler p. 222.

CHAPTER XVI

"HURT IN THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIENDS"

When the Friend of His Bosom Could So Misjudge Him

In this moment of hurry and agitation, Colonel Reed, also, Washington's *fidus Achates*, wrote to Lee, but in a tone and spirit that may surprise the reader, knowing the devotion he had hitherto manifested for the commander-in-chief. After expressing the common wish that Lee should be at the principal scene of action, he adds: "I do not mean to flatter or praise you, at the expense of any other; but I do think it is entirely owing to you, that this army, and the liberties of America, so far as they are dependent on it, are not entirely cut off. You have decision, a quality often wanting in minds otherwise valuable, and I ascribe to this our escape from York Island, King's Bridge, and the Plains; and I have no doubt, had you been here, the garrison of Mount Washington would now have composed a part of this army; and from all these circumstances, I confess, I do ardently wish to see you removed from a place where there will be so little call for your judgment and experience, to the place where they are likely to be so necessary. Nor am I singular in my opinion; every gentleman of the family, the officers and soldiers generally, have a confidence in you. The enemy constantly inquire where you are, and seem to be less confident when you are present."

Then alluding to the late affair at Fort Washington, he continues: "General Washington's own judgment, seconded by representations from us, would, I believe, have saved the men, but, unluckily General Greene's judgment was contrary. This kept the general's mind in a

state of suspense, till the stroke was struck. Oh, general! An indecisive mind is one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall an army; how often have I lamented it this campaign! All circumstances considered, we are in a very awful and alarming situation; one that requires the utmost wisdom, and firmness of mind. As soon as the season will admit, I think yourself and some others should go to Congress, and form the plan of the new army. . . . I must conclude, with my clear and explicit opinion, that your presence is of the last importance."

Well might Washington apprehend that his character and conduct, in the perplexities in which he was placed, would be liable to be misunderstood by the public, when the friend of his bosom could so misjudge him.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 498.

"Made a Prisoner by a Brat!"

One story may illustrate the character of the life in the region at this time. A widow living with her only boy, a lad of twelve years, found that the vegetables in her garden were being taken. The lad resolved to watch one night, and so took his place in a dark spot near the garden. His loaded gun was in his hands, and for a while he had no difficulty in remaining awake. After a time, when the novelty of his duty was gone, and he was beginning to feel sleepy, he suddenly discovered some man filling a huge bag with the fruits of the garden. Stepping softly, the boy approached, and presenting his loaded gun at the soldier's rear, ordered him to keep the heavy bag and march before him. Death would be the consequence of any attempt to turn aside or drop the bag. There was nothing to be done but obey; so the huge Highlander, for such the soldier proved to be, was marched to the American camp and given over by the proud young captor as a prisoner of war. Slight cause for wonder is it that the captive grenadier, when at last he ventured to turn his

head and perceived who his captor was, should have exclaimed in disgust:

"A British grenadier made a prisoner by a brat! Such a brat!"

Men who attempted to visit their homes or families in this region were watched, and in numberless cases hanged or shot before the very eyes of their children. One man who had ventured to return to his home was traced, and just as the Tories, who were even more bitter than the regulars, were about to break into the house, after the demand for his surrender had been refused, was concealed by his frantic wife in a heap of ashes, and breathing through a long goose quill, even his face being covered, in this manner escaped from his pursuers. Not all of the murdering and plundering was done by the men of one side, but the terror that possessed the region at the time is one of the best commentaries on the horrors of war in any place or period.

A Short History of the American Revolution, Everett Tomlinson, p. 128.

"Opened by Mistake," by George Washington

At this moment of care and perplexity, a letter, forwarded by express, arrived at headquarters. It was from General Lee, dated from his camp at Northcastle, to Colonel Reed, and was in reply to a letter written by that officer from Hackensack on the 21st, which we have already laid before the reader. Supposing that it related to official business, Washington opened it, and read as follows:

"My dear Mr. Reed:—I received your most obliging, flattering letter; lament with you that fatal indecision of mind, which in war is a much greater disqualification than stupidity, or even want of personal courage. Accident may put a decisive blunderer in the right; but eternal defeat and miscarriage must attend the man of the best parts, if cursed with indecision. The General recommends in so pressing a manner as almost to amount to an order, to bring over the Continental troops under my

command, which recommendation, or order, throws me into the greatest dilemma from several considerations." After stating these considerations, he adds: "My reason for not having marched already is, that we have just received intelligence that Rogers' corps, the light horse, part of the Highlanders, and another brigade, lie in so exposed a situation as to give the fairest opportunity of being carried. I should have attempted it last night, but the rain was too violent, and when our pieces are wet, you know our troops are *hors du combat*. This night I hope will be better, . . . I only wait myself for this business of Rogers and company being over, I shall then fly to you; for, to confess a truth, I really think our chief will do better with me than without me."

A glance over this letter sufficed to show Washington that, at this dark moment, when he most needed support and sympathy, his character and military conduct were the subject of disparaging comments, between the friend in whom he had so implicitly confided, and a sarcastic and apparently self-constituted rival. Whatever may have been his feelings of wounded pride and outraged friendship, he restrained them, and enclosed the letter to Reed, with the following chilling note:

"Dear Sir:—The enclosed was put into my hands by an express from White Plains. Having no idea of its being a private letter, much less suspecting the tendency of the correspondence, I opened it, as I have done all other letters to you from the same place, and Peekskill, upon the business of your office, as I conceived, and found them to be. This, as it is the truth, must be my excuse for seeing the contents of a letter which neither inclination nor intention would have prompted me to," etc.

The very calmness and coldness of this note must have had a greater effect on Reed, than could have been produced by the most vehement reproaches. In subsequent

communications, he endeavored to explain away the offensive paragraphs in Lee's letter, declaring there was nothing in his own inconsistent with the respect and affection he had ever borne for Washington's person and character.

Fortunately for Reed, Washington never saw that letter. There were passages in it beyond the reach of softening explanation. As it was, the purport of it, as reflected in Lee's reply, had given him a sufficient shock. His magnanimous nature, however, was incapable of harboring long resentments; especially in matters relating solely to himself. His personal respect for Colonel Reed continued; he invariably manifested a high sense of his merits, and consulted him, as before, on military affairs; but his hitherto affectionate confidence in him, as a sympathizing friend, had received an incurable wound. His letters, before so frequent, and such perfect outpourings of heart and mind, became few and far between, and confined to matters of business.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 509.

The "Marine Turtle" and Admiral Howe's Flagship

It was during this time that two events occurred that have been almost ignored in our records of the struggle. One was the attempt of Ezra Lee to blow up the *Eagle*, Admiral Howe's flagship, which was anchored off the shore of Governor's Island. A young mechanic named Bushnell, of Connecticut, had invented what he called a "marine turtle," by which he was confident that a daring man could move under the water, approach the hull of a ship, and by fastening his contrivance to the bottom, and arranging the clock-work of the "turtle," have ample time to escape himself before the explosion followed, which it was confidently believed would blow the largest man-of-war into flinders.

The plan approved, the daring Ezra Lee was selected to make the attempt. One night at midnight he entered

the machine, left the dock at the foot of Whitehall, and started on his perilous venture. Washington and several of his officers who were in the secret waited all night long on the dock for the outcome of the attempt, no one of them being hopeful of success, and as the gray of dawn appeared not even daring to believe that young Ezra would ever be seen again.

Just at that time, however, suddenly a column of water was thrown into the air near the dim outline of the *Eagle*, and it was apparent that there was a great commotion both on board the flagship and on the near-by shore. No great damage had been done, that was evident, but what had become of Ezra Lee? For a long time the American officers waited, and just as they were about to go back to their men, satisfied that the attempt had failed and that the young man was drowned, he was discovered in the water near the dock. Friendly hands speedily drew him forth, and warm were the words of praise bestowed upon him by all. The attempt had indeed failed, for the bottom of the flagship had been covered with copper. It had been impossible to find a place to which the turtle could be fastened. Ezra Lee's spirit and daring had appealed to Washington so strongly, however, that he was chosen by the commander as one of his most trusty scouts, and had an active part afterward in the battles of Trenton, Brandywine, and Monmouth.

A Short History of the American Revolution, Everett Tomlinson, p. 119.

Facing the Grim Realities Alone

On December 2nd Washington was at Princeton with three thousand ragged men, and the British close upon his heels. They had him now surely in their grip. There could be no mistake this time, and there was therefore no need of a forced march. But they had not yet learned that to Washington even hours meant much, and when, after duly resting, they reached the Delaware, they found the Ameri-

cans on the other side, and all the boats destroyed for a distance of seventy miles.

It was winter now, the short gray days had come, and with them piercing cold and storms of sleet and ice. It seemed as if the elements alone would finally disperse the feeble body of men still gathered about the commander-in-chief. Congress had sent him blank commissions and orders to recruit, which were well meant, but were not practically of much value. As Glendower could call spirits from the vasty deep, so they, with like success, sought to call soldiers from the earth in the midst of defeat, and in the teeth of a North American winter. Washington, baffling pursuit and flying from town to town, left nothing undone. North and south went letters and appeals for men, money, and supplies. Vain, very vain, it all was, for the most part, but still it was done in a tenacious spirit. Lee would not come, the Jersey militia would not turn out, thousands began to accept Howe's amnesty, and signs of wavering were apparent in some of the Middle States. Philadelphia was threatened, Newport was in the hands of the enemy, and for ninety miles Washington had retreated, evading ruin again and again only by the width of a river. Congress voted not to leave Philadelphia—a fact which their General declined to publish,—and then fled.

No one remained to face the grim realities of the time but Washington, and he met them unmoved. Not a moment passed that he did not seek in some way to effect something. Not an hour went by that he did not turn calmly from fresh and ever renewed disappointment to work and action.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 171.

The Capture of General Charles Lee

After breakfast Lee sat writing a reply to General Gates, in which, as usual, he indulged in sarcastic comments on the commander-in-chief. "The ingenious manœuvre

of Fort Washington," writes he, "has completely unhinged the goodly fabric we had been building. There never was so d—d a stroke; *entre nous*, a certain great man is most damnably deficient. He has thrown me into a situation where I have my choice of difficulties: if I stay in this province I risk myself and army; and if I do not stay, the province is lost forever. . . . As to what relates to yourself, if you think you can be in time to aid the general, I would have you by all means go; you will at least save your army," etc.

While Lee was writing, Wilkinson was looking out of a window down a lane, about a hundred yards in length, leading from the house to the main road. Suddenly a party of British dragoons turned a corner of the avenue at a full charge.

"Here, sir, are the British cavalry!" exclaimed Wilkinson.

"Where?" replied Lee, who had just signed his letter.

"Around the house!"—for they had opened file and surrounded it.

"Where is the guard? D—the guard, why don't they fire?" Then after a momentary pause—"Do, sir, see what has become of the guard."

The guards, alas, unwary as their general, and chilled by the air of a frosty morning, had stacked their arms, and repaired to the south side of a house on the opposite side of the road to sun themselves, and were now chased by the dragoons in different directions. In fact, a Tory, who had visited the general the evening before, to complain of the loss of a horse taken by the army, having found where Lee was to lodge and breakfast, had ridden eighteen miles in the night to Brunswick and given the information, and had piloted back Colonel Harcourt with his dragoons.

The women of the house would fain have concealed Lee in a bed, but he rejected the proposition with disdain. Wilkinson, according to his own account, posted himself in

a place where only one person could approach at a time, and there took his stand, a pistol in each hand, resolved to shoot the first and second assailant, and then appeal to his sword. While in this "unpleasant situation," as he terms it, he heard a voice declare, "If the general does not surrender in five minutes I will set fire to the house!" After a short pause the threat was repeated, with a solemn oath. Within two minutes he heard it proclaimed, "Here is the general, he has surrendered."

There was a shout of triumph, but a great hurry to make sure of the prize before the army should arrive to the rescue. A trumpet sounded a recall to the dragoons, who were chasing the scattered guards. The general, bare-headed, and in his slippers and blanket coat, was mounted on Wilkinson's horse, which stood at the door, and the troop clattered off with their prisoner to Brunswick. In three hours the booming of cannon in that direction told the exultation of the enemy. They boasted of having taken the American palladium; for they considered Lee the most scientific and experienced of the rebel generals.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 531.

"By His Own Folly and Imprudence"

"Before you receive this letter," writes Washington to his brother Augustine, "you will undoubtedly have heard of the captivity of General Lee. This is an additional misfortune; and the more vexatious, as it was by his own folly and imprudence, and without a view to effect any good that he was taken. As he went to lodge three miles out of his own camp, and within twenty miles of the enemy, a rascally Tory rode in the night to give notice of it to the enemy, who sent a party of light-horse that seized him, and carried him off with every mark of triumph and indignity."

This is the severest comment that the magnanimous spirit of Washington permitted him to make on the conduct

and fortunes of the man who would have supplanted him; and this is made in his private correspondence with his brother. No harsh strictures on them appear in his official letters to Congress or the Board of War; nothing but regret for his capture, as a loss to the service.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 538.

A View of the Situation

By the middle of December Howe felt satisfied that the American army would soon dissolve, and leaving strong detachments in various posts he withdrew to New York. His premises were sound, and his conclusions logical, but he made his usual mistake of overlooking and underestimating the American general. No sooner was it known that he was on his way to New York than Washington, at the head of his dissolving army, resolved to take the offensive and strike an outlying post. In a letter of December 14th, the day after Howe began to move, we catch the first glimpse of Trenton. It was a bold spirit that, in the dead of winter, with a broken army, no prospect of reinforcements, and in the midst of a terror-stricken people, could thus resolve with some four thousand men to attack an army thoroughly appointed, and numbering in all its divisions twenty-five thousand soldiers.

It is well to pause a moment and look at that situation, and at the overwhelming difficulties which hemmed it in, and then try to realize what manner of man he was who rose superior to it, and conquered it. Be it remembered, too, that he never deceived himself, and never for an instant disguised the truth. Two years later he wrote that at this supreme moment, in what were called "the dark days of America," he was never despondent; and this was true enough, for despair was not in his nature. But no delusions lent him courage. On the 18th he wrote to his brother "that if every nerve was not strained to recruit this new army the game was pretty nearly up"; and added,

"You can form no idea of the perplexity of my situation. No man, I believe, ever had a greater choice of difficulties, and less means to extricate himself from them. However, under a full persuasion of the justice of our cause, I cannot entertain an idea that it will finally sink, though it may remain for some time under a cloud." There is no complaint, no boasting, no despair in this letter. We can detect a bitterness in the references to Congress and to Lee, but the tone of the letter is as calm as a May morning, and it concludes with sending love and good wishes to the writer's sister and her family.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 172.

The Most Hopeless Gang of Tramps

Fortunately, Major Wilkinson, of the detachment sent from the north by Schuyler, under Gates, to re-enforce Washington, had stumbled on Lee that morning while searching for Washington to obtain orders for Gates. Wilkinson avoided capture, informed Sullivan, now senior officer of Lee's corps, and then rejoined Gates; both generals were soon afterward on their way to Washington's camp, which they reached on the 20th of December.

The advent of these troops increased the available force to more than five thousand men; but ten days later three-fourths of them would be out of service, so that Washington would have only about fifteen hundred men, utterly destitute, with whom to begin the campaign of 1777! And yet, writing to his brother and not for public effect he says, "Under a full persuasion of the justice of our cause, I cannot entertain an idea that it will finally sink, though it may remain for some time under a cloud." This would be fine writing, even if penned at a comfortable library table, but its author will not receive full credit for it unless the reader comprehends that Washington at this time was chief of the most hopeless gang of tramps that ever plodded through New Jersey. They were hungry

and badly clothed, and the natives not only failed to relieve their necessities but were glad to see them depart. while close behind them came pursuers far worse than the farmers' dogs or town constables that sometimes chase the modern tramp. The commander's appeals to Congress and the country for aid were not responded to, and his orders to his principal lieutenant were not obeyed. The perplexities, humiliation, and helplessness of his position would have justified Washington in falling back upon his dignity and Mount Vernon; but his letter to his brother, quoted above, shows that he was satisfied to fall back upon his principles.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 130.

"For Heaven's Sake Keep This to Yourself!"

"CAMP ABOVE TRENTON FALLS,

"Monday, 23d December, 1776.

"To Colonel Cadwalader:

"Christmas day at night, one hour before day, is the time fixed for our attempt on Trenton. For Heaven's sake keep this to yourself, as the discovery of it may prove fatal to us."

[G. WASHINGTON.]

Itinerary of George Washington from June 15, 1775, to December 23, 1783, William S. Baker, p. 63.

"What a Time Is This to Hand Me Letters!"

We have here some circumstances furnished to us by the memoirs of Wilkinson. That officer had returned from Philadelphia, and brought a letter from Gates to Washington. There was some snow on the ground, and he had traced the march of the troops for the last few miles by the blood from the feet of those whose shoes were broken. Being directed to Washington's quarters, he found him, he says alone, with his whip in his hand, prepared to mount his horse. "When I presented the letter of General Gates

to him, before receiving it, he exclaimed with solemnity,— ‘What a time is this to hand me letters!’ I answered that I had been charged with it by General Gates. ‘By General Gates! Where is he?’ ‘I left him this morning in Philadelphia.’ ‘What was he doing there?’ ‘I understood that he was on his way to Congress.’ He earnestly repeated, ‘On his way to Congress!’ then broke the seal, and I made my bow, and joined General St. Clair on the bank of the river.”

Did Washington surmise the incipient intrigues and cabals, that were already aiming to undermine him? Had Gates’s eagerness to push on to Congress, instead of remaining with the army in a moment of daring enterprise, suggested any doubts as to his object? Perhaps not. Washington’s nature was too noble to be suspicious; and yet he had received sufficient cause to be distrustful.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 550.



Engraved by J. N. Kimbrell from the Painting by T. Sully.

WASHINGTON AFTER CROSSING THE DELAWARE

CHAPTER XVII

TRENTON AND THE TURN OF THE TIDE

"Advance and Charge!"

As the army, excepting the recruits recently obtained for a short term, would practically disband at the end of the month, Washington determined to do something to encourage the country and the recruiting service, so he planned the capture of three regiments of Hessians at Trenton. A concerted movement of his troops failed, as such movements usually do. The detachment which he himself accompanied marched, on Christmas afternoon, nine miles up the west bank of the Delaware, through the snow, to a ferry where they consumed most of the night in crossing, the wind being high and the river full of ice. An officer, sent by Gates from Philadelphia with a letter to Washington, tracked the little force by the blood dropped from the feet of badly shod men; so, taking one consideration with another, the army celebrated Christmas in a manner truly unique.

Delay at the ferry made an attack before daylight impossible, and a heavy storm of snow and sleet rendered the muskets so useless that Sullivan, in command of one of the two columns into which Washington had divided his own force, sent a messenger to ask what he should do. "Advance and charge!" said Washington, with considerable temper. A long march through sleet that beats in the face is never conducive to amiability; Washington and his men would have charged that morning even if armed only with broomsticks, and they would have conquered too.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 132.

Colonel Rahl's Fatal Game

Meanwhile, Washington had not been mistaken in supposing that the Hessians, unsuspecting of peril, would be spending the hours in a carousal. Many of the British light-horse were off on foraging or pillaging expeditions, and the Germans were making night hideous with their songs and shouts and drinking bouts. Colonel Rahl himself, the commander of the Hessians, was spending the night in the home of Abraham Hunt, a man who had dealings with both sides, and was true to neither.

On this particular night, Hunt had invited Colonel Rahl and a few others to a "Christmas supper" at his house, and far into the night the unsuspecting officers continued their card-playing and drinking. Colonel Rahl was about to "deal," when his negro servant, against express orders, entered the room, and thrust a note into the Hessian's hand, explaining that the man who had brought it had first begged to be permitted to enter himself, but had been refused, and then he had written the note and declared that Colonel Rahl must have it immediately, as it was of highest importance. If the colonel had known that the note was a word brought by a Tory who had discovered the presence of the advancing American army, it is more than likely that the history of the Revolution would have been far different from what it was. However, Colonel Rahl did not stop his game, but thrust the note unread into his pocket, and so never knew of Washington's approach until it was too late to act. Many of the greatest events in history have turned upon a pivot no larger than the negligence of the Hessian colonel.

Meanwhile, the little American force was steadily approaching in two divisions; one led by Sullivan along the lower road, and the other led by Greene on the upper road. With their bayonets the Americans drove back the startied outposts, and in a brief time the cannon had been so planted that the streets could be swept.

Colonel Rahl, who at last had realized the peril, and rushed forth from Hunt's house to rally his men, together with sixteen others, had been shot; and almost a thousand of the hired Hessians were speedily prisoners in the hands of the victorious Americans.

A Short History of the American Revolution, Everett Tomlinson, p. 141.

"A Smiling Expression on His Countenance"

Although Rahl, the Hessian commander, had learned of the proposed attack, the surprise was complete. Washington rode at the head of the column which approached from the north; in his advance guard was Lieutenant, afterward President, James Monroe, an eighteen-year-old Virginia boy, who grew a great deal that morning. Sullivan following the river, struck the town on its western side, and sent part of his men to the southern end. All the outposts were struck at once, and the helplessness of the foreign soldier when in the face of the unexpected, was immediately manifested, for some of the hungry, tired, ragged Americans suddenly saw about five hundred of the enemy, among them a troop of the terrible British cavalry, actually running away! Rahl, the Hessian commander, although at first inclined to run, rallied most of the troops in the town and showed fight, till he received a mortal wound. Then his troops suddenly imagined that they had business in Princeton; but finding Hind's riflemen, now veterans, in their way, they changed their minds and threw down their colors. When Washington's attention was called to this fact, he was so astonished that he started alone to see; as he was followed by his entire column, the Hessians grounded their arms also, and the amazed Washington discovered that his first independent engagement had yielded him a thousand prisoners! To one of those prisoners the world owes the information concerning Washington, that "His eyes have scarce any fire," which is not strange for eyes that had just gone sleepless for a night and

been blinded by sleet for hours afterward. "There is, however, a smiling expression on his countenance when he speaks, that wins affection and respect," says the honest Dutchman. The fact that Washington could smile, is one that the reader can not keep too prominently in mind, if he would regard the Father of his Country as a living man instead of a historic mummy.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 133.

Washington's Report of the Battle of Trenton

" (*Letter to the President of Congress.*)

"Head-Quarters, Newtown,

"27 December, 1776.

"SIR,

"I have the pleasure of congratulating you upon the success of an enterprise, which I had formed against a detachment of the enemy lying in Trenton, and which was executed yesterday morning. The evening of the 25th I ordered the troops intended for this service to parade back of McKonkey's Ferry, that they might begin to pass as soon as it grew dark, imagining we should be able to throw them all over, with the necessary artillery, by twelve o'clock, and that we might easily arrive at Trenton by five in the morning, the distance being about nine miles. But the quantity of ice, made that night, impeded the passage of the boats so much, that it was three o'clock before the artillery could all be got over; and near four, before the troops took up their line of march. This made me despair of surprising the town, as I well knew we could not reach it before the day was fairly broke. But as I was certain there was no making a retreat without being discovered and harassed on repassing the river, I determined to push on at all events. I formed my detachment into two divisions, one to march by the lower or river road, the other by the upper or Pennington road. As the divisions had nearly the same distance to march, I ordered each of them, imme-

diately upon forcing the outguards, to push directly into the town, that they might charge the enemy before they had time to form.

"The upper division arrived at the enemy's advanced posts exactly at eight o'clock; and in three minutes after, I found, from the fire on the lower road, that the other division had also got up. The outguards made but small opposition, though for their numbers, they behaved very well, keeping up a constant retreating fire from behind houses. We presently saw their main body formed; but, from their motions, they seemed undetermined how to act. Being hard pressed by our troops, who had already got possession of their artillery, they attempted to file off by a road on their right, leading to Princeton. But, perceiving their intention, I threw a body of troops in their way, which immediately checked them. Finding from our disposition that they were surrounded, and that they must inevitably be cut to pieces if they made any further resistance, they agreed to lay down their arms. The number that submitted in this manner was twenty-three officers and eight hundred and eighty-six men. Colonel Rahl, the commanding officer, and seven others were found wounded in the town. I do not exactly know how many were killed, but I fancy not above twenty or thirty, as they never made any regular stand. Our loss is very trifling indeed, only two officers and one or two privates wounded. . . .

"I am fully confident, that, could the troops under Generals Ewing and Cadwalader have passed the river, I should have been able with their assistance to drive the enemy from all their posts below Trenton. But the numbers I had with me being inferior to theirs below me, and a strong battalion of light infantry being at Princeton above me, I thought it most prudent to return the same evening with the prisoners and the artillery we had taken. We found no stores of any consequence in the town.

"In justice to the officers and men, I must add, that

their behavior on this occasion reflects the highest honor upon them. The difficulty of passing the river in a very severe night, and their march through a violent storm of snow and hail, did not in the least abate their ardor; but, when they came to the charge, each seemed to vie with the others in pressing forward; and were I to give a preference to any particular corps, I should do great injustice to the others. Colonel Baylor, my first aide-de-camp, will have the honor of delivering this to you; and from him you may be made acquainted with many other particulars. His spirited behavior upon every occasion requires me to recommend him to your particular notice., I have the honor to be," etc.

[G. WASHINGTON.]

Writings of George Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D., p. 80.

Raising of "United Colonies" flag	January 1, 1776
Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" published,	
	January 5, 1776
Evacuation of Boston by the British.....	March 17, 1776
British repulsed at Fort Moultrie.....	June 28, 1776
Declaration of Independence signed.....	July 4, 1776
Battle of Long Island	August 27, 1776
Battle of White Plains.....	October 28, 1776
Fort Washington taken by the British.....	November 16, 1776
Washington crossed the Delaware and took Trenton,	
	December 26, 1776

"George Will Not Forget Himself"

[At Fredericksburg] the matron remained during nearly the whole of the trying period of the Revolution. Directly in the way of the news, as it passed from north to south, one courier would bring intelligence of success to our arms, another "swiftly coursing at his heels," the saddening tale of



Engraved by J. McGoffin from the Original Drawing by C. Schuessle.

EARLY MORNING BATTLE AT TRENTON

disaster and defeat. While thus ebbcd and flowed the fortunes of our cause, the mother, trusting to the wisdom and protection of Divine Providence, preserved the even tenor of her life, affording an example to those matrons whose sons were alike engaged in the arduous contest; and showing that unavailing anxieties, however belonging to human nature, were unworthy of mothers whose sons were combating for the inestimable rights of mankind, and the freedom and happiness of unborn ages.

When the comforting and glorious intelligence arrived of the passage of the Delaware, an event which restored our hopes from the very brink of despair, a number of her friends waited upon the mother with congratulations. She received them with calmness; observed that it was most pleasurable news, and that George appeared to have deserved well of his country for such signal service; and continued, in reply to the gratulating patriots (most of whom held letters in their hands, from which they read extracts, for gazettes were not so plenty then as now), "but, my good sirs, here is too much flattery; still George will not forget the lessons I early taught him—he will not forget himself, though he is the subject of so much praise."

Here I will speak of the absurdity of an idea which, from some strange cause or other, has been suggested, though certainly never believed, that the mother of Washington was disposed to favor the royal cause. Not the slightest foundation has such a surmise in truth. Like many others, whose days of enthusiasm were in the wane, that lady doubted the prospects of success in the outset of the war, and long during its continuance feared that our means would be found inadequate to a successful contest with so formidable a power as Britain; and that our soldiers, brave, but undisciplined and ill provided, would be unequal to cope with the veteran and well-appointed troops of the king. Doubts like these were by no means confined to this Virginian matron, but were both entertained and

expressed by the stanchest of patriots and the most determined of men.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis,
p. 136.

"Intrusted with Almost Unlimited Power"

At this critical moment, too, Washington received a letter from a committee of Congress, transmitting him resolves of this body, dated the 27th of December, investing him with military powers quite dictatorial. "Happy is it for this country," write the committee, "that the general of their forces can safely be intrusted with the most unlimited power, and neither personal security, liberty, nor property, be in the least degree endangered thereby."

Washington's acknowledgment of this great mark of confidence was noble and characteristic. "I find Congress have done me the honor to intrust me with powers, in my military capacity, of the highest nature and almost unlimited extent. Instead of thinking myself freed from all civil obligations by this mark of their confidence, I shall constantly bear in mind that, as the sword was the last resort for the preservation of our liberties, so it ought to be the first thing laid aside when those liberties are firmly established."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. II, p. 574.

Robert Morris Raises Some "Hard Money"

Inspired by his success at Trenton, the panic of the enemy, and their retirement from the Delaware, his army strengthened by new recruits and the junction of the militia who had guarded the power posts of the river, Washington determined to recross the Delaware and occupy Trenton, and then make such offensive movements against the British as prudence should dictate. This he accomplished on the 30th. The term of service of a large portion of the Eastern militia was now about expiring.

He prevailed on them to remain six weeks longer, by promising to each soldier a bounty of ten dollars. The military chest was not in condition to permit him to fulfil his promise, and he wrote to Robert Morris, the great patriot financier of the Revolution, for aid, pleading the urgent necessity of the case. It was necessary to have hard money and the sum was large. The requirement seemed almost impossible to meet. Government credit was low, but confidence in Robert Morris was unbounded. In a desponding state, unusual for him, Morris left his counting-room at a late hour, musing upon the probabilities of meeting the demand. On the way he met a wealthy Quaker, and made known his wants.

"Robert, what security canst thou give?" asked the Quaker.

"My note, and my honor," promptly replied Morris.

"Thou shalt have it," was the answer, and the next morning Robert Morris wrote to Washington:

"I was up early this morning to dispatch a supply of fifty thousand dollars to your excellency. It gives me great pleasure that you have engaged the troops to continue; and if further occasional supplies of money are necessary, you may depend on my exertions either in a public or private capacity."

The Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution, Benson J. Lossing, Vol. II, p. 25.

Horse Lovers and Heroes

"My father was Washington's confidential courier and I have often heard him tell of a call made by the commander-in-chief on Mr. Morris at a very critical time, and how nobly it was responded to.

"The army was encamped near Trenton, and was nearly out of supplies, and quite out of money.

"One morning my father was summoned to Washington's tent, and the General said to him: 'Gray, in how short a time could you ride down to Philadelphia? I

want you to take a letter to Mr. Robert Morris, and there is the utmost need for dispatch.'

"My father named the shortest time possible for making the journey with a fleet horse.

"Then just take the best horse in the army, and set off at once with this letter,' said Washington.

"Well, General,' said my father, 'the best horse I know of in the army is your chestnut sorrel.'

"He did not expect that Washington would allow him to take that horse, for it was his favorite, but he said at once: 'Take him.' And my father rode him to Philadelphia, and made good time with him.

"When Robert Morris read the letter, he asked: 'How soon can you start for Trenton with my reply to General Washington, Mr. Gray?'

"As soon, sir, as I can get a fresh horse,' said my father. 'It won't do to ride back General Washington's chestnut sorrel.'

"Of course not,' said Mr. Morris. 'Go to my stable, and take the best horse you can find. I am in haste to assure General Washington that I will do all I can to meet his wishes.'"

What example, I ask, of Roman patriotism, can surpass that of these two modern heroes and horse lovers?

Mr. Gray continued:

"My father got safely back to headquarters with the reply of Mr. Morris. He said Washington's face lighted up when he read it; but he must have known pretty much what it would be, for he had everything ready for marching, and in five minutes the drums beat and the bugle sounded, and the whole army was in motion. You see, he had written to Morris to supply money and provisions, and Morris had consented, and set to work with all his energy. The morning after my father's hurried visit to Philadelphia, my mother returned from market, at about six o'clock, saying:

“‘It’s well I went so early! If I had been a half-hour later, I should not have been able to get a pound of beef or bacon. Robert Morris is sending his men all about to buy up provisions for the army.’”

Stories and Sketches, Grace Greenwood, p. 23.

“The Old Fox” and the Battle of Princeton

Cornwallis, leaving part of his force at Princeton, New Jersey, hurried south to catch Washington. He found him between Trenton and a bend of the Delaware. That night the British general went to sleep, certain that Washington could not get away. For how could he hope to escape, with the British army in front and the broad deep Delaware River full of floating ice behind him? Cornwallis told his brother officers that they would “bag the old fox” in the morning. While the British general lay dreaming, Washington like an “old fox” crept stealthily around him, and got to Princeton. In the battle there (January 3, 1777), the American advance force was driven back. Just then Washington came up. He saw that, if beaten, our army would be lost. Calling his troops to follow him, he rode within thirty yards of the British force, and stood facing the foe, exposed to the fire of both sides. For some moments he was completely hidden from sight by the smoke of battle.

The Leading Facts of American History, D. H. Montgomery, p. 174.

“Thank God! Your Excellency Is Safe!”

The heroism of Washington on the field of Princeton is a matter of history. We have often enjoyed a touching reminiscence of that ever-memorable event from the late Colonel Fitzgerald, who was aide to the chief, and who never related the story of his general’s danger and almost miraculous preservation, without adding to his tale the homage of a tear.

The aide-de-camp had been ordered to bring up the troops from the rear of the column, when the band under General Mercer became engaged. Upon returning to the spot where he had left the commander-in-chief, he was no longer there, and, upon looking around, the aide discovered him endeavoring to rally the line which had been thrown into disorder by a rapid onset of the foe. Washington, after several ineffectual efforts to restore the fortunes of the fight, is seen to rein up his horse, with his head to the enemy, and in that position to become immovable. It was a last appeal to his soldiers, and seemed to say, Will you give up your general to the foe? Such an appeal was not made in vain. The discomfited Americans rally on the instant, and form into line; the enemy halt, and dress their line; the American chief is between the adverse posts, as though he had been placed there, a target for both. The arms of both lines are levelled. Can escape from death be possible? Fitzgerald, horror-struck at the danger of his beloved commander, dropped the reins upon his horse's neck, and drew his hat over his face, that he might not see him die. A roar of musketry succeeded, and then a shout. It is the shout of victory. The aide-de-camp ventures to raise his eyes, and O, glorious sight! the enemy are broken and flying, while dimly amidst the glimpses of smoke is seen the chief, "alive, unharmed, and without a wound," waving his hat, and cheering his comrades to the pursuit.

Colonel Fitzgerald, celebrated as one of the finest horsemen of the American army, now dashed his rowels in his charger's flanks, and, heedless of the dead and dying in his way, flew to the side of his chief, exclaiming, "Thank God! your excellency is safe!" The favorite aide, a gallant and warm-hearted son of Erin, a man of thews and sinews, and "albeit unused to the melting mood," now gave loose rein to his feelings, and wept like a child, for joy.

Washington, ever calm amid scenes of greatest excitement, affectionately grasped the hand of his aide and friend.



From the Original by Chappel.

"THE DAY IS OUR OWN!"
Battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777.

and then ordered—"Away, my dear colonel, and bring up the troops—the day is our own!"

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parké Custis, p. 190.

Washington's Report of the Battle of Princeton

(Letter to the President of Congress.)

"Pluckemin, 5 January, 1777.

"SIR,

"I have the honor to inform you, that, since the date of my last from Trenton, I have removed with the army under my command to this place. The difficulty of crossing the Delaware, on account of the ice made our passage over it tedious, and gave the enemy opportunity of drawing in their several cantonments, and assembling their whole force at Princeton. Their large pickets advanced towards Trenton, their great preparations, and some intelligence I had received, added to their knowledge, that the 1st of January brought on a dissolution of the best part of our army, gave me the strongest reasons to conclude, that an attack upon us was meditating.

"Our situation was most critical, and our force small. To remove immediately was again destroying every dawn of hope, which had begun to revive the breasts of the Jersey militia; and to bring . . . troops, . . . (amounting in the whole to about three thousand six hundred) to Trenton, was to bring them to an exposed place. One or the other, however, was unavoidable. The latter was preferred, and they were ordered to join us at Trenton, which they did, by a night-march, on the 1st instant. On the 2nd, according to my expectation, the enemy began to advance upon us; and, after some skirmishing, the head of their column reached Trenton about four o'clock, whilst their rear was as far back as Maidenhead. They attempted to pass Sanpink Creek, which runs through Trenton, at

different places; but, finding the fords guarded, they halted, and kindled their fires. We were drawn up on the other side of the creek. In this situation we remained until dark, cannonading the enemy, and receiving the fire of their field-pieces, which did us but little damage.

“Having by this time discovered, that the enemy were greatly superior in number, and that their design was to surround us, I ordered all our baggage to be removed silently to Burlington soon after dark; and at twelve o'clock after renewing our fires, and leaving guards at the bridge in Trenton, and other passes on the same stream above, marched by a roundabout road to Princeton, where I knew they could not have much force left, and might have stores. One thing I was certain of, that it would avoid the appearance of a retreat (which was of consequence, or to run the hazard of the whole army being cut off), whilst we might by a fortunate stroke withdraw General Howe from Trenton, and give some reputation to our arms. Happily we succeeded. We found Princeton about sunrise, with only three regiments and three troops of light-horse, two of which were on their march to Trenton. These three regiments, especially the two first, made a gallant resistance, and, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, must have lost five hundred men; upwards of one hundred of them were left dead on the field; and, with what I have with me and what were taken in the pursuit and carried across the Delaware, there are near three hundred prisoners, fourteen of whom are officers, all British.

“This piece of good fortune is counterbalanced by the loss of the brave and worthy General Mercer.

“From the best information I have received, General Howe has left no men either at Trenton or Princeton. The truth of this I am endeavoring to ascertain, that I may regulate my movements accordingly. The militia are fast taking spirit, and, I am told, are coming in fast from this State; but I fear those from Philadelphia will scarcely

submit to the hardships of a winter campaign much longer, especially as they very unluckily sent their blankets with their baggage to Burlington. I must do them the justice however to add, that they have undergone more fatigue and hardship, than I expected militia, especially citizens, would have done at this inclement season. I am just moving to Morristown, where I shall endeavor to put them under the best cover I can. Hitherto we have been without any; and many of our poor soldiers quite barefoot, and ill clad in other respects. I have the honor to be," etc.,

[G. WASHINGTON.]

Writings of George Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D., p. 84.

Troubles about Allegiance and Rank

In January Washington issued a proclamation requiring those inhabitants who had subscribed to Howe's declaration to come in within thirty days and take the oath of allegiance to the United States. If they failed to do so they were to be treated as enemies. The measure was an eminently proper one, and the proclamation was couched in the most moderate language. It was impossible to permit a large class of persons to exist on the theory that they were peaceful American citizens and also subjects of King George. The results of such conduct were in every way perilous and intolerable, and Washington was determined that he would divide the sheep from the goats, and know whom he was defending and whom attacking. Yet for this wise and necessary action he was called in question in Congress and accused of violating civil rights and the resolves of Congress. Nothing was actually done about it, but such an incident shows from a single point the infinite tact and resolution required in waging war under a government whose members were unable to comprehend what was meant, and who could not see that until they had beaten England it was hardly worth while to worry about civil rights, which in case of defeat would speedily cease to exist altogether.

Another fertile source of trouble arose from questions of rank. Members of Congress in making promotions and appointments, were more apt to consider local claims than military merit, and they also allowed their own personal prejudices to affect their action in this respect far too much. Thence arose endless heart-burnings and jealousies, followed by resignations and the loss of valuable officers. Congress, having made the appointments, would go cheerfully about its business, while the swarm of grievances thus let loose would come buzzing about the devoted head of the commander-in-chief. He could not get away, but was compelled to quiet rivalries, allay irritated feelings, and ride the storm as best he might. It was all done, however, in one way or another; by personal appeals, and by letters full of dignity, patriotism, and patience, which are very impressive and full of meaning for students of character, even in this day and generation.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge Vol. I, p. 183.

Washington's Proclamation

"Whereas, several persons, inhabitants of the United States of America, influenced by inimical motives, intimidated by the threats of the enemy, or deluded by a proclamation issued the 30th of November last, by Lord and General Howe, styled the King's commissioners for granting pardons, etc. (now at open war and invading these States), have been so lost to the interest and welfare of their country, as to repair to the enemy, sign a declaration of fidelity, and in some cases have been compelled to take the oaths of allegiance, and engage not to take up arms, or encourage others to do so, against the king of Great Britain. And, whereas, it has become necessary to distinguish between the friends of America and those of Great Britain, inhabitants of these States, and that every man who receives protection from, and is a subject of any State (not being conscientiously scrupulous against bearing arms), should stand ready to

defend the same against hostile invasion: I do, therefore, in behalf of the United States, by virtue of powers committed to me by Congress, hereby strictly command and require every person, having subscribed such declaration, taken such oaths, and accepted such protection and certificate, to repair to headquarters, or to the quarters of the nearest general offices of the Continental army or militia (until further provision can be made by civil authority), and there deliver up such protection, certificate, and passports, and take the oath of allegiance to the United States of America; nevertheless, hereby granting full liberty to all such as prefer the interest and protection of Great Britain to the freedom and happiness of their country, forthwith to withdraw themselves and families within the enemies' lines. And I do hereby declare, that all and every person who may refuse to comply with this order, within thirty days from the date hereof, will be deemed adherents to the king of Great Britain and treated as common enemies of these American States."

Broadside distributed in New Jersey, 1776-7.

A Sarcastic Reply to the Howes' Proclamation of Pardon

"Messrs. Howe: We have seen your proclamation and as it is a great curiosity think it deserves some notice, and lest no one else should deign to notice it, will make a few remarks upon what was designed for public benefit. In this rarity we see slaves offering liberty to free Americans; thieves and robbers offer to secure our rights and property; murderers offer us pardon; a perjured tyrant by the mouths of two of his hireling butchers, 'commands' all the civil and military powers, in these independent States to resign all pretensions to authority, and to acknowledge subjection to a foreign despot, even his mock majesty, now reeking with blood and murder. This is truly a curiosity, and is a compound of the most consummate arrogance and the folly of the cloven-footed spawn of despairing wretches, who are laboring to complete the works of tyranny and death. It

would be far less wicked and not quite so stupid for the Grand Turk to send two of his slaves into Britain to command all Britains to acknowledge themselves slaves of the Turks, offering to secure their rights and property, and to pardon such as had borne arms against his Sublime Highness, upon condition of their making peace within 'sixty days.'

"Messieurs Howe and W. Howe, pray read your proclamation once more, and consider how modest you appear; and reflect on the infinite contempt with which you are viewed by the Americans, and remember the meanest freeman scorns the highest slave."

Broadside scattered in New Jersey in the winter of 1776-7

Washington Had Taken Howe's Measure

Howe, with his army of 28,000, now quietly allowed Washington to reconquer New Jersey with 5000. After the battle of Princeton, Cornwallis abandoned Trenton, Bordentown, and Princeton, removed all the British troops from them, and quietly returned to New Brunswick. Washington found that there would be too much risk in attacking New Brunswick immediately after Princeton, so he passed on northward into the heart of New Jersey, and took up a strong position at Morristown Heights, west of New York, and half-way between New York and the Delaware. Putnam came from Philadelphia with a few troops and occupied Princeton, and Heath had a few more on the Hudson. In other words, Washington, with scarcely 10,000 men, made a line of cantonments through New Jersey and held it without opposition from Howe's 28,000 all that winter and the following spring until June, 1777.

He was constantly picking off stragglers from the British posts at New Brunswick and Amboy, and, as Gallaway remarked, killed more regulars in that way than Howe would have lost by surrounding and defeating or starving him out at Morristown. In March Washington's force had sunk

to less than 3000 effectives, and yet he remained undisturbed by the vast force in New York.

Washington had taken Howe's measure. For the rest of the British general's year and a half in America, the patriot general, no matter how low his force dwindled, always remained encamped within a few miles of the vast hosts of his Whig antagonist undisturbed and unpursued. There was no need of retreating among the Indians and buffalo of the West.

The True History of the American Revolution, Sydney George Fisher, p. 328.

CHAPTER XVIII

BRANDYWINE AND GERMANTOWN

Waiting at Morristown

After the "two lucky strokes at Trenton and Princeton," as he himself called them, Washington took up a strong position at Morristown and waited. His plan was to hold the enemy in check, and to delay all operations until spring. It is easy enough now to state his purpose, and it looks very simple, but it was a grim task to carry it out through the bleak winter days of 1777. The Jersey farmers, spurred by the sufferings inflicted upon them by the British troops, had turned out at last in deference to Washington's appeals, after the victories of Trenton and Princeton, had harassed and cut off outlying parties, and had thus straitened the movements of the enemy. But the main army of the colonies, on which all depended, was in a pitiable state. It shifted its character almost from day to day. The curse of short enlistments, so denounced by Washington, made itself felt now with frightful effect. With the new year most of the continental troops departed, while others to replace them came in very slowly, and recruiting dragged most wearisomely. Washington was thus obliged, with temporary reinforcements of raw militia, to keep up appearances; and no commander ever struggled with a more trying task. At times it looked as if the whole army would actually disappear, and more than once Washington expected that the week's or the month's end would find him with not more than five hundred men. At the beginning of March he had about four thousand men, a few weeks later only three thousand raw troops, ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-shod, ill-armed, and almost unpaid. Over against him was Howe, with eleven

thousand men in the field, and still more in the city of New York, well disciplined and equipped, well-armed, well-fed, and furnished with every needful supply. The contrast is absolutely grotesque, and yet the force of one man's genius and will was such that this excellent British army was hemmed in and kept in harmless quiet by their ragged opponents.

Washington's plan, from the first, was to keep the field at all hazards, and literally at all hazards did he do so. Right and left his letters went, day after day, calling with pathetic but dignified earnestness for men and supplies. In one of these epistles, to Governor Cooke of Rhode Island, written in January, to remonstrate against raising troops for the State only, he set forth his intentions in a few words. "You must be sensible," he said, "that the season is fast approaching when a new campaign will open; nay, the former is not yet closed; nor do I intend it shall be, unless the enemy quits the Jerseys."

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 180.

Remained Standing throughout the Whole Service

An anecdote is told of Washington's conduct while commander-in-chief, illustrative of his benignant attention to others, and his freedom from all assumption. While the army was encamped at Morristown, he one day attended a religious meeting where divine service was to be celebrated in the open air. A chair had been set out for his use. Just before the service commenced a woman with a child in her arms approached. All the seats were occupied. Washington immediately rose, placed her in the chair which had been assigned to him, and remained standing throughout the whole service.

Entertaining Anecdotes of Washington (Boston, 1833), p. 39.

"Try Me!"

Among the foreign candidates for appointments was one Colonel Conway, a native of Ireland, but who, according

to his own account, had been thirty years in the service of France, and claimed to be a chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, of which he wore the decoration. Mr. Deane had recommended him to Washington as an officer of merit, and had written to Congress that he considered him well qualified for the office of adjutant or brigadier-general, and that he had given him reason to hope for one or the other of these appointments. Colonel Conway pushed for that of brigadier-general. It had been conferred some time before by Congress on two French officers, De Fermois and Deborre, who, he had observed, had been inferior to him in the French service, and it would be mortifying now to hold rank below them.

"I cannot pretend," writes Washington to the president, "to speak of Colonel Conway's merits or abilities of my own knowledge. He appears to be a man of candor, and if he has been in service as long as he says, I should suppose him infinitely better qualified to serve us than many who have been promoted, as he speaks our language."

Conway accordingly received the rank of brigadier-general, of which he subsequently proved himself unworthy. He was boastful and presumptuous, and became noted for his intrigues, and for a despicable cabal against the commander-in-chief, which went by his name, and of which we shall have to speak hereafter.

A candidate of a different stamp had presented himself in the preceding year, the gallant, generous-spirited Thaddeus Kosciuszko. He was a Pole, of an ancient and noble family of Lithuania, and had been educated for the profession of arms at the military school at Warsaw, and subsequently in France. Disappointed in a love affair with a beautiful lady of rank with whom he had attempted to elope, he had emigrated to this country, and came provided with a letter of introduction from Dr. Franklin to Washington.

"What do you seek here?" inquired the commander-in-chief.

"To fight for American independence."

"What can you do?"

"Try me."

Washington was pleased with the curt yet comprehensive reply, and with his chivalrous air and spirit, and at once received him into his family as an aide-de-camp. Congress shortly afterward appointed him an engineer, with the rank of colonel. He proved a valuable officer throughout the Revolution, and won an honorable and lasting name in our country.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. III, p. 71.

The General's Narrow Escape

In Delaware the General had a narrow escape. He rode out with Marquis Lafayette on a reconnaissance, attended by but two officers and an orderly. General Sullivan had an officer follow with a half-troop; but the General, fearing such numbers might attract attention, ordered them to wait behind a thicket. Looking thence, they saw the General ride direct toward a picket of the enemy, which from their vantage they could see, but he could not. An English officer, perceiving him, seemed to give an order to fire: but as the men raised their pieces he struck them up. As he was about to give the order to fire, the General, being satisfied, had turned his back to ride away. It is a curious tale, is it not? and none can explain it.

Long years after I myself met an English officer, a General Henderson, in Canada, and on my telling him the incident, he said at once it was he who was concerned, and that when the General turned to ride away he could not make up his mind to shoot down a man who had turned his back. He was amazed and pleased to know who it was he thus spared.

Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., p. 254.

"To Learn, and Not to Instruct"

Lafayette, in his memoirs, describes a review of Washington's army which he witnessed about this time. "Eleven thousand men, but tolerably armed, and still worse clad, presented," he said, "a singular spectacle; in their part-colored and often naked state, the best dresses were hunting shirts of brown linen. Their tactics were equally irregular. They were arranged without regard to size, excepting that the smallest men were the front rank; with all this, they were good looking soldiers conducted by zealous officers."

"We ought to feel embarrassed," said Washington to him, "in presenting ourselves before an officer just from the French army."

"It is to learn, and not to instruct that I came here," was Lafayette's apt and modest reply; and it gained him immediate popularity.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. III, p. 184.

Washington Weeps—No Money for His Men

"I have a well attested word of Washington, that of James Brown, who was forty years postmaster at Geneva, New York, where I was well acquainted. My witness was the Hon. Charles C. Clark, long Vice-President of the New York Central railroad, and my close personal friend. Brown is now long since gone. He was a prominent man in those times. I fully believe he told the truth. He was a good man and truthful. He was a young clerk in the office of Robert Morris, 'the financier of the Revolution' and, sitting at a table, witnessed this incident:

"Two days before the battle of Brandywine, Washington called at Morris's office in Philadelphia and said that they were so far in arrears with the soldiers' pay, and the men were in such hardships that they had little heart for battle, so they were liable to lose in the event just at hand.

" 'Can you help us?' pleaded the commander-in-chief in a voice husky with emotion.

"Morris shook his head sadly, saying:

" 'I have used up my own means and credit. I am deeply grieved to admit that I can do nothing now—nothing!'

"General Washington, covering his face with his large hands, so that the fingers touched his forehead, burst into an abandon of weeping, and as he sat there sobbing, the tears trickled through his fingers and dropped down his wrists.

"The General soon gained his normal composure, arose and went out without a word. The financier also got up and silently followed him, looking sadly after Washington as he passed slowly down the street.

"Two days later, September 11th, 1777, Washington met Lord Howe at Brandywine and was defeated."

Extract from a letter from the Rev. Dr Ammi B. Hyde, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Denver, Colorado.

Defeat at Chad's Ford, Brandywine Creek

Early on September 11th, the British advanced to Chad's Ford, where Washington was posted with the main body, and after some skirmishing began to cannonade at long range. Meantime Cornwallis, with the main body, made a long detour of seventeen miles, and came upon the right flank and rear of the Americans. Sullivan, who was on the right, had failed to guard the fords above, and through lack of information was practically surprised. Washington, on rumors that the enemy were marching toward his right, with the instinct of a great soldier was about to cross the river in his front and crush the enemy there, but he also was misled and kept back by false reports. When the truth was known, it was too late. The right wing had been beaten and flung back, the enemy were nearly in the rear, and were now advancing in earnest in

front. All that man could do was done. Troops were pushed forward and a gallant stand was made at various points; but the critical moment had come and gone, and there was nothing for it but a hasty retreat, which came near degenerating into a rout.

The causes of this complete defeat, for such it was, are easily seen. Washington had planned his battle and chosen his position well. If he had not been deceived by the first reports, he even then would have fallen upon and overwhelmed the British centre before they could have reached his right wing. But the Americans, to begin with, were outnumbered. They had only eleven thousand effective men, while the British brought fifteen of their eighteen thousand into action. Then the Americans suffered, as they constantly did, from misinformation, and from an absence of system in learning the enemy's movements. Washington's attack was fatally checked in this way, and Sullivan was surprised from the same causes, as well as from his own culpable ignorance of the country beyond him, which was the reason of his failure to guard the upper fords. The Americans lost, also, by the unsteadiness of the new troops when the unexpected happens, and when the panic-bearing notion that they are surprised and likely to be surrounded comes upon them with a sudden shock.

This defeat was complete and severe, and it was followed in a few days by that of Wayne, who narrowly escaped utter ruin. Yet through all this disaster we can see the advance which had been made since the equally unfortunate and very similar battle on Long Island. Then, the troops seemed to lose heart and courage, the army was held together with difficulty, and could do nothing but retreat. Now, in the few days which Howe, as usual, gave us with such fatal effect to himself, Washington rallied his army, and finding them in excellent spirits marched down the Lancaster road to fight again. On the eve of battle

a heavy storm came on, which so injured the arms and ammunitions that with bitter disappointment he was obliged to withdraw, but nevertheless it is plain how much this forward movement meant. At the moment, however, it looked badly enough, especially after the defeat of Wayne, for Howe pressed forward, took possession of Philadelphia, and encamped the main body of his army at Germantown.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 191.

Report of the Battle of Brandywine

(Letter to the President of Congress.)

“CHESTER twelve o'clock at Night.

“11 September, 1777.

“SIR,

“I am sorry to inform you, that, in this day's engagement, we have been obliged to leave the enemy masters of the field. Unfortunately the intelligence recd., of the enemy's advancing up the Brandywine & crossing at a ford about six miles above us, was uncertain and contradictory, notwithstanding all my pains to get the best. This prevented my making a disposition adequate to the force with which the enemy attacked us on our right; in consequence of which, the troops first engaged were obliged to retire before they could be reinforced. In the midst of the attack on our right, that body of the enemy, which remained on the other side of Chad's Ford, crossed it, & attacked the division there under the command of General Wayne, & the light troops under Genl Maxwell, who, after a severe conflict, also retired. The militia under the command of Major-General Armstrong, being posted at a ford about two miles below Chad's had no opportunity of engaging.

“But altho we fought under many disadvantages, and were, from the causes above mentioned, obliged to

retire, yet our loss of men is not, I am persuaded, very considerable, I believe much less than the enemy's. We have also lost seven or eight pieces of cannon, according to the best information I can at present obtain. The baggage, having been previously moved off, is all secure, saving the men's blankets, which being at their backs many of them doubtless were lost. I have directed all the troops to assemble behind Chester, where they are now arranging for this night. Notwithstanding the misfortune of the day, I am happy to find the troops in good spirits; and I hope another time we shall compensate for the losses now sustained. The Marquis de Lafayette was wounded in the leg, & General Woodford in the hand; divers other officers were wounded, & some slain; but the numbers of either cannot now be ascertained. I have the honor to be, &c.,

[G. WASHINGTON.]

“P.S. It has not been in my power to send you earlier intelligence, the present being the first leisure moment I have had since the action.”

Writings of George Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D., p. 88.

A Small Defeated Army Defies the Victor

Washington, after his defeat at Brandywine, retreated with most of his army to Chester on the Delaware. There seems to have been some scattering among his men, although it cannot be said that his army was demoralized. His wounded were sent to Chester and various places. Among the wounded, young Lafayette, with a ball in his leg, was carried to Bethlehem, to be cared for by the Moravians.

The next day Washington took most of his army up the Delaware towards the Schuylkill. Howe now had him forced into the angle of the two rivers, and could have compelled his surrender or destruction. But Washington passed on unmolested, crossed the Schuylkill, and encamped in Germantown between the two rivers.

Having declined to destroy Washington's army when he had it in his power, it was now somewhat difficult for Howe to cross the Schuylkill and enter Philadelphia. The floating bridges were all taken away, and the steep banks of the river made crossing doubly difficult so long as Washington was at large and might attack the first small force that got across the stream.

The desire of the British army to get into Philadelphia and of Washington to prevent it kept up for two weeks a contest of wits between Washington and Howe. Howe was determined to do no more fighting if he could help it. He appeared to be in no hurry, and remained camped near the battle-field of the Brandywine. Wayne's scouts who watched him reported that his men were quietly resting, cooking, and washing their clothes.

Stung by his defeat and seeing the laxity of Howe, Washington was impatient to try another issue. He soon crossed the Schuylkill to the same side with Howe, and marched twenty miles until he found the British a little west of Paoli at the Warren Tavern. There the two armies confronted each other, apparently ready for battle.

But there was no battle. The extraordinary spectacle was presented of a small defeated army returning to the victor and standing in front of him, daring him to fight.

The True History of the American Revolution, Sydney George Fisher, p. 342.

A Drunken General at Germantown

During the night march, several incidents occurred that might be deemed ominous of the fortunes of the coming day. The celebrated Count Pulaski, who was charged with the service of watching the enemy and gaining intelligence, was said to have been found asleep in a farm-house. But although the gallant Pole might have been overtaken by slumber, from the great fatigue growing out of the duties of the advance guard, yet no soldier was more wide awake

in the moment of combat than the intrepid and chivalric Count Pulaski.

The delay in the arrival of the ammunition-wagons was productive of most serious consequences in the action of the succeeding day. The general officer [Gen. Adam Stephen, of Virginia] to whom the blame of this delay was attached was afterward discovered in a state of intoxication, lying in the corner of a fence. Lieutenant Benjamin Grymes, of the Life-guard, grasping the delinquent by the collar, placed him on his legs, and bade him go and do his duty. This bold proceeding on the part of a subaltern toward a general officer was certainly at variance with rules or orders of discipline; but the exigency of the moment, and the degrading spectacle that an officer of high rank had presented to the eyes of the soldiery, would seem to have warranted a proceeding that, under different circumstances, must be considered as subversive of all military discipline. Grymes was a bold, brave soldier, enthusiastically attached to the cause of his country, and foremost among the asserters of her liberties. The general officer of whom we have spoken was brought to a court-martial and cashiered.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis,
p. 195.

Fighting in Fog

The only hope of defeating this well-posted force lay in a surprise, and Washington selected the night of October 3, 1777, for the attempt. Starting his men on their long march about seven in the evening, he moved them so rapidly that they reached their destination before sunrise the next morning, and though some vague rumors of his advance had reached the British camp, they excited no alarm. Just outside the town he divided his command into four columns, assigning each to one of the four roads leading into the town, with orders that they should all press for-

ward at the same moment, and pouring in from different directions, drive the attack home with a fury that would create confusion, divide the enemy, and afford an opportunity for overwhelming its various detachments, one at a time. This plan, which aimed at nothing less than the destruction of the entire British army, was an ambitious and daring move, in view of the fact that the Americans were outnumbered, but it was well thought out, and the four divisions moved to their posts full of confidence and hope, John Marshall, the future Chief Justice of the United States, marching with one of the columns. By this time, however, a heavy fog hung over the roads and fields, and before the final advance was fairly started the converging columns were completely screened from each other's view, and the men had to grope their way forward with considerable caution.

Down the main road toward the head of the street crept the Americans under General Anthony Wayne, and before long they struck the British sentries and gobbled them up almost before they had time to cry out. The surprise was complete, but as the Americans pressed forward, sweeping everything before them, they suddenly stumbled upon Colonel Musgrave's regiment, which sprang to arms, taking cover behind fences, walls, and hedges and a fierce struggle followed, the combatants fighting at close range and firing at the flashes of each other's muskets through the curtain of the fog. It was only for a moment, however, that the onrush was checked and most of the Fortieth Regiment was soon flying at top speed from the victorious Americans, leaving its Colonel and a handful of men practically surrounded.

But Colonel Musgrave, though cornered, was far from being caught. His one chance of escape lay in reaching some shelter where he could hold out until re-enforcements reached him, and, taking it, he made a dash for the Chew Mansion immediately behind him, threw his men inside,

and opened a brisk fire from the windows on his pursuers as they leaped forward out of the fog. For a moment the Americans hesitated. The gallant officer and his men were completely surrounded and could not possibly escape, so a young Virginian lieutenant was sent forward with a white flag to demand their immediate surrender. Doubtless they did not see his handkerchief, or bit of white rag, in the misty light, and before he came within hailing distance a musket in one of the upper windows flashed and the officer fell dead, clutching his flag of truce.

From that instant the fate of the whole enterprise was practically sealed, for Wayne's division, instead of leaving the building under a sufficient guard and pressing forward according to Washington's plan, determined to avenge what was regarded as the wanton murder of their comrade, and bringing up cannon they proceeded to batter the house to pieces. But the old dwelling was strongly constructed and the cannon balls made but little impression on its stone walls. Efforts were then made to set it on fire and carry it by assault, but Colonel Musgrave and his men, realizing the temper of their assailants and the strength of their own position, heroically determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and the Americans who stepped out of the fog bank and within range of their muskets courted death.

Solid shot crashed through the windows and tore the doors apart; plaster and bricks flew up in dust; chimneys toppled, and the barricades of furniture were blown to splinters, but though rush after rush was made to take advantage of these openings, only one man reached the windows alive. Indeed, no less than fifty-seven Americans fell under the deadly fire that spurted from every loophole in the improvised fortress, and every victim increased the assailants' rage. The roar of this mimic battle was, of course, heard by the other parts of the Continental army, and before long several battalions, a brigade, and a whole division



Engraved by G. Uman from Original Drawing by C. Schuessel.

ATTACKING THE CHEW MANSION IN THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN

were hurriedly groping their way toward what they supposed to be the main field of action, each screened from the other by the fog.

Up to this moment success was far from impossible, for some of the divisions had already fallen upon the British and were driving them with considerable confusion back upon their supports. Indeed, a little pressure would have undoubtedly started the panic upon which Washington had counted, but the bombardment of the Chew Mansion delayed Wayne's troops, and before this could be corrected two of the brigades which were moving toward the sound of the cannonading got directly behind Wayne's division, and mistaking them for the enemy, fired point-blank into their ranks, and believing they were being attacked from the rear, Colonel Musgrave's besiegers began a retreat.

Meanwhile the other divisions, finding themselves without support, gave way before the re-enforcements which the British hurried from Philadelphia and something very like a panic struck the entire American force. For a time it seemed as though the day which had begun with such brilliant prospects would end in utter disaster, but Washington, ably seconded by Greene, soon got control of the fugitives, and when Howe started to pursue he found the Americans so skilfully posted that he retired, well satisfied with having saved his army.

Washington thereupon withdrew his troops in good order, having lost about a thousand men, of which four hundred were taken prisoners, but having inflicted such a blow on the enemy that all thought of rescuing Burgoyne was abandoned.

On the Trail of Washington, Frederick Trevor Hill, p. 163

"You Will Fire upon Your Own People!"

Six companies of the fortieth regiment, under their lieutenant-colonel, being hard pressed by the advancing columns of Americans, threw themselves into Chew's

house, a strongly constructed stone building, and barricading the lower windows, opened a destructive fire from the cellars and upper windows. The Americans, finding their musketry made no impression, were in the act of dragging up their cannon to batter the walls, when a *ruse de guerre* was attempted, which, however, failed of success. An officer galloped up from the house, and cried out, "What are you about; you will fire upon your own people." The artillery opened, but, after fifteen or twenty rounds, the pieces were found to be of too small caliber to make a serious impression, and were withdrawn.

A most daring and chivalric attempt was now made to fire the building. Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, with a few volunteers, rushed up to the house under cover of the smoke, and applied a burning brand to the principal door, at the same time engaging passes with his sword with the enemy on the inside. By almost a miracle, this gallant and accomplished officer escaped unharmed, although his clothes were repeatedly torn by the enemy's shot. Another and equally daring attempt was made by Major White, aide-de-camp to General Sullivan, but without as fortunate a result. The major, while in the act of firing one of the cellar windows, was mortally wounded, and died soon afterward.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, p. 198.

Holding up Their Empty Cartridge Boxes

At this period of the action the fog had become so dense that objects could scarcely be distinguished at a few yards' distance. The Americans had penetrated the enemy's camp even to their second line, which was drawn up to receive them about the centre of Germantown. The ammunition of the right wing, including the Maryland brigades, became exhausted, the soldiers holding up their empty cartridge boxes, when their officers called on them

to rally and face the enemy. The extended line of operations, which embraced nearly two miles, the unfavorable nature of the ground in the environs of Germantown for the operation of troops (a large portion of whom were undisciplined), the ground being much cut up, and intersected by stone fences and enclosures of various sorts; the delay of the left wing under Greene in getting into action—all these causes, combined with an atmosphere so dense from fog and smoke as to make it impossible to distinguish friend from foe, produced a retreat in the American army at the moment when victory seemed to be within its grasp.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, p. 200.

Heroic General Nash

While gallantly leading the North Carolina brigade, that formed part of the reserve, into action, General Nash was mortally wounded. A round-shot from the British artillery striking a sign-post in Germantown, glanced therefrom, and, passing through his horse, shattered the general's thigh on the opposite side. The fall of the animal hurled its unfortunate rider with considerable force to the ground. With surpassing courage and presence of mind, General Nash, covering his wound with both of his hands, gayly called out to his men,

"Never mind me, I have had a devil of a tumble; rush on, my boys, rush after the enemy, I'll be after you presently."

Human nature could do no more. Faint from loss of blood, and the intense agony of his wound, the sufferer was borne to a house hard by, and attended by Doctor Craik, by special order of the commander-in-chief. The doctor gave his patient but feeble hopes of recovery, even with the chances of amputation, when Nash observed,

"It may be considered unmanly to complain, but my agony is too great for human nature to bear. I am

aware that my days, perhaps hours, are numbered, but I do not repine at my fate. I have fallen on the field of honor while leading my brave Carolinians to the assault of the enemy. I have a last request to make of his excellency the commander-in-chief, that he will permit you, my dear doctor, to remain with me, to protect me while I live, and my remains from insult."

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis
p. 202.

How the Battle Was Lost

Washington, as usual when matters went ill, exposed himself recklessly, to the great alarm of his generals, but all in vain. He was deeply disappointed, and expressed himself so at first, for he saw that the men had unaccountably given way when they were on the edge of victory. The underlying cause was of course, as at Long Island and Brandywine, the unsteadiness of the raw troops, and Washington felt rightly, after the first sting had passed, that he had really achieved a great deal. Congress applauded the attempt, and when the smoke of battle had cleared away, men generally perceived that its having been fought at all was in reality the important fact. It made also a profound impression upon the French cabinet. Eagerly watching the course of events, they saw the significance of the fact that an army raised within a year could fight a battle in the open field, endure a severe defeat, and take the offensive and make a bold and well-planned attack, which narrowly missed being overwhelmingly successful. To the observant and trained eyes of Europe, the defeat at Germantown made it evident that there was fighting material among these untrained colonists, capable of becoming formidable; and that there was besides a powerful will and directing mind, capable on its part of bringing this same material into the required shape and condition. To dispassionate onlookers, England's grasp on her colonies appeared to be

slipping away very rapidly. Washington himself saw the meaning of it all plainly enough, for it was but the development of his theory of carrying on the war.

George Washington Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 195.

"Ah, These Americans Are an Elastic People!"

But the most happy and imposing influences upon America and her cause, resulting from the battle of Germantown, were experienced abroad. "Eh, mon Dieu," exclaimed the Count de Vergennes, the French minister of foreign affairs, to the American commissioners in Paris, "what is this you tell me, Messieurs; another battle, and the British grand army surprised in its camp at Germantown, Sir William and his veterans routed and flying for two hours, and a great victory only denied to Washington by a tissue of accidents beyond human control? Ah, ah, these Americans are an elastic people! Press them down to-day, they rise to-morrow. And then, my dear sirs, these military wonders to be achieved by an army raised within a single year, opposed to the skill, discipline, and experience of European troops commanded by generals grown gray in war. The brave Americans, they are worthy of the aid of France. They will succeed at last."

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, p. 207.

PART II



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WASHINGTON'S LAST FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER

On leaving for New York to be first President. (Page 208.)

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CHAPTER XIX

GENERAL GATES AND BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER

A Double Feint

Just before sailing from New York Howe sent a letter to Burgoyne which he carefully arranged should fall into the hands of Washington, for he gave it to be carried by a patriot prisoner whom he released and paid a handsome sum of money, as if he really believed that such a person would prove a faithful messenger. In this letter he said that he was making a feint at sea to the southward, but that his real intention was to sail to Boston, and from there assist Burgoyne at Albany.

This letter was itself a feint; Howe's ships disappeared in the hot July haze that overhung the ocean, and for a week nothing more was heard of him. A Connecticut newspaper printed an advertisement offering a reward for a lost general.

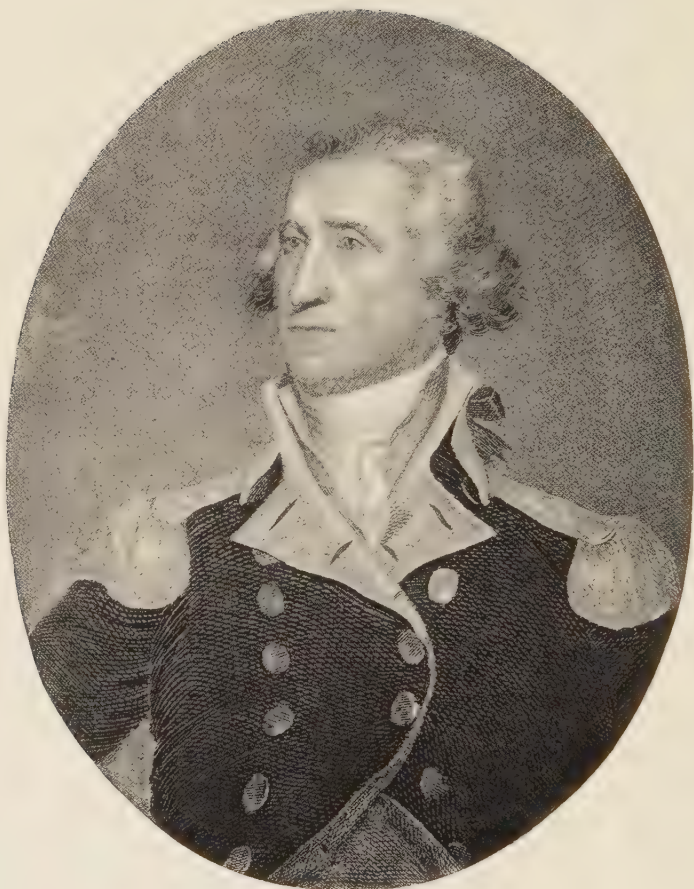
The True History of the American Revolution Sydney George Fisher, p. 335.

Outnumbered, Beaten, and Caught, Burgoyne Surrenders

Whatever his feelings may have been in regard to the command of the northern department, Washington made no change in his own course after Gates had been appointed. He knew that Gates was at least harmless, and not likely to block the natural course of events. He therefore felt free to press his own policy without cessation, and without apprehension. He took care that Lincoln and Arnold should be there to look after the New England militia, and he wrote to Governor Clinton, in whose energy and courage he had great confidence, to rouse up the men of New York. He suggested the points of attack, and at every moment

advised and counseled and watched, holding all the while a firm grip on Howe. Slowly and surely the net, thus painfully set, tightened around Burgoyne. The New Englanders whipped one division at Bennington, and the New Yorkers shattered another at Oriskany and Fort Schuyler. The country people turned out in defense of their invaded homes and poured into the American camp. Burgoyne struggled and advanced, fought and retreated. Gates, stupid, lethargic, and good-natured, did nothing, but there was no need of generalship; and Arnold was there, turbulent and quarrelsome, but full of daring; and Morgan, too, equally ready; and they and others did all the necessary fighting.

Poor Burgoyne, a brave gentleman, if not a great general, had the misfortune to be a clever man in the service of a stupid administration, and he met the fate usually meted out under such circumstances to men of ideas. Howe went off to the conquest of Philadelphia, Clinton made a brief burning and plundering raid up the river, and the northern invasion, which really had meaning, was left to its fate. It was a hard fate, but there was no escape. Out-numbered, beaten, and caught, Burgoyne surrendered. If there had been a fighting man at the head of the American army, the British would have surrendered as prisoners of war, and not on conditions. Schuyler, we may be sure, whatever his failings, would never have let them off so easily. But it was sufficient as it was. The wilderness, and the militia of New York and New England swarming to the defense of their homes, had done the work. It all fell out just as Washington had foreseen and planned, and England, despising her enemy and their commander, saw one of her armies surrender, and might have known, if she had had the wit, that the colonies were now lost forever. The Revolution had been saved at Trenton; it was established at Saratoga. In one case it was the direct, in the other the indirect, work of Washington.



Engraved from the Painting by John Trumbull.

A FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON

Could Not Avoid Being a Gentleman

While the two armies were making faces at each other from works only a musket-shot apart, Sir Henry Clinton ascended the Hudson from New York, outwitted Putnam, and captured the three forts near Peekskill that constituted the defenses of the river. Putnam intercepted a dispatch from Clinton to Burgoyne announcing his success and approach. Had this word reached Burgoyne, that officer would never have capitulated. Rome was once saved by geese; in the autumn of 1777 America was saved by an emetic, for the intercepted dispatch was obtained from the stomach of a spy, who had swallowed it, by a dose of medicine appropriate to the occasion.

Two days before the interception of this dispatch Burgoyne again moved to the attack. He found his match, for Gates, although an unscrupulous scoundrel, was an able soldier. Burgoyne's right was turned, and Arnold, dashing to the field alone in spite of Gates's efforts to prevent him, assumed command in front of the enemy's center and broke it. Burgoyne, repulsed and attempting to retreat, found himself in a day or two surrounded on all sides but one, toward which he dared not move, and he had provisions for only three days, so he summoned his officers to talk about a surrender. Their deliberations were materially hastened by an American cannon-shot that swept across the table around which they were seated.

Extorting honorable terms from Gates, Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga on the 17th of October, the gain to the Americans, besides glory and prisoners, being a most desirable assortment of artillery, muskets, ammunition, and military stores. The most astonishing fact connected with the affair, however, was, that Gates behaved like a gentleman to those in his power; which was of rare occurrence in his American career. Even in this respect he was cast in the shade by Schuyler, who made his house in Albany

Burgoyne's home, although a few days before the surrender Burgoyne had completely destroyed Schuyler's beautiful home on the west bank of the Hudson.

Washington learned of the defeat of Burgoyne by hearsay; Gates seemed to think that the commander-in-chief of the army was not of importance enough to merit a special dispatch, so he reported only to Congress. This discourtesy did not prevent Washington's writing to Gates: "I do myself the pleasure to congratulate you on the signal success of the army under your command," and declaring the victory "an event that does the highest honor to the American arms." Instead of calling his lieutenant sharply to account for not reporting in proper form, he merely said, "I can not but regret that a matter of such magnitude, and so interesting to our general operations, should have reached me by report only, or through the channel of letters not bearing that authenticity which the importance of it required, and which it would have received by a line under your signature stating the simple fact."

If the commander-in-chief imagined that Gates would be affected to decency by such language, he was a very bad judge of human nature; the only effect of the letter was to prove that, even under extreme provocation and insult, Washington could not avoid being a gentleman.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 158.

An Event of Infinite Importance

The surrender of Burgoyne and his army was an event of infinite importance to the republican cause beyond its immediate results. Hitherto, during the war, the preponderance of successes had been on the side of the British; and there were doubtful minds and trembling hearts everywhere among the true friends of the cause, to whom the idea of deliverance of the colonists appeared almost chimerical.

The events on the Brandywine were not calculated to

inspire hope, even in the most hopeful; and all eyes were turned anxiously to the army of the North. Every breath of rumor from Saratoga was listened to with eagerness; and when the victory was certified, a shout went up all over the land—from the furrow, and workshops, and marts of commerce, from the pulpit, from provincial halls of legislation, from partisan camps, and from the shattered ranks of the commander-in-chief of the American armies, at White-marsh. The bills of Congress rose twenty per cent. in value; capital came forth from its hiding-places; the militia of the country were inspirited, and more hopeful hearts everywhere prevailed.

The Congress, overjoyed by the event, forgot their own dignity; and when Major Wilkinson, Gates' bearer of despatches to that body, appeared at their door, he was admitted to the legislative floor, and allowed verbally to proclaim in the ear of that august assembly.

"The whole British army have laid down their arms at Saratoga; our own, full of vigor and courage, expect your orders; it is for your wisdom to decide where the country may still have need of their services."

In the ecstasy of the hour the commander-in-chief was overlooked and almost forgotten; and the insult of the elated Gates, in omitting to send his despatches to his chief was allowed to pass unrebuked.

Beyond the Atlantic the effect of this victory was also very important. In the British Parliament it gave strength to the opposition, and struck the ministerial party with dismay. "You may swell every expense and every effort, still more extravagantly," thundered Chatham, as he leaned upon his crutches and poured forth a torrent of eloquent invective and denunciation. "You may pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign power; your efforts are forever vain and impotent; doubly

so from this mercenary aid on which you rely, for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies. To overrun with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty!" . . .

By this victory, unaided as the republicans were by any foreign help or encouragement of much importance, their prowess was placed in the most favorable light before the eyes of continental Europe. France now listened with respect to the overtures for aid made by the American commissioners. Spain, the states general of Holland, the prince of Orange, Catherine of Russia, and even Ganganelli (Pope Clement the Fourteenth), all of whom feared and hated England because of her increasing puissance in arms, commerce, and diplomacy, thought and spoke kindly of the struggling Americans. And on the sixth of February following, France acknowledged the independence of the United States, and entered into a treaty of friendship and commerce, and an alliance offensive and defensive, with them.

Washington and the American Republic Benson J. Lossing, Vol. II, p. 539.

A Letter about Germantown and Burgoyne

(To John Augustine Washington.)

“Philadelphia County, 18 October, 1777.

“DEAR BROTHER,

“Your kind and affectionate Letters of the 21st of Sept. & 2d Inst. came safe to hand.

“When my last to you was dated I know not; for truly I can say, that my whole time is so much engrossed, that I have scarcely a moment, but sleeping ones for relaxation, or to indulge myself in writing a friend. The anxiety you have been under, on acct. of this army, I can easily conceive. Would to God there had been less cause for it; or that our

situation at present was such as to promise much from it.

“ But for a thick Fog, which rendered it so infinitely dark at times as not to distinguish friend from Foe at the distance of thirty yards, we should, I believe, have made a decisive and glorious day of it. But Providence or some unaccountable something designed it otherwise; for after we had driven the Enemy a mile or two, after they were in the utmost confusion and flying before us in most places, after we were upon the point, (as it appeared to every body,) of grasping a compleat victory, our own troops took fright and fled with precipitation and disorder. How to acct for this I know not; unless, as I before observed, the Fog represented their own Friends to them for a Reinforcement of the Enemy, as we attacked in different Quarters at the same time, and were about closing the wings of our army when this happened. One thing, indeed, contributed not a little to our misfortune, and that was want of ammunition on the right wing, which began the Engagement, and in the course of two hours and forty minutes, which time it lasted, had, (many of them) expended the forty Rounds, that they took into the Field. After the Engagement we removed to a place about twenty miles from the Enemy, to collect our Forces together, to take care of our wounded, get furnished with necessaries again, and be in a better posture, either for offensive or defensive operations. We are now advancing towards the Enemy again, being at this time within twelve miles of them.

“ Our loss in the late action was, in killed, wounded, and missing, about one thousand men, but of the missing, many, I dare say, took advantage of the times, and deserted.

• This we certainly know, that the Hospital at Philadelphia & several large Meeting Houses, are filled with the wounded besides private Houses with the Horses. In a word it was a bloody day. Would to Heaven I could add, that it had been a more fortunate one for us.

“ Our distress on acct. of Cloathing is great, and in a little

time must be very sensibly felt, unless some expedient can be hit upon to obtain them.

"I very sincerely congratulate you on the change in your Family. Tell the young couple, after wishing them joy of their union, that it is my sincere hope, that it will be as happy and lasting as their present joys are boundless. The Enclosed Letter of thanks to my sister for her elegant present you will please to deliver; and, with sincere affection for you all, I am &c.

"P. S. I had scarce finished this Letter when by express from the State of New York I received the Important and glorious news which follows:—

" 'Albany 18th Octr., 1777.

" 'Last night at 8 o'clock the capitulation whereby General Burgoyne & whole Army surrendered themselves Prisoners of War, was signed and this Morning they have to march out towds. the River above Fish Creek with the Honour's of War (and there ground their Arms) they are from thence to be marched to Massachusetts bay.

" 'We congratulate you on this happy event, & remain &c.

" 'GEO. CLINTON.'

"I most devoutly congratulate you, my country, and every well wisher to the cause on this signal stroke of Providence. Yrs. as before,"

[GEORGE.]

Writings of Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D., p. 92.

"My Tender-hearted Hyenas, Go Forth!"

Even had the loyalist feeling on the Vermont frontier of New York been far stronger than it really was, Burgoyne had done much to alienate or stifle it by his ill-advised

employment of Indian auxiliaries. For this blunder the responsibility rests mainly with Lord North and Lord George Germaine. . . . The slaughter of aged men, of women and children and unresisting prisoners, was absolutely prohibited; and "on no account, or pretense, or subtlety, or prevarication," were scalps to be taken from wounded or dying men. An order more likely to prove efficient was one which provided a reward for every savage who should bring his prisoners to camp in safety. To these injunctions, which must have inspired them with pitying contempt, the chiefs laconically replied that they had "sharpened their hatchets upon their affections," and were ready to follow their "great white father."

The employment of savage auxiliaries was indignantly denounced by the opposition in Parliament, and when the news of this speech of Burgoyne's reached England it was angrily ridiculed by Burke, who took a sounder view of the natural instincts of the red man. "Suppose," said Burke, "that there was a riot on Tower Hill. What would the keeper of his majesty's lions do? Would he not fling open the dens of the wild beasts, and address them thus? 'My gentle lions, my humane bears, my tender-hearted hyenas, go forth! But I exhort you, as you are Christians and members of civilized society, to take care not to hurt any man, woman or child!' " The House of Commons was convulsed over this grotesque picture; and Lord North, to whom it seemed irresistibly funny to hear an absent man thus denounced for measures he himself had originated, sat choking with laughter, while tears ran down his great fat cheeks.

The American Revolution, John Fiske Vol. I, p. 275.

With Washington at White Marsh

Early in the succeeding spring, say 1777, the States were called upon by Congress for a quota of militia, as the

British fleet with their army left New York, their supposed destination being the Delaware or Chesapeake Bay. They soon entered the latter and proceeded up to its head (where I had a full view of the ships at anchor) and landed the army near the head of Elk and proceeded by slow marches. They were met by our gallant little army, much inferior [in numbers] at different points, and were annoyed, as occasion offered, but [as it was] impossible to check them successfully, they soon took possession of this city. [Philadelphia.]

General Washington chose White Marsh, eighteen miles distant, for his headquarters. It was my fortune once more to take the field, being then an ensign in a company of militia (commanded by my brother). [I was] ordered out and marched with the company to join the army at White Marsh, soon after the battle of Germantown. I was often in scouting parties, and on one occasion came down in the night with four hundred men under the command of a colonel within three miles of the city—almost near enough to hear the British sentinels (their line extending from the river Delaware to the Schuylkill, two miles north of the city, on the Germantown road), making a march, during the night, of twenty-five miles by computation, from headquarters, down through Jenkintown, and back to headquarters. The object of the expedition was to intercept British officers, who, it was said, frequently sallied out at night to regale themselves in the country. We were disappointed, however, in our expectations, but a report of the expedition made them shy of such experiments. After the campaign closed the militia were discharged and returned to their homes as before. This cured me of a soldier's life, being sick the greater part of the winter. I might observe that I was as well entitled to a pension as other soldiers and officers, but as I never claimed a pension, nor did I ever intend to do so, though often advised, I did not consider it an object, or worthy of notice,

or of the trouble it might require: I freely renounced all claim, and my country was welcome to my services, whatever they might have been worth.

Reminiscences, in manuscript, of Cornelius Comegys, through the courtesy of his great-grandson, G. Albert Smyth

Pennsylvania Remonstrates against Going into Winter Quarters

"It's a very pleasing circumstance to the division under my command," writes Varnum, "that there is a probability of their marching; three days successively we have been destitute of bread. Two days we have been entirely without meat. The men must be supplied or they cannot be commanded."

In fact, a dangerous mutiny had broken out among the famishing troops in the preceding night, which their officers had had great difficulty in quelling.

Washington instantly wrote to the President of Congress on the subject. "I do not know from what cause this alarming deficiency, or rather total failure of supplies arises; but unless more vigorous exertions and better regulations take place in that line (the commissaries' department) immediately, the army must dissolve. I have done all in my power by remonstrating, by writing, by ordering the commissaries on this head, from time to time; but without any good effect, or obtaining more than a present scanty relief. Owing to this, the march of the army has been delayed on more than one interesting occasion, in the course of the present campaign; and had a body of the enemy crossed the Schuylkill this morning, as I had reason to expect, the divisions which I ordered to be in readiness to march and meet them could not have moved."

Scarce had Washington despatched this letter, when he learnt that the Legislature of Pennsylvania had addressed a remonstrance to Congress against his going into winter quarters, instead of keeping in the open field. This letter, received in his forlorn situation, surrounded by an unhoused,

scantily clad, half-starved army, shivering in the midst of December's snow and cold, put an end to his forbearance, and drew from him another letter to the President of Congress, dated on the 23d, which . . . gives the difficulties of the situation, mainly caused by unwise and intermeddling legislation.

Life of George Washington Washington Irving, Vol. III, p. 387.

American victory at Princeton	Jan. 3, 1777
Winter quarters at Morristown	1777
Lafayette's first meeting with Washington	August, 1777
British victorious at Chad's Ford, Brandywine Creek,	
	Sept. 17, 1777
British victory at Germantown	Oct. 4, 1777
Burgoyne surrenders to Gates at Saratoga	Oct. 17, 1777
Washington encamps at Valley Forge	Dec. 11, 1777

CHAPTER XX

"THE LONG AND DREARY WINTER" AT VALLEY FORGE

The State of Affairs That Winter

There was no town at Valley Forge, and it became necessary to provide some shelter for the soldiers other than the canvas tents which served in the field in summer. It was the middle of December when the army began preparations for the winter, and Washington gave directions for the building of the little village. The men were divided into parties of twelve, each party to build a hut to accommodate that number; and in order to stimulate the men, Washington promised a reward of twelve dollars to the party in each regiment which finished its hut first and most satisfactorily. And as there was some difficulty in getting boards, he offered a hundred dollars to any officer or soldier who should invent some substitute which would be as cheap as boards and as quickly provided.

Each hut was to be fourteen feet by sixteen, the sides, ends, and roof to be made of logs, and the sides made tight with clay. There was to be a fireplace in the rear of each hut, built of wood, but lined with clay eighteen inches thick. The walls were to be six and a half feet high. Huts were also to be provided for the officers, and to be placed in the rear of those occupied by the troops. All these were to be regularly arranged in streets. A visitor to the camp when the huts were being built wrote of the army: "They appear to me like a family of beavers, every one busy; some carrying logs, others mud, and the rest plastering them together." It was bitterly cold, and for a month the men were at work, making ready for the winter.

But in what sort of condition were the men themselves

when they began this work? Here is a picture of one of those men on his way to Valley Forge: "His bare feet peep through his worn-out shoes, his legs nearly naked from the tattered remains of an only pair of stockings, his breeches not enough to cover his nakedness, his shirt hanging in strings, his hair disheveled, his face wan and thin, his look hungry, his whole appearance that of a man forsaken and neglected." And the snow was falling. This was one of the privates. The officers were scarcely better off. One was wrapped "in a sort of dressing-gown made of an old blanket or woolen bed-cover." The uniforms were torn and ragged; the guns were rusty; a few only had bayonets; the soldiers carried their powder in tin boxes and cow-horns.

To explain why this army was so poor and forlorn would be to tell a long story. It may be summed up briefly in these words: The army was not taken care of because there was no country to take care of it. There were thirteen States, and each of these States sent troops into the field, but all the States were jealous of one another. There was a Congress, which undertook to direct the war, but all the members of Congress coming from the several States were jealous of one another. They were agreed on only one thing — that it was not prudent to give the army too much power. It is true that they had once given Washington large authority, but they had given it only for a short period. They were very much afraid that somehow the army would rule the country, and yet they were trying to free the country from the rule of England. But when they talked about freeing the country, each man thought only of his own State. The first fervor with which they had talked about a common country had died away; there were some very selfish men in Congress, who could not be patriotic enough to think of the whole country.

The truth is, it takes a long time for the people of a country to feel that they have a country. Up to the time of the war for independence, the people in America did

not care much for one another or for America. They had really been preparing to be a nation, but they did not know it. They were angry with Great Britain, and they knew they had been wronged. They were therefore ready to fight; but it does not require so much courage to fight as to endure suffering and to be patient.

George Washington, an Historical Biography, Horace E. Scudder, p. 171.

How They Kept the Sentry Warm

When Washington realized this he determined not to rely on Congress any longer, and, taking matters into his own hands, he proceeded to fight famine and cold as vigorously as he had fought the enemy. His experience as a planter now stood him in good stead, for he had had to build houses and mills, and provide for a large number of laborers in his farming days, and the knowledge he had gained in this way enabled him to make Valley Forge a habitable, if not a comfortable, encampment. Under his directions log huts were erected, prizes being offered those soldiers who built the best and neatest shelters; streets were planned and laid out, and most important of all, General Greene was persuaded to serve as Quartermaster-general and procure the necessary food and clothing.

Greene was essentially a fighting general, and the idea of abandoning all chance of glory and distinction in the field and undertaking the dull work of seeing that the troops had something to eat and wear was hateful to him. "History never heard of a Quartermaster-general!" he exclaimed in disgust, but he unselfishly laid aside his own wishes and, taking up his disagreeable duties, performed them so well that if history never heard of a Quartermaster-general before his day, it has remembered one ever since. Under his energetic management the country was scoured for provisions, all the available material for blankets and clothing was procured, and after weeks of desperate work the most pressing needs of the troops were met.

But despite his utmost exertions Washington was forced to witness frightful sufferings among his men. There were no proper accommodations for the wounded, and starvation and exposure soon caused diseases that killed strong men by the score and spread illness throughout his camp, until at times there were scarcely enough men fit for duty to guard the breastworks. Nevertheless, the resolute commander struggled to keep his forces together, sharing all their hardships and devoting himself night and day to bettering their condition. Inspired by his splendid courage and example, the soldiers bore their privations almost without murmuring, each occupant of a hut contributing part of his clothing whenever one of his "bunkies" was ordered on sentry duty, and otherwise showing an unselfishness rarely equaled in the history of war. During all that cruel winter when the huts lay almost buried in snow, and the ragged sentries often froze to death at their posts, and each day was a living death, there were practically no desertions among the native-born Americans, and comparatively few of those who were born elsewhere yielded to the temptation of seeking comfort with the enemy. No military chieftain ever received a finer tribute than this.

On the Trail of Washington, Frederick Trevor Hill, p. 172.

Thanking "Light-horse Harry"

On one occasion there was a flurry at the most advanced post, where Captain Henry Lee ("Light-horse Harry") with a few of his troops was stationed. He had made himself very formidable to the enemy by harassing their foraging parties. An attempt was made to surprise him. A party of about two hundred dragoons, taking a circuitous route in the night, came upon him by daybreak. He had but a few men with him at the time, and took post in a large storehouse. His scanty force did not allow a soldier for each window. The dragoons attempted to force their way into the house. There was a warm contest. The dragoons were

bravely repulsed, and sheered off, leaving two killed and four wounded. "So well directed was the opposition," writes Lee to Washington, "that we drove them from the stables, and saved every horse. We have got the arms, some cloaks, etc., of their wounded. The enterprise was certainly daring, though the issue of it was very ignominious. I had not a soldier for each window."

Washington, whose heart evidently warmed more and more to this young Virginian officer, the son of his "lowland beauty," not content with noticing his exploit in general orders, wrote a note to him on the subject, expressed with unusual familiarity and warmth.

"My dear Lee," writes he, "although I have given you my thanks in the general orders of this day, for the late instance of your gallant behavior, I cannot resist the inclination I feel to repeat them again in this manner. I needed no fresh proof of your merit to bear you in remembrance. I waited only for the proper time and season to show it; those I hope are not far off. . . . Offer my sincere thanks to the whole of your gallant party, and assure them, that no one felt pleasure more sensibly, or rejoiced more sincerely for your and their escape, than your affectionate," etc.

[G. WASHINGTON.]

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. III, p. 437.

"Who Are You, Anyhow?"

During that terribly trying winter at Valley Forge, Washington, in the worst weather, went frequently about the miserable camp by himself, to see how his poor soldiers were faring, and happened late, one bitterly cold afternoon, to come upon "an awkward squad," engaged in building a log hut, under the angry derisive direction of an insolent young lieutenant, lately arrived at winter quarters. After listening for a few moments the General, shocked at such brutality, called out authoritatively, yet quietly:

"Don't abuse your men, lieutenant! Can't you see that they are half frozen?"

Failing to recognize his great superior officer in the tall figure, wrapped in a long military cloak, and standing under a dark pine, in the snowy twilight, the young subaltern shouted back—"Mind your blanked business! Who are *you* anyhow?"

Then the tall figure under the pine grew yet taller, and like a thunder-burst came the answer:

"I am General George Washington, commander-in-chief of the Continental armies, . . . and I order you under arrest."

Stories and Sketches, Grace Greenwood, p. 18.

The Kind of Man He Really Was

Abler pens than mine have put on record the sorrowful glory of that dreadful camp-ground by Valley Forge. It is strongly characterized in those beseeching letters and despatches of the almost heart-broken man, who poured out his grief in language which even today no man can read unmoved. To us he showed only a gravely tranquil face, which had in it something which reassured those starving and naked ones. Most wonderful is it, as I read what he wrote to inefficient, blundering men, to see how calmly he states our pitiful case, how entirely he controls a nature violent and passionate beyond that of most men. He was scarcely in the saddle as commander before the body which set him there was filled with dissatisfaction.

I think it well that we know so little of what went on within the walls of Congress. The silence of history has been friendly to many reputations. There need be no silence as to this man, nor any concealment, and there has been much. I would have men see him as we saw him in his anger, when no language was too strong; in his hour of serene kindness, when Hamilton, the aide of twenty, was "my boy," in this starving camp, with naked men shivering



FIRST MEETING OF WASHINGTON WITH HAMILTON

in their blankets by the fires, when "He pitied those miseries he could neither relieve nor prevent." Am I displeased to think that although he laughed rarely he liked Colonel Scammel's strong stories, and would be amused by a song such as no woman should hear?

This serene, inflexible, decisive man, biding his hour, could be then the venturesome soldier, willing to put every fortune on the chance, risking himself with a courage that alarmed men for his life. Does any but a fool think that he could have been all these things and not have had in him the wild blood of passion? He had a love for fine clothes and show. He was, I fear, at times extravagant, and as I have heard, could not pay his doctor's bill, and would postpone that, and send him a horse and a little money to educate his godson, the good doctor's son. As to some of his letters, they contain jests not gross, but not quite fit for grave seigniors nor *virginibus puerisque*. There is one to Lafayette I have been shown by the marquis. It is most amusing, but—oh, fie! Was he religious? I do not know. Men say so. He might have been, and yet have had his hours of ungoverned rage, or other forms of human weakness. Like a friend of mine, he was not given to speech concerning his creed.

Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., p. 359.

Not Every Man a Hero at Valley Forge

29 [May, 1778]

Officers	{	Brig. Gen ^l Huntington
for duty		L ^t Col ^o Burr—Major Still
Tomorrow		Brigade Major Seely
		Inspector from 2 ^d Penn ^a Brigade

At a Gen^l. Court Martial, Col^o. Chambers President the 25 instant, Cap^t. Medaras, of the North Carolina Brigade, tried for forgery—after mature deliberation the Court are

of the opinion that Cap^t. Madaras is guilty of the charge exhibited against him but as he could not have been actuated by motives self interested or injurious to Cap^t. Jones, the Gentleman whose name he signed, and as he had before been perfectly acquainted with Cap^t. Jones's sentiments, the Court (thinking his crime, tho' he is yet truly blame-worthy, alleviated by these circumstances) do sentence him to be reprimanded in General Orders.

The Commander in Chief approves the Sentence, and is much concerned to find that an Officer in this Army, should presume to sign a Brother Officer's name without his permission. Cap^t. Medaras is ordered to be released from his arrest.

ADVERTISEMENT

On the night of the 27th inst. James Barry an Inhabitant was robbed of £160 Cont^l. Money, 13 hard dollars, a diamond ring, silver spoons, buckles gold buttons, a sword, and some valuable men's & women's wearing apparell, & many other articles. Fifty Dollars reward will be given to any person that will discover the robbers, that the Owner may recover his articles. All Officers are desired to order the strictest enquiry to be made that the Villains may be brought to justice, as it is supposed they belong to the Army

30th [May] 1778

Officers for Duty to Morrow

Brigadier Patterson Col^l. Bradley—B: M: Marshall
Inspector from Poor's Brigade

At a Brigade Gen^l. Court Martial May 27th 1778 Lieut Col^l. Cropper, president Cap^t. Hull of the 15th V: Reg^t. tried ^{1stly} being so far Ellivated with Liquor when on the

parade for Exercising, on the 14th Ins^t. as rendered him incapable in doing his Duty with precision. 2^{dly} for accusing Lieu^t. Sam^l. Beans Jones of not deposing the truth when Called on Both to give Evidence against him on the 18th. Inst. acquitted of the 1st. Charge but found guilty of the 2^d & Sentenced to be Reprimanded by the Commanding Officer of the Brigade in presence of all the Officers therein—Cap^t. Hull is Ordered to be released from his Arrest. —At a Gen^l. Court Martial May 28th 78, Co^l. Chambers President Ensign James Walker of Co.^l Guests Reg^t. tried 1^{stly} Deserting a Waggon he had in his Charge at the Appearance of one of our Light Horse and loosing his party in his flight. 2^{dly} for telling several falshoods in Relating the Events when Returning to Camp Unanimously found guilty of the Charges Exhibited against him, being breaches of 5th Article 18 Sec^t. of 21st Article 14th Section of the Articles of War, and Sentenced to be Cashiered—The Commander in Chief Approves the Sentence and Orders it to take place Immediatly.

Orderly Book of General George Washington, Kept at Valley Forge, 18 May—11 June, 1778, pp. 17 to 22.

“For This Example of Christian Charity”

One day a Tory, who was well known in the neighborhood, was captured and brought into camp. His name was Michael Wittman, and he was accused of having carried aid and information to the British in Philadelphia. He was taken to West Chester and there tried by court-martial. It was proved that he was a very dangerous man and that he had more than once attempted to do great harm to the American army. He was pronounced guilty of being a spy and sentenced to be hanged.

On the evening of the day before that set for the execution, a strange old man appeared in Valley Forge. He was a small man with long, snow-white hair falling over his shoulders. His face, although full of kindliness, was sad-

looking and thoughtful; his eyes, which were bright and sharp, were upon the ground and lifted only when he was speaking.

His name was announced.

"Peter Miller?" said Washington. "Certainly. Show him in at once."

The old man went in.

"General Washington, I have come to ask a great favor of you," he said, in his usual kindly tones.

"I shall be glad to grant you almost anything," said Washington, "for we surely are indebted to you for many favors. Tell me what it is."

"I hear," said Peter, "that Michael Wittman has been found guilty of treason and that he is to be hanged at Turk's Head tomorrow. I have come to ask you to pardon him."

Washington started back, and a cloud came over his face. "That is impossible," he said. "Wittman is a bad man. He has done all in his power to betray us. He has even offered to join the British and aid in destroying us. In these times we dare not be lenient with traitors; and for that reason, I cannot pardon your friend."

"Friend!" cried Peter. "Why, he is no friend of mine. He is my bitterest enemy. He has persecuted me for years. He has even beaten me and spit in my face, knowing full well that I would not strike back. Michael Wittman is no friend of mine."

Washington was puzzled. "And still you wish me to pardon him?" he asked.

"I do," answered Peter. "I ask it of you as a great personal favor."

"Tell me," said Washington, with hesitating voice, "why is it that you thus ask the pardon of your worst enemy?"

"I ask it because Jesus did as much for me," was the old man's brief answer.

Washington turned away and went into another room. Soon he returned with a paper on which was written the pardon of Michael Wittman.

"My dear friend," he said, as he placed it in the old man's hands, "I thank you for this example of Christian charity."

It was a matter of fifteen miles, by the shortest road, from Valley Forge to West Chester, which was then known as Turk's Head, and the road at that time was almost impassable. The evening was already far gone, and Michael Wittman was to be hanged at sunrise in the morning. How was the pardon to reach him in time to save his life?

Old and feeble though he was, he began to run. From the top of the hill a welcome sight appeared. The straggling village of Turk's Head was just before him, and the sun had not yet risen. He saw a commotion in the street; men were hurrying toward the village green; a body of soldiers was already there, drawn up in order beneath a tree.

Summoning all his strength, Peter ran on and soon entered the village. Close to the tree stood Michael Wittman with his hands tied behind him. A strong rope was dangling from one of the branches. In another minute the sun would begin to peep over the snow-clad hills. An officer had already given orders to place the rope around the traitor's neck. Peter Miller, still running, shouted with all his might. The officer heard and paused. The crowd looked around and wondered. Panting and out of breath, Peter came up, waving a paper in his hand.

"A pardon! a pardon!" he gasped. "A pardon from General Washington."

The officer took the paper and read it aloud.

"Unbind the prisoner and let him go," he commanded.

Peter Miller had saved the life of his enemy, perhaps of his only enemy. Michael Wittman, with his head bowed upon his breast, went forth a free man and a changed man.

The power of Christian charity had rescued him from a shameful death, and the cause of patriotism need have no further fears of being harmed by him.

An American Book of Golden Deeds. James Baldwin, p. 102.

"I Can Curse Dem No More!"

After the interview with Congress, Steuben at once repaired to Valley Forge, where Washington was not slow in recognizing his ability; nor was Steuben, on the other hand, at a loss to perceive, in the ragged and motley army which he passed in review, the existence of soldierly qualities which needed nothing so much as training. Disregarding the English prejudice which looked upon the drilling of soldiers as work fit only for sergeants, he took musket in hand and showed what was to be done. Alert and untiring, he worked from morning till night in showing the men how to advance, retreat, or change front without falling into disorder,—how to perform, in short, all the rapid and accurate movements for which the Prussian army had become so famous. It was a revelation to the American troops. Generals, colonels, and captains were fired by the contagion of his example and his tremendous enthusiasm, and for several months the camp was converted into a training-school, in which masters and pupils worked with incessant and furious energy. Steuben was struck with the quickness with which the common soldiers learned their lessons. He had a harmlessly choleric temper, which was part of his overflowing vigor, and sometimes, when drilling an awkward squad, he would exhaust his stock of French and German oaths, and shout for his aide to come and curse them in English. "Viens, mon ami Walker," he would say,—"*viens, mon bon ami. Sacre bleu! Gott vertamn de gaucherie of dese badauts. Je ne puis plus; I can curse dem no more!*" Yet in an incredibly short time, as he afterward wrote, these awkward fellows had acquired a military air, had learned how to carry their arms, and knew



SECRET PRAYER AT VALLEY FORGE

how to form into column, deploy, and execute manœuvres with precision.

The American Revolution, John Fiske, Vol. II, p. 53.

His Secret

With his lean, ragged levies, undismayed,
He crouched among the vigilant hills; a show
To the disdainful, heaven-blinded foe.
Unlauded, unsupported, disobeyed,
Thwarted, maligned, conspired against, betrayed —
Yet nothing could unheart him. Wouldst thou know
His secret? There, in that thicket on the snow,
Washington knelt before his God and prayed.

Washington at Valley Forge, Canon R. G. Sutherland, *Washington's Birthday*, Edited by Robert Haven Schauffler, p. 44.

How the British Spent the Winter

The army's peaceful sojourn in the town from September 26, 1777, to June 18, 1778, was a source of great enjoyment and an unrivaled opportunity for social advancement to the loyalists. It was the harvest of their lives. Even a wicked rebellion could have advantages. One of the loyalist ladies has left some enthusiastic and rather good verses on the delights of that winter.

It was a strange scene in the good old Quaker town with the rebel prisoners eating rats in the Walnut Street jail, while the commissary of prisoners grew rich, and extravagance, speculation, gambling, and European indifference to morals filled the respectable plain brick houses. A Hessian officer held the bank at the game of faro and made a considerable fortune by ruining young Englishmen, many of whom were obliged to sell their commissions and go home penniless. The officers made no attempt to keep their mistresses in the background. One of them drove in her carriage with footmen up and down the lines at a review of the troops, dressed in a costume that was a feminine imitation of the uniform of her paramour's regiment.

Howe's plan, as Lord Chatham said in Parliament, was merely to occupy stations. Washington followed the same plan he had found to work well enough the previous winter which Howe had spent in New York. He fortified himself with intrenchments on some high ground at Valley Forge, about twenty-miles away, very much in the same way that during the last winter he had occupied Morristown Heights. He could there play the long waiting game with Howe as well as anywhere else. Howe could have attacked him at almost any time at Valley Forge and destroyed or captured his starving army. Howe had twenty-thousand men. Washington had nine thousand, counting the sick, starved, and half-naked, and by March three thousand had deserted to the British, and so many others were sick or at home that there were only four thousand men at Valley Forge.

The True History of the American Revolution, Sydney George Fisher, p. 347

The Mischianza

[We forbear to give the fulsome descriptions of the Mischianza furnished by various pens, and will content ourselves with the following, from the pen of a British writer who was present. It illustrates sufficiently the absurdity of the scene.]

"All the colors of the army were placed in a grand avenue three hundred feet in length, lined with the king's troops, between two triumphal arches, for the two brothers, the Admiral Lord Howe and the General Sir William Howe, to march along in pompous procession, followed by a numerous train of attendants, with seven silken Knights of the Blended Rose, and seven more of the Burning Mountain, and fourteen damsels dressed in the Turkish fashion, to an area of one hundred and fifty yards square, lined also with the king's troops; for the exhibition of a tilt and tournament, or mock fight of old chivalry, in honor of those two heroes. On the top of each triumphal arch was a figure of Fame bespangled with stars, blowing from her trumpet, in letters of light, *Tes lauriers sont immortels*, (Thy laurels

are immortal). On this occasion, according to the same writer, "men compared the importance of Sir William's services with the merit he assumed, and the gravity with which he sustained the most excessive praise and adulation."

The unfortunate Major André, at that time a captain, was very efficient in getting up this tawdry and somewhat effeminate pageant. He had promoted private theatricals during the winter, and aided in painting scenery and devising decorations. He wrote a glowing description of the *Mischianza*, in a letter to a friend, pronouncing it as perhaps the most splendid entertainment ever given by an army to their general. He figured in it as one of the Knights of the Blended Rose. In a letter written to a lady, in the following year, he alludes to his preparations for it as having made him a complete milliner, and offers his services to furnish her supplies in that department.

At the time of this silken and mock heroic display, the number of British chivalry in Philadelphia was nineteen thousand five hundred and thirty, cooped up in a manner by an American force at Valley Forge, amounting, according to official returns, to eleven thousand eight hundred men. Could any triumphal pageant be more ill-placed and ill-timed!

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving Vol. III, p. 463.

CHAPTER XXI

THE CONWAY CONSPIRACY

"Good General, Pluck the Moon from the Sky!"

The germ of the difficulties was to be found where we should expect it, in the difference between the men of speech and the man of action, between the lawmakers and the soldier. Washington had been obliged to tell Congress a great many plain and unpleasant truths. It was part of his duty, and he did it accordingly. He was always dignified, calm, and courteous, but he had an alarmingly direct way with him, especially when he was annoyed. He was simple almost to bluntness, but now and then he would use a grave irony which must have made listening ears tingle. Congress was patriotic and well-intentioned, and on the whole stood bravely by its general, but it was unversed in war, very impatient, and at times wildly impracticable. Here is a letter which depicts the situation, and the relation between the general and his rulers, with great clearness. March 14, 1777, Washington wrote to the President:

"Could I accomplish the important objects so eagerly wished by Congress,—'confining the enemy within their present quarters, preventing their getting supplies from the country, and totally subduing them before they are reinforced,'—I should be happy indeed. But what prospect or hope can there be of my effecting so desirable a work at this time?"

We can imagine how exasperating such requests and suggestions must have been. It was very much as if Congress had said: "Good General, bring in the Atlantic tides and drown the enemy; or pluck the moon from the sky and give it to us, as a mark of your loyalty." . . . Sam

Adams, a born agitator and trained politician, unequaled almost in our history as an organizer and manager of men, able, narrow, coldly fierce, the man of the town meeting and the caucus, had no possibility of intellectual sympathy with the silent, patient, hard-gripping soldier, hemmed with difficulties, but ever moving straight forward to his object, with occasional wild gusts of reckless fighting passion. John Adams, too, brilliant of speech and pen, ardent, patriotic, and high-minded, was, in his way, out of touch with Washington. Although he moved Washington's appointment, he began almost immediately to find fault with him, an exercise to which he was extremely prone.

There were others, too, outside New England who were discontented, and among them Richard Henry Lee, from the General's own State. He was evidently critical and somewhat unfriendly at this time, although the reasons for his being so are not now very distinct. Then there was Mr. Clark of New Jersey, an excellent man, who thought the General was invading popular rights; and to him might be added others who vaguely felt things might be better than they were. This party, adverse to Washington, obtained the appointment of Gates to the northern department, under whom the army won a great victory, and they were correspondingly happy. John Adams wrote his wife that one cause of thanksgiving was that the tide had not been turned by the commander-in-chief and southern troops, for the adulation would have been intolerable; and that a man may be wise and virtuous and not a deity.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 207

He Had Long Cherished a Secret Hostility

Washington had already been disgusted by the overweening presumption of Conway, and was surprised to hear that his application was likely to be successful. He wrote on the 17th of October, to Richard Henry Lee, then

in Congress, warning him that such an appointment would be as unfortunate a measure as ever was adopted—one that would give a fatal blow to the existence of the army. "Upon so interesting a subject," observes he, "I must speak plainly. The duty I owe my country, the ardent desire I have to promote its true interests, and justice to individuals, require this of me. General Conway's merit as an officer, and his importance in this army, exist more in his own imagination than in reality. For it is a maxim with him to leave no service of his own untold, nor to want anything which is to be obtained by importunity. . . . I would ask why the youngest brigadier in the service should be put over the heads of the oldest, and thereby take rank and command of gentlemen who but yesterday were his seniors; gentlemen who, as I will be bound to say in behalf of some of them at least, are of sound judgment and unquestionable bravery. . . . This truth I am well assured of, that they will not serve under him. I leave you to guess, therefore, at the situation this army would be in at so important a crisis, if this event should take place."

This opposition to his presumptuous aspirations, at once threw Conway into a faction forming under the auspices of General Mifflin. This gentleman had recently tendered his resignation of the commission of major-general and quartermaster-general on the plea of ill health, but was busily engaged in intrigues against the commander-in-chief, towards whom he had long cherished a secret hostility. Conway now joined with him heart and hand, and soon became so active and prominent a member of the faction that it acquired the name of *Conway's Cabal*. The object was to depreciate the military character of Washington, in comparison with that of Gates, to whom was attributed the whole success of the northern campaign. Gates was perfectly ready for that elevation. He was intoxicated by his good fortune, and seemed to forget that he had reaped where he had not sown, and that the defeat of Burgoyne

had been insured by plans concerted and put in operation before his arrival in the northern department.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. III, p. 349.

The Opposition's High Water Mark

In the midst of his struggle to hold the Delaware forts, and of his efforts to get back his troops from the north, a story came to him that arrested his attention. Wilkinson, of Gates's staff, had come to Congress with the news of the surrender. He had been fifteen days on the road and three days in getting his papers in order, and when it was proposed to give him a sword, Dr. Witherspoon, canny Scot as he was, suggested they had better "gie the lad a pair of spurs." This thrust and some delay seem to have nettled Wilkinson, who was swelling with importance, and although he was finally made a brigadier-general, he rode off to the north much ruffled. In later days Wilkinson was secretive enough; but in his hot youth he could not hold his tongue, and on his way back to Gates he talked. What he said was marked and carried to headquarters, and on November 9th Washington wrote to Conway:

"A letter which I received last night contained the following paragraph,—'In a letter from General Conway to General Gates he says, "*Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it.*" I am, sir, your humble servant," etc.

This curt note fell upon Conway with stunning effect. It is said that he tried to apologize, and he certainly resigned. As to Gates, he fell to writing letters filled with expressions of wonder as to who had betrayed him, and writhed most pitiably under the exposure. Washington's replies are models of cold dignity, and the calm indifference with which he treated the whole matter, while holding Gates to the point with relentless grasp, is very interesting. The cabal was seriously shaken by this sudden blow. It must have dawned upon them dimly that they might have

mistaken their man, and that the silent soldier was perhaps not so easy to dispose of by an intrigue as they had fancied. Nevertheless, they rallied, taking advantage of the feeling in Congress created by Burgoyne's surrender, they set to work to get control of military matters. The board of war was enlarged to five, with Gates at its head and Mifflin a member, and, thus constituted, it proceeded to make Conway inspector-general, with the rank of major-general. This, after Conway's conduct, was a direct insult to Washington, and marks the highest point attained by his opponents.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I., p. 214.

The "Cabal"

When they turned from intrigue to action, however, they began to fail. One of their pet schemes was the conquest of Canada, and with this object Lafayette was sent to the lakes, only to find that no preparations had been made, because the originators of the idea were ignorant and inefficient. The expedition promptly collapsed and was abandoned, with much instruction in consequence to Congress and the people. Under their control the commissariat also went hopelessly to pieces, and a committee of Congress proceeded to Valley Forge and found that in this direction, too, the new managers had grievously failed. Then the original Conway letter, uncovered so unceremoniously by Washington, kept returning to plague its author. Gates's correspondence went on all through the winter, and with every letter Gates floundered more and more, and Washington's replies grew more and more freezing and severe. Gates undertook to throw the blame on Wilkinson, who became loftily indignant and challenged him. The two made up their quarrel very soon in a ludicrous manner, but Wilkinson in the interval had an interview with Washington, which revealed an amount of duplicity and perfidy on the part of the cabal, so shocking to the former's sensitive nature, that he resigned his secretaryship of the board of

war on account, as he frankly said, of the treachery and falsehood of Gates. Such a quarrel of course hurt the cabal, but it was still more weakened by Gates himself, whose only idea seemed to be to supersede Washington by slighting him, refusing troops, and declining to propose his health at dinner—methods as unusual as they were feeble.

The cabal, in fact, was so weak in ability and character that the moment any responsibility fell upon its members it was certain to break down, but the absolutely fatal obstacle to its schemes was the man it aimed to overthrow. The idea evidently was that Washington could be driven to resign.

Thus he went on his way through the winter, silent except when obliged to answer some friend, and always ready to meet his enemies. When Conway complained to Congress of his reception at camp, Washington wrote the president that he was not given to dissimulation, and that he certainly had been cold in his manner. He wrote to Lafayette that slander had been busy, and that he had urged his officers to be cool and dispassionate as to Conway, adding, "I have no doubt that everything happens for the best, that we shall triumph over all our misfortunes, and in the end be happy; when, my dear Marquis, if you will give me your company in Virginia, we will laugh at our past difficulties and the folly of others." But though he wrote thus lightly to his friends, he followed Gates sternly enough, and kept that gentleman occupied as he drove him from point to point. Among other things he touched upon Conway's character with sharp irony, saying, "It is, however, greatly to be lamented that this adept in military science did not employ his abilities in the progress of the campaign, in pointing out those wise measures which were calculated to give us 'that degree of success we could reasonably expect!'"

Poor Gates did not find these letters pleasant reading, and one more curt note, on February 24th, finished the controversy. By that time the cabal was falling to pieces, and

in a little while was dispersed. Wilkinson's resignation was accepted, Mifflin was put under Washington's orders, and Gates was sent to his command in the north. Conway resigned one day in a pet, and found his resignation accepted and his power gone with unpleasant suddenness. Then he got into a quarrel with General Cadwalader on account of his attacks on the commander-in-chief. The quarrel ended in a duel. Conway was badly wounded, and thinking himself dying, wrote a contrite note of apology to Washington, then recovered, left the country, and disappeared from the ken of history. Thus domestic malice and the "bitter party" in Congress failed and perished. They had dashed themselves in vain against the strong man who held firmly both soldiers and people.

George Washington. Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 216

"General Gates Exalted on the Ruin of My Reputation"

In a letter to Gates, Washington intimated in his own discreet, but always forcible English, that Conway was "a dangerous incendiary," and that Gates was a sneaking enemy to the commander-in-chief, both of which intimations have since been proved entirely accurate. But these two men were not alone in the mischief which, through attacks upon Washington, did great harm to the patriot cause.

Gates and Conway were dangerous principally because, being continually in the Congressional lobby, they organized a party that during the remainder of the war opposed Washington with that mischievous zeal which is strong solely because of its ignorance. Anonymous letters, abusing the commander-in-chief, were sent to Congress, to Governors of States, and to influential private citizens, and Washington was accused even of being opposed to American independence. Washington's reply was principally a letter to Mr. Laurens, President of Congress, in which he said: "My enemies take an ungenerous advantage of me. They know the delicacy of my situation, and that motives of

policy deprive me of the defense I might otherwise make against their insidious attacks. They know I cannot combat their insinuations, however injurious, without disclosing secrets which it is of the utmost moment to conceal." The purpose of the cabal was, Washington says, "that General Gates was to be exalted on the ruin of my reputation and influence. This I am authorized to say from undeniable facts in our possession."

These facts Washington never disclosed; modestly assuming that they only affected him personally, he seems to have considered them of no general interest.

Two more of the mere nothings that Washington had to attend to were the disciplining and supplying of the army. Conway, the Inspector-general, and Mifflin, the Quartermaster-general, had been so busily engaged in helping Gates undermine Washington that they had allowed their official duties to go undone. Contractors were profiting by theft and jobbery, as contractors always do when unwatched. Washington made Greene Quartermaster-general and gave Conway's position to Baron Steuben, who, in addition to being able to swear in three languages and maintaining health and energy without drinking rum, possessed in a high degree every soldierly quality that his new position required. Greene also was the right man in the right place. Both men attended strictly to business, so before long, and for the first time in its existence, the American army was fairly drilled, and whatever clothing, food, and ammunition were provided for it reached their destination and were put where they would do the most good.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 167.

"I Mean Not to Shrink From the Cause"

Gates was greatly perplexed to know what to do, but he finally wrote to Washington as if there were some wretch who had been stealing letters and might be discovering the secrets of the American leaders. He begged Washington

to help him find the rascal. Washington replied, giving him the exact manner in which the letter came into his hands, and then closed with a few sentences that showed Gates clearly that he had lost the confidence of his commander-in-chief.

That particular occasion passed, but presently the cabal showed its head again, this time working through Congress. It secured the appointment of a Board of War, with Gates at the head, and a majority of members from men who were hostile to Washington. Now, they thought, Washington will resign, and to help matters they spread the report that Washington was about to resign. The general check-mated them at once by a letter to a friend, in which he wrote:—

“To report a design is among the arts which those who are endeavoring to effect a change are practising to bring it to pass. . . . While the public are satisfied with my endeavors, I mean not to shrink from the cause. But the moment her voice, *not that of faction*, calls upon me to resign, I shall do it with as much pleasure as ever the wearied traveler retired to rest.”

The cabal was not yet defeated. It had failed by round-about methods. It looked about in Congress and counted the disaffected to see if it would be possible to get a majority vote in favor of a motion to arrest the commander-in-chief. So at least the story runs which, from its nature, would not be found in any record, but was whispered from one man to another. The day came when the motion was to be tried; the conspiracy leaked out, and Washington's friends bestirred themselves. They sent post-haste for one of their number, Gouverneur Morris, who was absent in camp; but they feared they could not get him in time. In their extremity, they went to William Duer, a member from New York, who was dangerously ill. Duer sent for his doctor.

“Doctor,” he asked, “can I be carried to Congress?”

"Yes, but at the risk of your life," replied the physician.

"Do you mean that I should expire before reaching the place?" earnestly inquired the patient.

"No," came the answer; "but I would not answer for your leaving it alive."

"Very well, sir. You have done your duty and I will do mine!" exclaimed Duer. "Prepare a litter for me; if you will not, somebody else will, but I prefer your aid."

The demand was in earnest, and Duer had already started when it was announced that Morris had come direct from the camp with the latest news of what was going on there. His vote would make it impossible for the enemies of Washington to carry their point; their opportunity was lost, and they never recovered it.

George Washington, an Historical Biography, Horace E. Scudder, p. 182.

General Conway's Apology

As General Conway takes no further part in the events of this history, we shall briefly dispose of him. Disappointed in his aims, he became irritable in his temper, and offensive in his manners, and frequently indulged in acrimonious language respecting the commander-in-chief, that was highly resented by the army. In consequence of some dispute he became involved in a duel with General John Cadwalader, in which he was severely wounded. Thinking his end approaching, he addressed the following penitential letter to Washington.

"PHILADELPHIA, 23 July, 1778.

"SIR:—I find myself just able to hold the pen during a few minutes, and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief for having done, written, or said anything disagreeable to your Excellency. My career will soon be over, therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are in my eyes the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem of

these States, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues.

“ I am, with the greatest respect, &c.,

“ THOMAS CONWAY.”

Contrary to all expectations, he recovered from his wound; but, finding himself without rank in the army, covered with public opprobrium, and his very name become a by-word, he abandoned a country in which he had dishonored himself, and embarked for France in the course of a year.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. III, p. 456, Note.

No Peace for Washington

But even in winter quarters there was no peace for Washington; new torments developed unexpectedly, and one of the largest of these came from the active mind of Washington's much-admired young friend Lafayette. This irrepressible youth wanted to conquer Canada by a concerted movement, in five parts, by the Americans and French. His plans required a force and outlay that would almost have sufficed to capture England, but its very bigness caused Congress to delight in it by a large majority. Some one had sense enough to move that Washington be consulted; the motion was carried, and the commander-in-chief gave so many reasons, all political, why it would be unwise to exchange neighbors at the north, should the movement succeed and France claim as her share of the proceeds her old domain, as she would be justified in doing, that the attractive scheme was finally abandoned.

But Congress did not always think to consult Washington, and as the quality of the members deteriorated as rapidly as is usual in the legislatures of all countries during time of war, contracts and blunders were large and innumerable. What Washington thought of the alleged honorable body may be inferred from a letter that he wrote at

the end of the year, to the speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates: "By a faithful laborer in the cause, by a man who is daily injuring his private estate without the smallest earthly advantage not common to all in case of a favorable issue to the dispute, by one who wishes the prosperity of America most devoutly, but sees it, or thinks he sees it, on the brink of ruin, you are besought most earnestly, my dear Colonel Harrison, to exert yourself by endeavoring to rescue your country by sending your best and ablest men to Congress. . . . They must not content themselves with the enjoyment of places of honor or profit in their own State while the common interests of America are moldering and sinking into irretrievable ruin. . . . If I were to be called upon to draw a picture of the times and of men, from what I have seen, heard, and in part know, I should in one word say that idleness, dissipation, and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of the most of them; that speculation, speculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost of every order of men; that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day, while the momentous concern of an empire, a great and accumulating debt, ruined finances, depreciated money and want of credit, which in its consequences is the want of everything, are but secondary considerations and postponed from day to day, from week to week, as if our affairs wore the most promising aspect."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 180.

CHAPTER XXII

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH AND THE TREACHERY OF CHARLES LEE

Detailed Account of the Battle of Monmouth

On the night of June 27th the left wing of the British army, 8,000 strong, commanded by Lord Cornwallis, encamped near Monmouth Court House, on the road from Allentown. The right wing, of about equal strength, and composed chiefly of Hessians under Kynphausen, lay just beyond the court house on the road to Middletown. In order to march the right wing took the lead, conveying the immense baggage train. The left wing, following in the rear, was the part exposed to danger, and with it stayed Sir Henry Clinton. The American advance under Lee, 6,000 strong, lay about five miles northeast of the British line, and Washington, with the main body, was only three miles behind. Lee's orders from Washington were positive and explicit. He was to gain the flank of the British left wing and attack it vigorously, while Washington was to come up and complete its discomfiture. Lee's force was ample, in quantity and quality, for the task assigned to it, and there was fair ground for hope that the flower of the British army might thus be cut off and captured or destroyed. Since the war began there had hardly been such a golden opportunity.

Sunday, the 28th of June, was a day of fiery heat, the thermometer showing 96° in the shade. Early in the morning Clinton moved cautiously. Kynphausen made all haste forward on the Middletown road, and the left wing followed till it had passed more than a mile beyond Monmouth Court House, when it found itself outflanked on the north

by the American columns. Lee had advanced from Freehold Church by the main road, crossing two deep ravines upon causeways; and, now, while his left wing was folding about Cornwallis on the north, occupying superior ground, his centre, under Wayne, was close behind, and his right, under Lafayette, had already passed the Court House and was threatening the other end of the British line on the south. Cornwallis instantly changed front to meet the danger on the north, and a detachment was thrown down the road toward the Court House to check Lafayette. The British position was one of extreme peril, but the behavior of the American commander now became very extraordinary. When Wayne was beginning his attack, he was ordered by Lee to hold back and simply make a feint, as the main attack was to be made in another quarter. While Wayne was wondering at this, the British troops coming down the road were seen directing their march so as to come between Wayne and Lafayette. It would be easy to check them, but the marquis had no sooner started than Lee ordered him back, murmuring about its being impossible to stand against British soldiers. Lafayette's suspicions were now aroused, and he sent a dispatch in all haste to Washington, saying that his presence in the field was sorely needed. The army was bewildered. Fighting had hardly begun, but their position was obviously so good that the failure to make prompt use of it suggested some unknown danger. One of the divisions on the left was now ordered back by Lee, and the others, seeing this retrograde movement, and understanding it as the prelude to a general retreat, began likewise to fall back. All thus retreated, though without flurry or disorder, to the high ground just east of the second ravine which they had crossed in their advance. All the advantage of their offensive movement was thus thrown away without a struggle, but the position they had now reached was excellent for a defensive fight. To the amazement of everybody, Lee ordered the retreat to be continued across the

marshy ravine. As they crossed upon the causeway the ranks began to fall into some disorder. Many sank exhausted from the heat. No one could tell from what they were fleeing, and the exultant ardor with which they had begun to enfold the British line gave place to bitter disappointment, which vented itself in passionate curses. So they hurried on, with increasing disorder, till they were approaching the brink of the westerly ravine, where the craven commander met Washington riding up, pale with anger, looking like an avenging deity.

"What is the meaning of all this?" shouted Washington. His tone was so fierce and his look so threatening that the traitor shook in his stirrups, and could make no answer. When the question was repeated with yet greater fierceness, and further emphasized by a tremendous oath, he flew into a rage, and complained at having been sent to beard the whole British army. "I am very sorry," said Washington, "that you undertook the command if you did not mean to fight." Lee replied that he did not think it prudent to bring on a general engagement, which was, however, precisely what he had been sent out to do. "Whatever your opinions may have been," said Washington sharply, "I expected my orders to be obeyed"; and with these words he wheeled about to stop the retreat and form a new front. There was not a moment to lose, for the British were within a mile of them, and their fire began before the line of battle could be formed. To throw a mass of disorderly fugitives in the face of advancing reinforcements, as Lee had been on the point of doing, was to endanger the organization of the whole force.

It was now that the admirable results of Steuben's teachings were to be seen. The retreating soldiers immediately wheeled and formed under fire with as much coolness and precision as they could have shown on parade, and while they stopped the enemy's progress, Washington rode back and brought up the main body of his army.

On some heights to the left of the enemy Greene placed a battery which enfiladed their lines, while Wayne attacked them vigorously in front. After a brave resistance, the British were driven back upon the second ravine which Lee had crossed in the morning's advance. Washington now sent word to Steuben, who was a couple of miles in the rear, telling him to bring up three brigades and press the retreating enemy. Some time before this he had again met Lee and ordered him to the rear, for his suspicion was now thoroughly aroused. As the traitor rode away from the field he met Steuben advancing, and tried to work one final piece of mischief. He tried to persuade Steuben to halt, alleging that he must have misunderstood Washington's orders; but the worthy baron was not to be trifled with, and doggedly kept on his way. The British were driven in some confusion across the ravine, and were just making a fresh stand on the high ground east of it when night put an end to the strife. Washington sent out parties to attack them on both flanks as soon as day should dawn; but Clinton withdrew in the night, leaving his wounded behind, and by daybreak had joined Knyphausen on the heights of Middletown, whither it was useless to follow him.

The American Revolution, John Fiske, Vol. II, p. 61.

"They Are All Coming This Way!"

As the commander-in-chief, accompanied by a numerous suite, approached the vicinity of Monmouth Court House, he was met by a little fifer-boy, who archly observed, "They are all coming this way, your honor." "Who are coming, my little man?" asked General Knox. "Why our boys, your honor, our boys, and the British right after them," replied the little musician. "Impossible," exclaimed Washington. And giving the spur to his charger, proceeded at full gallop to the eminence a short distance ahead. There to his extreme pain and mortification, it was discovered that the boy's intelligence was but too true. The very *élite*

of the American army, five thousand picked officers and men, were in full retreat, closely pursued by the enemy. The first inquiry of the chief was for Major-general Lee, who commanded the advance, and who soon appeared, when a warm conversation ensued, that ended by the major-general being ordered to the rear. During this interview, an incident of rare and chivalric interest occurred. Lieutenant-colonel Hamilton, *aide* to the general-in-chief, leaped from his horse, and, drawing his sword, addressed the General with—"We are betrayed; your excellency and the army are betrayed, and the moment has arrived when every true friend of America and her cause must be ready to die in their defence." Washington, charmed with the generous enthusiasm of his favorite *aide*, yet deemed the same ill-timed, and pointing to the colonel's horse that was cropping the herbage, unconscious of the great scene enacting around him, calmly observed, "Colonel Hamilton, you will take your horse."

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, p. 217.

Varying Versions by Other Witnesses

Dr. Alfred Alexander Woodhull, according to Edward Everett Hale, used to tell of his grand-uncle, David Bredding's account of the wrath of Washington against Lee at Monmouth. Bredding was one of General Washington's *aides*, and was sent by Maxwell to report to General Washington of Lee's retreating. The young *aide* found Washington, who asked quickly:

"Young man, can you lead me to General Lee?"

The *aide* said he could.

"Lead on," said the commander-in-chief, "and I will follow."

Aide and general rode on a furious rate until they met General Lee, who was leading the retreat of his command.

"Why have you acted thus?" demanded Washington, whose usually calm face was blazing with fury.

Lee whined that the American troops could not stand the British bayonets.

"You damned poltroon!" Washington shouted in his righteous wrath, "you have never tried them."

The Rev. Dr. Ammi Bradford Hyde, Vice-chancellor of the University of Denver, Colorado, told the following story to the writer:

"My grandfather, Jared Hinckley, was, one campaign excepted, near the person of Washington from Cambridge to Yorktown—that is, during the entire War of the Revolution. As I sat on his knee, or at his feet, he gave endless stories of his great commander, whom he reckoned more than human.

"At the battle of Monmouth Grandfather Hinckley was hardly ten yards from the spot where Washington, coming upon the scene, met Lee retreating.

"'General Lee, you have disobeyed my orders!' came loud and clear from Washington's lips.

"'By God, I have *not*!' yelled Lee.

"'By *God*, you *have*! Go to the rear,' thundered Washington, his face ablaze, and re-forming with furious energy, rescued and regained the day. Calm histories soften the incident. I give you what Grandfather Hinckley said he heard and saw."

W. W.

"Never Had I Beheld So Superb a Man"

The general-in-chief now set himself in earnest about restoring the fortunes of the day. He ordered Colonel Stewart and Lieutenant-Colonel Ramsay, with their regiments, to check the advance of the enemy, which service was gallantly performed; while the general, in person, proceeded to form his second line. He rode, on the morning of the twenty-eighth of June, and for that time only during the war, a white charger that had been presented to him. From the overpowering heat of the day, and the deep and

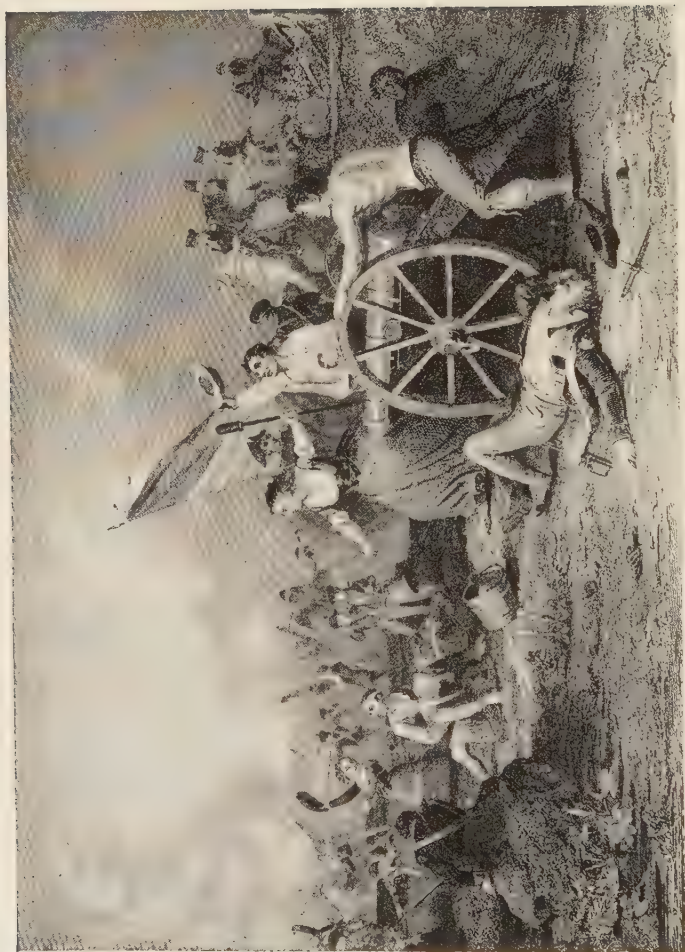
sandy nature of the soil, the spirited horse sank under his rider, and expired on the spot. The chief was instantly remounted upon a chestnut blood-mare, with a flowing mane and tail, of Arabian breed, which his servant Billy was leading. It was upon this beautiful animal, covered with foam, that the American general flew along the line, cheering the soldiers in the familiar and endearing language ever used by the officer to the soldier of the Revolution, of "Stand fast, *my boys*, and receive the enemy; the southern troops are advancing to support you."

The person of Washington, always graceful, dignified, and commanding, showed to peculiar advantage when mounted; it exhibited, indeed, the very *beau idéal* of a perfect cavalier. The good Lafayette, during his last visit to America, delighted to discourse of the "times that tried men's souls." From the venerated friend of our country we derived a most graphic description of Washington and the field of battle. Lafayette said, "At Monmouth I commanded a division, and, it may be supposed I was pretty well occupied; still I took time, amid the roar and confusion of the conflict, to admire our beloved chief, who, mounted on a splendid charger, rode along the ranks amid the shouts of the soldiers, cheering them by his voice and example, and restoring to our standard the fortunes of the fight. I thought then, as now," continued Lafayette, "that never had I beheld so *superb a man*."

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis,
p. 219.

The Doomed Gun Was No Longer Deemed Unlucky

Nor must we omit, among our incidents of the battle of Monmouth, to mention the achievement of the famed Captain Molly, a *nom de guerre* given to the wife of a matross in Proctor's artillery. At one of the guns of Proctor's battery, six men had been killed or wounded. It was deemed an unlucky gun, and murmurs arose that it should be drawn



Engraved by J. Rogers from the Painting by D. M. Carter.

"CAPTAIN MOLLY" IN THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH

back and abandoned. At this juncture, while Captain Molly was serving some water for the refreshment of the men, her husband received a shot in the head, and fell lifeless under the wheels of the piece. The heroine threw down the pail of water, and crying to her dead consort, "Lie there, my darling, while I avenge ye," grasped the ramrod the lifeless hand of the poor fellow had just relinquished, sent home the charge, and called to the matrosses to prime and fire. It was done. Then entering the sponge into the smoking muzzle of the cannon, the heroine performed to admiration the duties of the most expert artilleryman, while loud shouts from the soldiers rang along the line. The doomed gun was no longer deemed unlucky, and the fire of the battery became more vivid than ever. The Amazonian fair one kept her post till night closed the action, when she was introduced to General Greene, who, complimenting her upon her courage and conduct, the next morning presented her to the commander-in-chief. Washington received her graciously, gave her a piece of gold, and assured her that her services should not be forgotten.

This remarkable and intrepid woman survived the Revolution, never for an instant laying aside the appellation she had so nobly won, and levying contributions upon both civil and military, whenever she recounted the tale of the doomed gun, and the famous Captain Molly at the battle of Monmouth.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, p. 224.

Captain Molly at Monmouth

On the bloody field of Monmouth flashed the guns of Greene
and Wayne;
Fiercely roared the tide of battle, thick the sward was
heaped with slain.
Foremost, facing death and danger, Hessian horse and
grenadier,
In the vanguard, fiercely fighting, stood an Irish cannoneer.

Loudly roared his iron cannon, mingling ever in the strife,
And beside him, firm and daring, stood his faithful Irish
 wife;
Of her bold contempt of danger Greene and Lee's brigade
 could tell,
Every one knew "Captain Molly," and the army loved her
 well.

Surged the roar of battle round them, swiftly flew the iron
 hail;
Forward flashed a thousand bayonets that lone battery to
 assail;
From the foeman's foremost columns swept a furious fusillade,

Mowing down the massed battalions in the ranks of Greene's
 brigade.
Fast and faster worked the gunner, soiled with powder,
 blood, and dust;
English bayonets shone before him, shot and shell around
 him burst;
Still he fought with reckless daring, stood and manned her
 long and well,
Till at last the gallant fellow—dead beside his cannon fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow, and a dark and angry frown,
Looked that band of gallant patriots at their gunner stricken
 down.
"Fall back, comrades! It is folly thus to strive against the
 foe."
"No, not so!" cried Irish Molly, "we can strike another blow."

Quickly leaped she to the cannon in her fallen husband's
 place,
Sponged and rammed it fast and steady, fired it in the foe-
 man's face.

Flashed another ringing volley, roared another from the
gun;

"Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant Molly, "for the flag of Wash-
ington!"

Greene's brigade, though shorn and shattered, slain and
bleeding half their men,

When they heard that Irish slogan, turned and charged the
foe again;

Knox and Wayne and Morgan rally, to the front they for-
ward wheel,

And before their rushing onset Clinton's English columns
reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger rolled and rattled o'er the
plain,

Till there lay in swarms around it mingled heaps of Hessian
slain.

"Forward! charge them with the bayonet!" 'twas the voice
of Washington;

And there burst a fiery greeting from the Irish woman's gun.

Monckton falls; against his columns leap the troops of Wayne
and Lee,

And before their reeking bayonets Clinton's red battalions
flee;

Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing, thin the foe's retreating
ranks,

And behind them, onward dashing, Ogden hovers on their
flanks.

Fast they fly, those boasting Britons, who in all their glory
came,

With their brutal Hessian hirelings to wipe out our country's
name.

Proudly floats the starry banner; Monmouth's glorious field
is won;

And in triumph Irish Molly stands beside her smoking gun.

Captain Molly at Monmouth, William Collins, *The American Flag*, Edited by Harlan Hoyt Horner, p. 98.

After Monmouth

The British loss in the battle of Monmouth was about 416, and the American loss was 362. On both sides there were many deaths from sunstroke. The battle has usually been claimed as a victory for the Americans; and so it was, in a certain sense, as they drove the enemy from the field. Strategically considered, however, Lord Stanhope is quite right in calling it a drawn battle. The purpose for which Washington undertook it was foiled by the treachery of Lee. Nevertheless, in view of the promptness with which Washington turned defeat into victory, and of the greatly increased efficiency which it showed in the soldiers, the moral advantage was doubtless with the Americans. It deepened the impression produced by the recovery of Philadelphia, it silenced the cavillers against Washington, and its effect upon Clinton's army was disheartening. More than 2,000 of his men, chiefly Hessians, deserted in the course of the following week.

During the night after the battle, the behavior of Lee was the theme of excited discussion among the American officers. By the next day, having recovered his self-possession, he wrote a petulant letter to Washington, demanding an apology for his language on the battle-field. Washington's reply was as follows:

"Sir,—I received your letter, expressed, as I conceive, in terms highly improper. I am not conscious of making use of any very singular expressions at the time of meeting you, as you intimate. What I recollect to have said was dictated by duty and warranted by the occasion. As soon as circumstances will permit, you shall have an opportunity

of justifying yourself to the army, to Congress, to America, and to the world in general; or of convincing them that you were guilty of a breach of orders, and of misbehavior before the enemy on the 28th instant, in not attacking them as you had been directed, and in making an unnecessary, disorderly, and shameful retreat."

To this terrible letter Lee sent the following impudent answer:

"You can afford me no greater pleasure than in giving me the opportunity of showing to America the sufficiency of her respective servants. I trust that temporary power of office and the tinsel dignity attending it will not be able, by all the mists they can raise, to obfuscate the bright rays of truth."

Washington replied by putting Lee under arrest. A court-martial was at once convened, before which he was charged with disobedience of orders in not attacking the enemy, with misbehavior on the field in making an unnecessary and shameful retreat, and lastly, with gross disrespect to the commander-in-chief. After a painstaking trial, which lasted more than a month, he was found guilty on all three charges, and suspended from command in the army *for the term of one year*.

This absurdly inadequate sentence is an example of the extreme and sometimes ill-judged humanity which has been wont to characterize judicial proceedings in America. Many a European soldier has been ruthlessly shot for less serious misconduct and on less convincing evidence. A general can be guilty of no blacker crime than knowingly to betray his trust on the field of battle. But in Lee's case the very enormity of his crime went far to screen him from the punishment which it deserved.

The American Revolution, John Fiske, Vol. II, p. 65.

Lee, the Traitor, Disgraced

Historians for a long time imitated the clemency of the court-martial by speaking of the "waywardness" of

General Lee. Nearly eighty years elapsed before the discovery of that document which obliges us to put the worst interpretation upon his acts, while it enables us clearly to understand the motives which prompted them. Lee was nothing but a selfish adventurer. He had no faith in the principles for which the Americans were fighting, or indeed any principles. He came here to advance his own fortunes, and hoped to be made commander-in-chief. Disappointed in this, he began at once to look with hatred and envy upon Washington, and sought to thwart his purposes, while at the same time he intrigued with the enemy. He became infatuated with the idea of playing some such part in the American Revolution as Monk had played in the Restoration of Charles II. This explains his conduct in the autumn of 1776, when he refused to march to the support of Washington. Should Washington be defeated and captured, then Lee, as next in command and at the head of a separate army, might negotiate for peace. His conduct as prisoner in New York, first in soliciting an interview with Congress, then in giving aid and counsel to the enemy, is all to be explained in the same way. And his behavior in the Monmouth campaign was part and parcel of the same crooked policy. Lord North's commission had just arrived from England to offer terms to the Americans, but in the exultation over Saratoga and the French alliance, now increased by the recovery of Philadelphia, there was little hope of their effecting anything. The spirits of these Yankees, thought Lee, must not be suffered to rise too high, else they will never listen to reason. So he wished to build a bridge of gold for Clinton to retreat by; and when he found it impossible to prevent an attack, his second thoughts led him to take command, in order to keep the game in his own hands. Should Washington now incur defeat by adopting a course which Lee had emphatically condemned as impracticable, the impatient prejudices upon which the cabal had played might be revived. The downfall of Washington would

perhaps be easy to compass; and the schemer would thus not only enjoy the humiliation of the man whom he so bitterly hated, but he might fairly hope to succeed him in the chief command, and thus have an opportunity of bringing the war to a "glorious" end through a negotiation with Lord North's commissioners. Such thoughts as these were the impracticable schemes of a vain, egotistical dreamer. That Washington and Chatham, had that great statesman been still alive, might have brought the war to an honorable close through open and frank negotiation was perhaps not impossible. That such a man as Lee, by paltering with agents of Lord North, should effect anything but mischief and confusion was inconceivable. But selfishness is always incompatible with sound judgment, and Lee's wild schemes were quite in keeping with his character. The method he adopted for carrying them out was equally so. It would have been impossible for a man of strong military instincts to have relaxed his clutch upon an enemy in the field, as Lee did at the battle of Monmouth. If Arnold had been there that day, with his head never so full of treason, an irresistible impulse would doubtless have led him to attack the enemy tooth and nail, and the treason would have waited till the morrow.

As usually happens in such cases, the selfish schemer overreached himself. Washington won a victory after all; the treachery was detected, and the traitor disgraced. Maddened by the destruction of his air-castles, Lee now began writing scurrilous articles in the newspapers. He could not hear Washington's name mentioned without losing his temper, and his venomous tongue at length got him into a duel with Colonel Laurens, one of Washington's aids and son of the president of Congress. He came out of the affair with nothing worse than a wound in the side; but when, a little later, he wrote an angry letter to Congress, he was summarily expelled from the army. "Ah, I see," he said, aiming a Parthian shot at Washington, "if you wish to

become a great general in America, you must learn to grow tobacco"; and so he retired to a plantation which he had in the Shenandoah valley. He lived to behold the triumph of the cause which he had done so much to injure, and in October, 1782, he died in a mean public-house in Philadelphia, friendless and alone. His last wish was that he might not be buried in consecrated ground, or within a mile of any church or meeting-house because he had kept so much bad company in this world that he did not wish to continue it in the next. But in this he was not allowed to have his way. He was buried in the cemetery of Christ Church in Philadelphia, and many worthy citizens came to the funeral.

The American Revolution, John Fiske, Vol. II, p. 68.

Did General Washington Swear?

The two principal scenes of Washington's alleged violence of temper and gross profanity under its influence were the battle-field of Monmouth in June, 1778, in the third year of his command of the Revolutionary Army, and his own house in Philadelphia in December, 1791, in the third year of his presidency of the United States. Several years ago, in a paper which I had the honor to read before the New York Historical Society, I said with respect to the former occasion:

"Great excitement and want of dignity culminating in violent threats and even gross cursing and profanity have been ascribed to Washington in his interview with Lee. There is no evidence of any historical value to sustain this disgraceful charge, and the man who repeats it ought always to be challenged to the proof. If there was one common vice against which Washington's face was set like a flint, from the beginning to the end of his military career, it was this very habit of profane swearing."

If any proof has been offered to confirm the vulgar stories in vogue concerning the language and demeanor of Washington on that occasion, I have not heard of it; and it



Gen. Benedict Arnold



Gen. Charles Lee

PORTRAITS OF THE TWO TRAITORS

is my firm conviction that nothing of the kind worthy of credit can be discovered; but that any and all attempts to substantiate the reports referred to may be very easily disposed of by any right-minded and competent historical critic. A few words will suffice for my present purpose.

The scenes and events of that day were the subject of a prolonged and very critical investigation while the actors in them were still within reach and, as it were, fresh from the field. General Lee's trial by a general court-martial, beginning on the 4th of July, six days after the battle, ended on the 12th of August, with his suspension from any command in the armies of the United States of North America, for the term of twelve months. The statements of General Washington and General Lee in the correspondence which led to the court-martial, the sworn testimony of the witnesses upon the trial, and the defense of General Lee himself, furnish conclusive evidence of the utter falsehood of these pretended traditions which have gained entrance where they ought never to have been received for a moment.

Libels on Washington, George H. Moore, p. 6.

"I Have No Exclusive Partialities"

While the American army . . . lay encamped in the environs of Morristown, it occurred that the service of the communion . . . was to be administered in the Presbyterian church of that village. In a morning of the previous week, the General . . . visited the house of the Rev. Dr. Jones, then pastor of that church, and . . . accosted him:

"Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday; I would learn if it accords with the canons of your church to admit communicants of another denomination."

The doctor rejoined—"Most certainly; ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, but the Lord's table."

The General replied, "I am glad of it; that is as it ought to be; but as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities."

Entertaining Anecdotes of Washington (Boston, 1833), p. 62.

CHAPTER XXIII

FRENCH AID AND AMERICAN GREED

Foreign Officers, the French Alliance, and Three Letters

While Washington was putting down the enemies of the United States, Franklin was making friends for it. After the capture of Burgoyne he persuaded the king of France to recognize the United States as an independent nation. Besides this a fleet was fitted out, manned and commanded by the French. But there were long, weary, heartsickening delays before the French arrived.

Congress and the people hailed the French alliance with rejoicings. They had been colonials all their lives and believed a man with foreign advantages must be far superior to any officer who had grown up at home. This truckling to foreigners was bred in the bone. It seems a marvel that Washington's patriotism so quickly burned out all this dross of habit and antecedent. He believed in the home product of men, though some who styled themselves broad-minded accused him of narrow provincialism.

In 1778 he had written to Gouverneur Morris:

"The lavish manner in which rank has hitherto been bestowed on these [foreign] gentlemen will certainly be productive of one or the other of these two evils: either to make it despicable in the eyes of Europe, or become the means of pouring them in upon us like a torrent and adding to our present burden, . . . or the driving of all our own officers out of the service, and throwing not only our army, but our military councils entirely into the hands of foreigners."

Again he wrote to the president of Congress:

"I trust you think me so much a citizen of the world

as to believe I am not easily warped or led away by attachments merely local and American, yet I confess I am not entirely without them."

When Count D'Estaing at last arrived with the French fleet he was too late to keep Lord Howe out of the Delaware, so he turned to New York. He was late there and Washington sent him to co-operate with Sullivan in driving the British out of Rhode Island. There was a delay of ten days and when Sullivan was prepared for attack, Lord Howe's increased fleet came in sight. D'Estaing sailed out to give battle, but a storm came up and scattered both fleets. Then D'Estaing sailed away to Boston to repair damages. General Sullivan and his men were disgusted. The officers drew up a protest which bade fair to offend and drive away the French.

Washington promptly wrote three tactful letters which prevented a disastrous quarrel. To the wrathful Irish general he argued:

"First impressions, you know, are generally longest remembered, and will serve to fix in a great degree our national character among the French. In our conduct toward them we should remember that they are a people old in war, very strict in military etiquette, and apt to take fire when others seem scarcely warmed. Permit me to recommend, in the most particular manner, the cultivation of harmony and good agreement, and your endeavor to destroy that ill-humor which may have got into your officers."

He wrote to Lafayette, the brave young French general:

"Everybody, sir, who reasons will acknowledge the advantage which we have derived from the French fleet, and the zeal of the commander of it; but in a free and republican government you cannot restrain the voice of the multitude. Every man will speak as he thinks, or more properly, without thinking, and consequently will judge of effects without attending to causes. The censures which

have been leveled at the French fleet would more than probably have fallen in a much higher degree upon a fleet of our own if we had had one in the same position."

Then he wrote to D'Estaing, after expressing regret at the difficulties which had been unavoidable:

"It is in the trying circumstances to which your Excellency has been exposed that the virtues of a great mind are displayed in their brightest lustre, and that a general's character is better known than in the moment of victory. It was yours by every title that can give it; and the adverse elements that robbed you of your prize can never deprive you of the glory due you. Though your success has not been equal to your expectations, yet you have the satisfaction of reflecting that you have rendered essential services to the common cause."

Again Washington saved the cause and the country by saving the French alliance. This time it was by his delicate diplomacy.

The Washington Story-Calendar, Wayne Whipple, October 23 to 29, 1910.

Washington's Patriotic Pride

In the autumn, it was reported that the fleet was once more on the northern coast. Washington at once sent officers to be on the lookout at the most likely points, and he wrote elaborately to D'Estaing, setting forth with wonderful perspicuity the incidents of the past, the condition of the present, and the probabilities of the future. He was willing to do anything, or plan anything, provided his allies would join with him. The jealousy so habitual in humanity, which is afraid that some one else might get the glory of a common success, was unknown to Washington, and if he could but drive the British from America, and establish American independence, he was perfectly willing that the glory should take care of itself. But all his wisdom in dealing with the allies was, for the moment, vain. While he was planning for a great stroke, and calling out the militia

of New England, D'Estaing was making ready to relieve Georgia, and a few days after Washington wrote his second letter, the French and Americans assaulted the British works at Savannah, and were repulsed with heavy losses. Then D'Estaing sailed away again, and the second effort of France to aid England's revolted colonies came to an end. Their presence had had a good moral effect, and the dread of D'Estaing's return had caused Clinton to withdraw from Newport and concentrate in New York. This was all that was actually accomplished, and there was nothing for it but to await still another trial and a more convenient season.

With all his courtesy and consideration, with all his readiness to fall in with the wishes and schemes of the French, it must not be supposed that Washington ever went an inch too far in this direction. He valued the French alliance, and proposed to use it to great purpose, but he was not in the least dazzled or blinded by it. Even in the earliest glow of excitement and hope produced by D'Estaing's arrival, Washington took occasion to draw once more the distinction between a valuable alliance and volunteer adventurers, and to remonstrate again with Congress about their reckless profusion in dealing with foreign officers. To Gouverneur Morris he wrote on July 24, 1778:

"The lavish manner in which rank has hitherto been bestowed on these gentlemen will certainly be productive of one or the other of these two evils: either to make it despicable in the eyes of Europe, or become the means of pouring them in upon us like a torrent and adding to our present burden. But it is neither the expense nor the trouble of them that I most dread. There is an evil more extensive in its nature, and fatal in its consequences, to be apprehended, and that is the driving of all our own officers out of the service, and throwing not only our army, but our military councils, entirely into the hands of foreigners. . . . Baron Steuben, I now find, is also wanting to

quit his inspectorship for a command in the line. This will be productive of much discontent to the brigadiers. In a word, although I think the baron an excellent officer, I wish we had not a single foreigner among us except the Marquis de Lafayette, who acts from very different principles from those which govern the rest." . . .

Again, he said of Steuben;

"I regret that there should be a necessity that his services should be lost to the army; at the same time I think it my duty explicitly to observe to Congress that his desire of having an actual and permanent command in the line cannot be complied with without wounding the feelings of a number of officers, whose rank and merits give them every claim to attention; and that the doing of it would be productive of much dissatisfaction and extensive ill consequences."

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 240.

"Those Monopolizers—Speculators—Peculators!"

Although the Congress offered Washington more exasperating difficulties and excruciating anxieties than the enemy, there was one class of men—for they were not all pure patriots during the Revolution—who wrought him up to a white heat of indignation. These were the ever-present army contractors, those vultures of every war, of whom the commander-in-chief wrote to his military secretary, Joseph Reed, in 1778, as:

"Those murderers of our cause, the monopolizers, forestallers and engrossers! . . . It is much to be lamented that each State, long ere this, has not hunted them down as pests to society and the greatest enemies we have to the happiness of America. I would to God that some one of the most atrocious in each State was hung in gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by

Haman. No punishment, in my opinion, is too great for the man who can build his greatness upon his country's ruin."

He wrote to James Warren, March 31, 1779:

"Nothing, I am convinced, but the depreciation of our currency, aided by stock jobbing and party dissensions, has fed the hopes of the enemy, and kept the British arms in America to this day. . . .

"The measure of their iniquity is not yet filled. . . . [There are] glaring instances of its being the interest . . of too many . . . to continue the war. . . . Shall a few designing men, for their own aggrandizement, and to gratify their own avarice, overset the goodly fabric we have been rearing at the expense of so much time, blood and treasure? And shall we at last become the victims of our own abominable lust of gain? Forbid it, Heaven. Forbid it all and every State in the Union, by enacting and enforcing efficacious laws. . . .

"Our cause is noble. It is the cause of mankind, and the danger to it is to be apprehended from ourselves. Shall we slumber and sleep, then, while we should be punishing those miscreants who have brought these troubles upon us and who are aiming to continue us in them; while we should be striving to fill our battalions, and the credit on which everything depends."

The French alliance seemed to aggravate this condition of affairs. People began to think England's power was breaking up and the French would win the victory. Washington wrote to Congress that the American army, not England's, was lamentably weak. Then he added:

"To me, it will appear miraculous if our affairs can maintain themselves much longer in their present train. If either the temper or the resources of the country will not admit of an alteration, we may expect soon to be reduced to the humiliating condition of seeing the cause of America upheld by foreign arms. The generosity of our allies has

a claim to all our confidence and all our gratitude, but it is neither for the honor of America nor for the interest of the common cause, to leave the work entirely to them."

The Washington Story-Calendar, Wayne Whipple, October 30 to November 5, 1910.

A Series of Minor Torments

In the meantime Clinton, being unable to meet Washington, and, indeed, being compelled, by orders, to confine himself to a series of minor torments, was annoying the Americans more than he could have done by a single engagement. One expedition sent out by him at the end of 1778, without the formality of informing Washington where it was going, captured Savannah and behaved so well as to alienate many of the people of Georgia from the patriot cause. Another entered Chesapeake Bay, capturing Norfolk and Portsmouth, where were large quantities of military stores and a number of naval and merchant vessels. Tryon, the New York Tory governor, went up Long Island Sound with a large force, captured New Haven, cruelly neglected to burn down the old dormitories of Yale College, destroyed the town of Fairfield and most of Norwalk, and brought back to Clinton much news of the variety of which, twenty years ago, the "reliable contraband" had a monopoly. Tryon had projected and Clinton entertained a movement against New London also, but the conduct of Washington in the Highlands prevented it.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 186.

The Freedom of a Private Gentleman

The evening of the ball had arrived. The old Manor house of the Penn family, at Bush Hill—then a short distance beyond the suburbs of the city—was untenanted, save by an aged negro couple whose business it was to keep the house and grounds in some kind of order, and was chosen as the scene of the festivities. A number of French officers

had come on to Philadelphia to pay their respects to Congress—taking advantage of the curious inactivity which characterized the campaign of 1779; and as the Philadelphia of that time, notwithstanding the Quaker element in society, was greatly devoted to pleasure-seeking, this ball had been devised as a means of showing them honor, and promoting the good feeling between the two nations.

Washington also had arrived, and would be present. The commander-in-chief did not altogether approve of the mirth and feasting which was so much the order of the day in the Quaker city, but he was very anxious that every kindness and respect should be shown to the French officers. Especially was he anxious that it should be done at this time, when the unfortunate affair of Rhode Island still rankled in the popular mind, and tended to reawaken those feelings of dislike and contempt for the French, which had grown up through the animosities of many centuries.

There was a large and gay party assembled at the manor-house of Springettsbury that evening. The mansion itself was brilliantly illuminated with wax candles and lustres, and adorned with mirrors and paintings and statues, and the intermingled flags of France and the United States; while the extensive grounds attached to the house, with their gravel walks and evergreen arbors and wilderness of shade, including thick groves of cedars and catalpas, were lighted up with Chinese lanterns for the enjoyment of promenaders. Nearly a hundred French and American officers were present, and a still larger number of civilians, including members of the Continental Congress, and other gentlemen of high political and social repute. As we have said, Washington also was present, and the centre of admiring and venerating eyes.

The festivities commenced with a dance in honor of the alliance between the two countries. Pemberton and Isabella took part in this. It was a double quadrille—which dance the French officers had brought over with them, and which was just beginning to take the place of the more

ceremonious minuet. Four of the eight gentlemen were arrayed in the French, and four in the American military uniform; while four of the ladies wore blue, with American flowers in their hair, and four white, with green scarfs, and artificial *fleurs-de-lis*. The American officers dancing with the ladies that represented the French, and the French officers dancing with the ladies in blue. . . .

Soon the Alliance Quadrille was over, and the couples engaged in it mingled with the rest of the company. And then Helen felt a touch on her arm, and turned to see Pemberton and Washington standing at her side.

"Allow me to present to your Excellency, Miss Helen Graham," said Pemberton. Helen made a deep courtesy.

"Shall I have the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Helen?" said Washington; "I see they are waiting for me to lead off."

Helen signified her assent, and putting her gloved hand in the large, masculine one extended toward her, was led to the head of the principal set.

Helen was so excited that she could scarcely trust herself to speak. It seemed hardly regular. His Excellency many evidently thought, should have begun with Mrs. President Reed, and danced with some twenty other dowagers before ever thinking of the young ladies. But it was not a clear case of fascination and wilfulness. Washington revered the proprieties, although they were intolerably irksome to him at times. But, strictly speaking, this was not a ball in his honor—it was in honor of the French — and he merely attended as a private gentleman; therefore he was entitled to exercise the freedom of a private gentleman.

Pemberton, Henry Peterson, p. 264.

"Not Expedient to Expose the Highest Virtues to Such Temptations"

The . . . defects in the military system, were pressed by Washington upon the attention of Congress in a letter to the President: "It were devoutly to be wished,"

observed he, "that a plan could be devised by which everything relating to the army could be conducted on a general principle, under the direction of Congress. This alone can give harmony and consistency to our military establishment, and I am persuaded that it will be infinitely conducive to public economy."

In consequence of this letter it was proposed in Congress to send a committee of three of its members to headquarters to consult with the commander-in-chief, and, in conjunction with him, to effect such reforms and changes in the various departments of the army as might be deemed necessary. Warm debates ensued. It was objected that this would put too much power into a few hands, and especially into those of the commander-in-chief; "*that his influence was already too great; that even his virtues afforded motives for alarm; that the enthusiasm of the army joined to the kind of dictatorship already confided to him, put Congress and the United States at his mercy; that it was not expedient to expose a man of the highest virtues to such temptations.*"

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. IV, p. 58.

France acknowledges United States independence

February 6, 1778

British evacuation of Philadelphia.... June 18, 1778

Battle of Monmouth..... June 28, 1778

Indian massacre at Wyoming, Pennsylvania,

July 3, 1778

Indian outrages at Cherry Valley, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1778

British capture Savannah,..... December 29, 1778

CHAPTER XXIV

“NOT WORTH A CONTINENTAL !”

Story of Stony Point by a Participant

General Washington had planned an enterprise against the posts at King's Ferry, comprehending a double attack, to be made at the same time, on both. But the difficulty of a perfect co-operation of detachments, incapable of communicating with each other, determined him to postpone the attack on Verplanck's, and to make that part of the plan dependent on the success of the first. His whole attention therefore was turned to Stony Point; and the troops destined for this critical service proceeded on it as against a single object.

The execution of the plan was entrusted to General Wayne, who commanded the light infantry of the army. Secrecy was deemed so much more essential to success than numbers, that no addition was made to the force already in the lines. One brigade was ordered to commence its march, so as to reach the scene of action in time to cover the troops engaged in the attack, should any unlooked for disaster befall them, and Major Lee of the light dragoons, who had been eminently useful in obtaining the intelligence which led to the enterprise, was associated with General Wayne, as far as cavalry could be employed in such a service. The night of the fifteenth, and the hour of twelve, were chosen for the assault.

Stony Point is a commanding hill, projecting far into the Hudson, which washes three-fourths of its base. The remaining fourth is, in a great measure, covered by a deep marsh, commencing near the river, and continuing into it below. Over this marsh there is only one crossing place;

but at its junction with the river, is a sandy beach, passable at low tide. On the summit of this hill stood the fort, which was furnished with heavy ordnance. Several breast-works and strong batteries were advanced in front of the main work; and, about half way down the hill were two rows of abatis. The batteries were calculated to command the beach and the crossing place of the marsh, and to rake and enfilade any column which might be advancing from either of those points towards the fort. In addition to these defenses, several vessels of war were stationed in the river, and commanded the ground at the foot of the hill. The garrison consisted of about six hundred men, commanded by Colonel Johnson.

General Wayne arrived about eight in the afternoon at Spring Steel's, one and a half miles from the fort; and made his dispositions for the assault.

It was intended to attack the works on the right and left flanks at the same instant. The regiments of Febiger and of Meigs, with Major Hull's detachment, formed the right column; and Butler's regiment, with two companies under Major Murfree, formed the left. One hundred and fifty volunteers, led by Lieutenant Colonel Fleury and Major Posey, constituted the van of the right; and one hundred volunteers under Major Stewart, composed the van to the left. At half past eleven the two columns moved to the assault, the van of each with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. They were each preceded by a forlorn hope of twenty men, the one commanded by Lieutenant Gibbon, and the other by Lieutenant Knox. They reached the marsh undiscovered; and at twenty minutes after twelve, commenced the assault.

Both columns rushed forward under a tremendous fire. Surmounting every obstacle, they entered the works at the point of the bayonet; and, without discharging a single musket, obtained possession of the fort.

The humanity displayed by the conquerors was not

less conspicuous, nor less honorable than their courage. Not an individual suffered after resistance had ceased.

All the troops engaged in this perilous service manifested a degree of ardor and impetuosity, which proved them to be capable of the most difficult enterprises; and all distinguished themselves, whose situation enabled them to do so. Colonel Fleury was the first to enter the fort and strike the British standard.. Major Posey mounted the works almost at the same instant, and was the first to give the watch-word—"The fort's our own." -Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox performed the service allotted to them with a degree of intrepidity which could not be surpassed. Of twenty men who constituted the party of the former, seventeen were killed or wounded.

Sixty-three of the garrison were killed, including two officers. The prisoners amounted to five hundred and forty-three, among whom were one lieutenant-colonel, four captains, and twenty subaltern officers. The military stores taken in the fort were considerable.

The loss sustained by the assailants was not proportioned to the apparent danger of the enterprise. The killed and wounded did not exceed one hundred men; General Wayne, who marched with Febiger's regiment in the right column, received a slight wound in the head which stunned him for the time, but did not compel him to leave the column. Being supported by his aids, he entered the fort with the regiment.

The Life of George Washington, John Marshall, Vol. I, p. 310.

A Recent Account of the Capture of Stony Point

At Stony Point and Verplanck's Point were the southern outposts of the defenses of the Hudson River Highlands, and, consequently, of the only available roads between New England and the colonies. On the last day of spring Sir Henry Clinton, with seventy ships and about five thousand men, appeared before these posts and proceeded to

surround them. On one point was a finished fort, and on the other an unfinished one, which was abandoned by its garrison of thirty men. Fort Lafayette, on Verplanck's Point, was bombarded from the opposite side of the river, cannonaded by the fleet, and approached by a large land force, so, quite naturally, the garrison, consisting of only seventy men, surrendered. Both forts were greatly strengthened and strongly garrisoned by the British, and they were the most undesirable neighbors Washington had ever known, for not far above them were the only remaining defenses of the line of communication between the two sections of the colonies. Besides, the country needed a change from the dismal succession of depressing events that had occurred, so Washington resolved to capture the two forts. It may be well to remind the reader, at this point, that, although Washington is supposed to have been the embodiment of caution, the brilliant and desperate dashes by which his army from time to time distinguished itself were all of his own devising. So able was he at this apparently uncongenial work that Wayne, who was the standard authority on desperate operations, said he would "storm hell" if Washington would only plan the affair. In view of much subsequent and unprofitable discussion, it is to be regretted that the commander-in-chief did not act on Wayne's hint.

The portion of Stony Point on which the fort stood, jutted far out into the Hudson and was so nearly surrounded by water that it could be approached by a narrow bridge. The works themselves, completed and greatly strengthened by the British, abounded in heavy guns, abatis, ditches, and other reprehensible things devised especially to discourage American visitors; it also contained six hundred British soldiers. Wayne, with three hundred infantry, was sent to surprise and capture the fort, another body of troops being sent down on the eastern bank of the river to make an attempt on the fort at Verplanck's Point. Washington

ordered that the assault of Stony Point be made at midnight, the hour before dawn having already become so common for such affairs that there was no possibility of a surprise party surprising.

Wayne was successful in every particular, even to that of getting so severe a rap on the head from a musket-ball that he made a small dying speech on suspicion. About one-third of his men were killed or wounded, but the remainder took in charge nearly three times their own number of the enemy. At daybreak he taught the British ships how it felt to be peppered by their own artillery, but they enjoyed it so little that they made haste to depart.

The movement on the other side of the river failed, and as the British had inconsiderately fortified Stony Point in such a way that it could be of no use to any one but themselves, the post was finally abandoned, but not before news of its capture had flown all over the country, as it afterward did over the civilized world. Foreign soldiers still talk of Wayne's dash as one of the most daring and successful recorded in military history. As for Clinton, he assumed that the operation meant that Washington was moving down the river to fight, so he hastened up to meet him, but was obliged to return to New York a wiser and a sadder man, for Washington never fought until entirely ready.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 187.

"Light-horse Harry" Takes Paulus Hook

But Stony Point could not be held. The patriots had to abandon it again to Clinton within three or four days. The taking of it had been inspiring, and brought Tryon back from his raid into Connecticut; but it was not of permanent value. No real headway could be made against Clinton's wearing-out policy.

About a month after the taking of Stony Point, Light-horse Harry Lee, of Virginia, the father of Robert E. Lee,

of the Civil War, attacked in the same way the fort on Paulus Hook, which was a spit or isthmus of sand at the present site of Jersey City. He got into the fort and took one hundred and fifty prisoners, but was obliged instantly to abandon it, because the British were coming to the rescue from New York.

The True History of the American Revolution, Sydney George Fisher, p. 384.

To Suffer Was the Lot of the Revolutionary Soldier

The dreary encampment at Valley Forge has become proverbial for its hardships; yet they were scarcely more severe than those suffered by Washington's army during the present winter, while huddled among the heights of Morristown. The winter set in early, and was uncommonly rigorous. The transportation of supplies was obstructed; the magazines were exhausted, and the commissaries had neither money nor credit to enable them to replenish them. For weeks at a time the army was on half allowance; sometimes without meat, sometimes without bread; sometimes without both. There was a scarcity, too, of clothing and blankets, so that the poor soldiers were starving with cold as well as hunger.

Washington wrote to President Reed of Pennsylvania, entreating aid and supplies from that State to keep his army from disbanding. "We have never," said he, "experienced a like extremity at any period of the war."

The year 1780 opened upon a famishing camp. "For a fortnight past," writes Washington, on the 8th of January, "the troops, both officers and men, have been almost perishing with want. "Yet," adds he, feelingly, "they have borne their sufferings with a patience that merits the approbation, and ought to excite the sympathies, of their countrymen."

The severest trials of the Revolution, in fact, were not in the field, where there were shouts to excite and laurels to be won; but in the squalid wretchedness of ill-provided

camps, where there was nothing to cheer and everything to be endured. To suffer was the lot of the revolutionary soldier.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. IV, p. 21.

Welcome News from Lafayette

At this gloomy crisis came a letter from the Marquis de Lafayette, dated April 27th, announcing his arrival at Boston. Washington's eyes, we are told, were suffused with tears as he read this most welcome epistle, and the warmth with which he replied to it, showed his affectionate regard for this young nobleman. "I received your letter," writes he, "with all the joy that the sincerest friendship could dictate, and with that impatience which an ardent desire to see you could not fail to inspire. . . . I most sincerely congratulate you on your safe arrival in America, and shall embrace you with all the warmth of an affectionate friend when you come to headquarters, where a bed is prepared for you."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. IV, p. 61.

Speaking of His Personal Appearance

Speaking of his personal appearance he [Marquis de Chastellux] writes: "His form is noble and elevated, well-shaped and exactly proportioned; his physiognomy mild and agreeable, but such, that one does not speak in particular of any one of his traits; and that in quitting him there remains simply the recollection of a fine countenance. His air is neither grave nor familiar; one sees sometimes on his forehead the marks of thought, but never of inquietude; while inspiring respect he inspires confidence, and his smile is always that of benevolence.

"Above all, it is interesting," continues the marquis, "to see him in the midst of the general officers of his army. General in a republic, he has not the imposing state of a marshal of France who gives the *order*; hero in a republic,

he excites a different sort of respect, which seems to originate in this sole idea, that the welfare of each individual is attached to his person."

He sums up his character in these words: "Brave without temerity; laborious without ambition; generous without prodigality; noble without pride; virtuous without severity; he always seems to stop short of that limit, where the virtues, assuming colors more vivid, but more changeable and dubious, might be taken for defects."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. IV, p. 217.

An Invitation to Dine at Headquarters

He saw very clearly that while the separate States were looking after their several affairs, the Congress which represented the whole country was losing its influence and power. "I think our political system," he wrote, "may be compared to the mechanism of a clock, and that we should derive a lesson from it; for it answers no good purpose to keep the smaller wheels in order, if the greater one, which is the support and prime mover of the whole, is neglected."

He was indignant at the manner in which congressmen, and others who were concerned in the affairs of the country, spent their time in Philadelphia. "An assembly," he said, "a concert, a dinner, a supper, that will cost three or four hundred pounds, will not only take off men from acting in this business, but even from thinking of it; while a great part of the officers of our army, from absolute necessity, are quitting the service; and the more virtuous few, rather than do this, are sinking by sure degrees into beggary and want." How simply he himself lived may be seen by the jocose letter which he wrote to a friend, inviting him to dine with him at headquarters. The letter is addressed to Dr. Cochran, surgeon-general in the army:

"*Dear Doctor*:—I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honor bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate

deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

"Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies, or dishes of crabs, dividing the space, to about six feet, which without them, would be near twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear Doctor, yours,"

[G. WASHINGTON].

George Washington, an Historical Biography, Horace E. Scudder, p. 194.

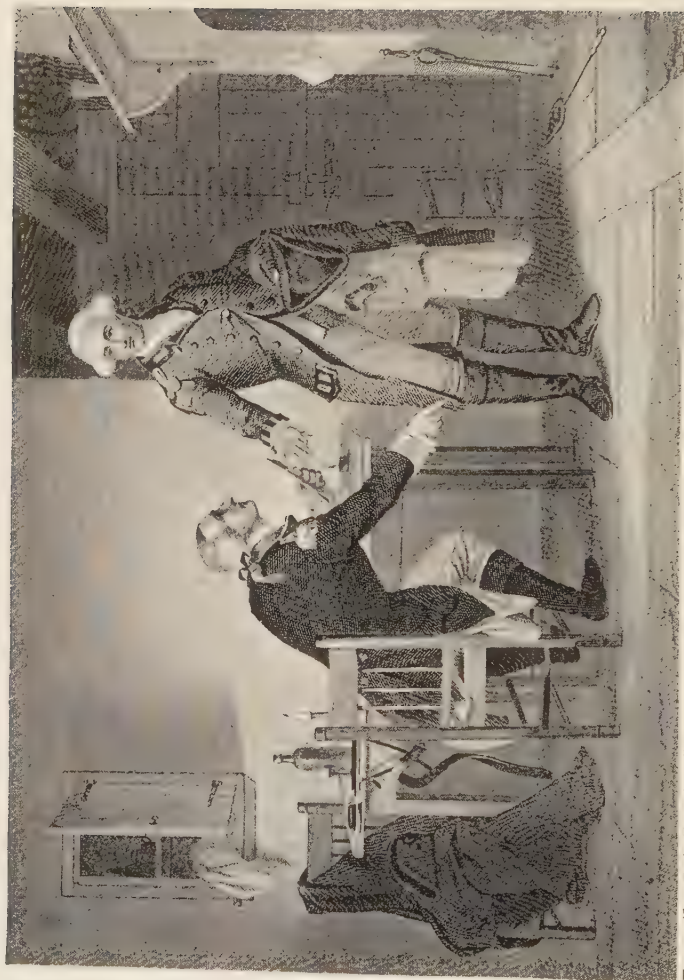
A Continental System of "Donation Parties"

During the summer of 1780 this wretched "Continental" currency fell into contempt. As Washington said, it took a wagon load of money to buy a wagon load of provisions. At the end of the year 1778, the paper dollar was worth sixteen cents in the northern States and twelve cents in the South. Early in 1780 its value had fallen to two cents, and before the end of the year it took ten paper dollars to make a cent. In October, Indian corn sold wholesale in Boston for \$150 a bushel, butter was \$12 a pound, tea \$90, sugar \$10, beef \$8, coffee \$12, and a barrel of flour cost \$1,575. Samuel Adams paid \$2,000 for a hat and a suit of clothes. The money soon ceased to circulate, debts could not be collected,

and there was a general prostration of credit. To say that a thing was "not worth a Continental" became the strongest possible expression of contempt. A barber in Philadelphia papered his shop with bills, and a dog was led up and down the streets, smeared with tar, with this unhappy money all over him, —a sorry substitute for the golden-fleeced sheep of the old Norse legend. Save for the scanty pittance of gold which came in from the French alliance, from the little foreign commerce that was left, and from trade with the British army itself, the country was without any circulating medium. In making its requisitions upon the States, Congress resorted to a measure which reminds one of the barbaric ages of barter. Instead of asking for money, it requested the States to send in their "specific supplies" of beef and pork, flour and rice, salt and hay, tobacco and rum. The finances of what was so soon to become the richest of nations were thus managed on the principle whereby the meager salaries of country clergymen used to be eked out. It might have been called a Continental system of "donation parties."

The American Revolution, John Fiske, Vol. II, p. 198.

General Anthony Wayne's brilliant capture of Stony Point	July 15, 1779
British forces take possession of Georgia.....	1779
Captain John Paul Jones's great naval victory, off Flamborough Head, England, Sept. 23,	1779



From the Painting by C. F. Blauvelt.

ARNOLD URGES ANDRE TO HIDE THE MESSAGE IN HIS BOOT

CHAPTER XXV

GENERAL ARNOLD AND MAJOR ANDRÉ

Benedict Arnold, before the Great Treason

Early in the spring there fell to Washington the very unpleasant task of reprimanding Benedict Arnold, in compliance with the finding and sentence of a court-martial. The heinous and shameful nature of Arnold's subsequent crime has almost entirely deprived the rascal of any credit for previous services; but the truth is, that he was an able, patriotic soldier, fertile in expedient, brave in action, untiring in effort, hopeful under disaster, and unselfish in his relations with his fellow soldiers. It is also true that no other general officer, not even Schuyler, was so shamefully abused, and so frequently and inexcusably kept for long periods of time in extreme indignation. In spite of all this, he might have retired from the army with honor, had monuments half finished to his memory, and been like Washington, godfather to innumerable post-towns, tug-boats, and baking-powders, had it not been for one fatal defect of character; he was a spendthrift. Most of the American officers who were not in good circumstances when the war began were necessarily in debt, but Arnold aggravated this undesirable condition by extravagance. For the honest debtor there is hope while life remains, but any kind of a scoundrel can be made of a spendthrift.

In the unrelieved, steadily increasing misery of his financial condition, Arnold's manner became offensive. As military governor of Philadelphia he was ostentatious, and some of his actions and accounts were irregular enough to excite suspicion, but the evidence adduced by the State of Pennsylvania, which instigated the trial by court-martial

proves scarcely anything except that Pennsylvanians disliked Arnold.

The reprimand administered by Washington was, like almost all his other utterances in trying circumstances, a proof of the delicacy and nobility of the commander-in-chief's nature. It was as follows: "Our profession is the chastest of all; even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the luster of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of public favor, so hard to be acquired. I reprehend you for having forgotten that, in proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment toward your fellow-citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will myself furnish you, as far as may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 198.

"The Army They Will Never Conquer"

The story of Arnold's treason is easily told. Its romantic side has made it familiar to all Americans, and given it a factitious importance. Had it succeeded it would have opened vast opportunities of disaster to America. It failed, and had no result whatever. It has passed into history simply as a picturesque episode, charged with possibilities which fascinate the imagination, but having, in itself, neither meaning nor consequences beyond the two conspirators. To us it is of interest, because it shows Washington in one of the sharpest and bitterest experiences of his life. Let us see how he met it and dealt with it.

From the day when the French landed, both De Rochambeau and Washington had been most anxious to meet. The French general had been particularly urgent, but it was difficult for Washington to get away. As he wrote on October 21st:

"We are about ten miles from the enemy. Our popular government imposes a necessity of great circumspection. If any misfortune should happen in my absence, it would be attended with every inconvenience. I will, however, endeavor, if possible, and as soon as possible, to meet you at some convenient rendezvous."

In accordance with this promise, a few weeks later, he left Greene in command of the army, and, not without misgivings, started on September 18th to meet De Rochambeau. On his way he had an interview with Arnold, who came to him to show a letter from the loyalist Colonel Robinson, and thus disarm suspicion as to his doings. On the 20th, the day when André and Arnold met to arrange the terms of the sale, Washington was with De Rochambeau at Hartford. News had arrived, meantime, that De Guichen had sailed for Europe; the command of the sea was therefore lost, and the opportunity for action had gone by. There was no need for further conference, and Washington accordingly set out on his return at once, two or three days earlier than he had intended.

He was accompanied by his own staff, and by Knox and Lafayette with their officers. With him, too, went the young Count Dumas, who has left a description of their journey, and of the popular enthusiasm displayed in the towns through which they passed. In one village, which they reached after nightfall, all the people turned out, the children bearing torches, and men and women hailed Washington as father, and pressed about him to touch the hem of his garments. Turning to Dumas he said, "We may be beaten by the English; it is the chance of war; but there is the army they will never conquer." Political leaders grumbled, and military officers caballed, but the popular feeling went out to Washington with a sure and utter confidence. The people in that little village recognized the great and unselfish leader as they recognized Lincoln a century later, and from the masses of the people no one ever

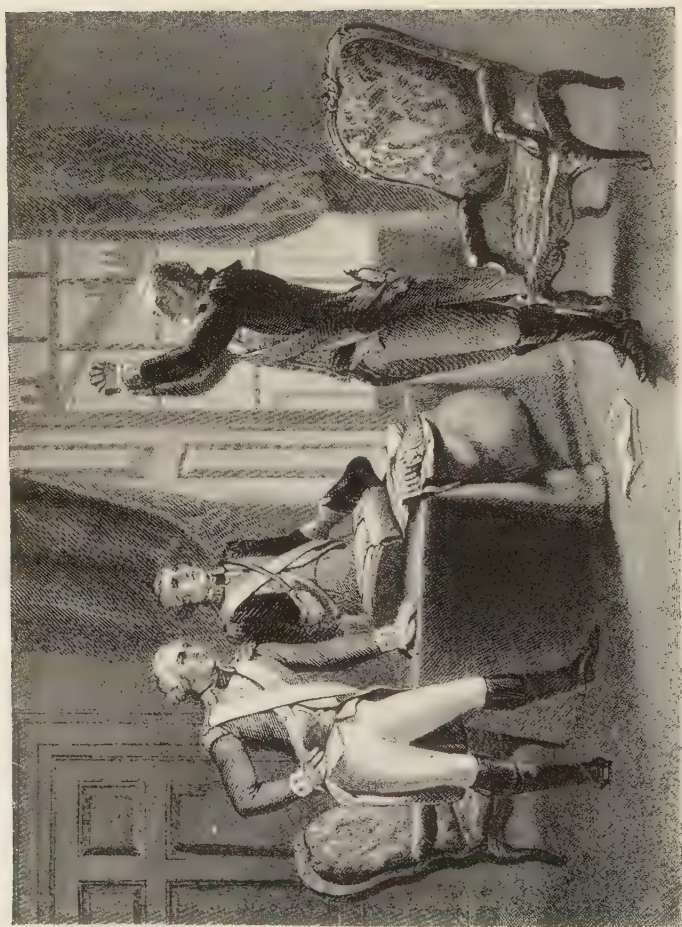
heard the cry that Washington was cold or unsympathetic. They loved him, and believed in him, and such a manifestation of their devotion touched him deeply. His spirits rose under the spell of appreciation and affection, always so strong upon human nature, and he rode away from Fishkill the next morning at daybreak with a light heart.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge Vol. I p. 273.

"Whom Can We Trust Now?"

The company was pleasant and lively, the morning was fair; and as they approached Arnold's headquarters at the Robinson house, Washington off to the redoubts by the river, telling the young men that they were all in love with Mrs. Arnold and would do well to go straight on and breakfast with her. Hamilton and McHenry followed his advice, and while they were at breakfast a note was brought to Arnold. It was a letter of warning from André announcing his capture, which Colonel Jameson, who ought to have been cashiered for doing it, had forwarded. Arnold at once left the table, and saying that he was going to West Point, jumped into his boat and was rowed rapidly down the river to the British man-of-war. Washington on his arrival was told that Arnold had gone to the fort, and so after a hasty breakfast he went over there himself. On reaching West Point no salute broke the stillness, and no guard turned out to receive him. He was astonished to learn that his arrival was unexpected, and that Arnold had not been there for two days. Still unsuspecting he inspected the works and then returned.

Meantime, the messenger sent to Hartford with the papers taken on André reached the Robinson house and delivered them to Hamilton, together with a letter of confession from André himself. Hamilton read them, and hurrying out met Washington just coming up from the river. He took his chief aside, said a few words to him in a low voice, and they went into the house together. When they came



"WHOM CAN WE TRUST NOW?"

out. Washington looked as calm as ever, and calling to Lafayette and Knox gave them the papers, saying simply, "Whom can we trust now?" He dispatched Hamilton at once to try to intercept Arnold at Verplanck's Point, but it was too late; the boat had passed, and Arnold was safe on board the *Vulture*. This done, Washington bade his staff sit down with him to dinner, as the general was absent, and Mrs. Arnold was ill in her room. Dinner over, he immediately set about guarding the post, which had been so near betrayal. To Colonel Wade at West Point he wrote: "Arnold has gone to the enemy; you are in command, be vigilant." To Jameson he sent word to guard André closely. To the colonels and commanders of various outlying regiments he sent orders to bring up their troops. Everything was done that should have been done, quickly, quietly, and without comment. The most sudden and appalling treachery had failed to shake his nerve, or confuse his mind.

Yet the strong and silent man was wrung to the quick, and when everything possible had been done, and he had retired to his room, the guard outside the door heard him marching back and forth through all the weary night. The one thing he least expected, because he least understood it, had come to pass. He had been a good and true friend to the villain who had fled, for Arnold's reckless bravery and dare-devil fighting had appealed to the strongest passion of his nature, and he had stood by him always. He had grieved over the refusal of Congress to promote him in due order, and had interceded with ultimate success on his behalf. He had sympathized with him in his recent troubles in Philadelphia, and had administered the reprimand awarded by court-martial so that rebuke seemed turned to praise. He had sought to give him every opportunity that a soldier could desire, and had finally conferred upon him the command of West Point. He had admired his courage and palliated his misconduct, and now the

scoundrel had turned on him and fled. Mingled with the bitterness of these memories of betrayed confidence was the torturing ignorance of how far this base treachery had extended. For all he knew there might be a brood of traitors about him in the very citadel of America. We can never know Washington's thoughts at that time, for he was ever silent, but as we listen in imagination to the sound of the even footfalls which the guard heard all through that September night, we can dimly guess the feelings of that strong and passionate nature, wounded and distressed almost beyond endurance.

There is but little more to tell. The conspiracy stopped with Arnold. He had no accomplices, and meant to deliver the fort and pocket the booty alone. The British tried to spread the idea that other officers had been corrupted, but the attempt failed, and Washington's prompt measures of defense checked any movement against the forts. Every effort was made by Clinton to save André, but in vain. He was tried by a court composed of the highest officers in the American service, among whom was Lafayette. On his own statement, but one decision was possible. He was condemned as a spy, and as a spy he was sentenced to be hanged. He made a manly appeal against the manner of his death, and begged to be shot. Washington declined to interfere, and André went to the gallows.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 275.

"He Wants Feeling"

The British, at the time, and some of their writers afterward, attacked Washington for insisting on this mode of execution, but there never was an instance in his career when he was more entirely right. André was a spy and briber, who sought to ruin the American cause by means of the treachery of an American general. It was a dark and dangerous game, and he knew that he staked his life on the result. He failed and paid the penalty. Washington could

not permit, he would have been grossly and feebly culpable if he had permitted, such an attempt to pass without extreme punishment. He was generous and magnanimous, but he was not a sentimentalist, and he punished this miserable treason, as far as he could reach it, as it deserved. It is true that André was a man of talent, well-bred and courageous, and of engaging manners. He deserved all the sympathy and sorrow which he excited at the time, but nothing more. He was not only technically a spy, but he had sought his ends by bribery, he had prostituted a flag of truce, and he was to be richly paid for his work. It was all hire and salary. No doubt André was loyal and patriotic. Many spies have been the same, and have engaged in their dangerous exploits from the highest motives. Nathan Hale, whom the British hanged without compunction, was as well-born and well-bred as André, and as patriotic as man could be, and moreover he was a spy and nothing more. André was a trafficker in bribes and treachery, and however we may pity his fate, his name has no proper place in the great temple at Westminster, where all English-speaking people bow with reverence, and only a most perverted sentimentality could conceive that it was fitting to erect a monument to his memory in this country.

Washington sent André to the gallows because it was his duty to do so, but he pitied him none the less, and whatever he may have thought of the means André employed to effect his end, he made no comment upon him, except to say that "he met his fate with that fortitude which was to be expected from an accomplished man and a gallant officer." As to Arnold he was almost equally silent. When obliged to refer to him he did so in the plainest and simplest way, and only in a familiar letter to Laurens do we get a glimpse of his feelings. He wrote:

"I am mistaken if at this time Arnold is undergoing the torment of a mental hell. He wants feeling. From some traits of his character which have lately come to my

knowledge, he seems to have been so hackneyed in villainy, and so lost to all sense of honor and shame, that, while his faculties will enable him to continue his sordid pursuits, there will be no time for remorse."

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 279.

Intercedes in Vain for Major André

At last my friend returned. "The General will see you presently, Wynne, but it is a useless errand. Give me André's letter." With this he left me again, and I continued my impatient walk. In a quarter of an hour he came back. "Come," said he: "I have done my best, but I have failed as I expected to fail. Speak your mind freely; he likes frankness." I went after him, and in a moment was in the farther room and alone with the chief.

A huge fire of logs blazed on the great kitchen hearth, and at a table covered with maps and papers, neatly set in order, the General sat writing.

He looked up, and with quiet courtesy said, "Take a seat, Captain Wynne. I must be held excused for a little." I bowed and sat down while he continued to write.

His pen moved slowly, and he paused at times, and then went on apparently with the utmost deliberation. I was favorably placed to watch him without appearing to do so, his face being strongly lighted by the candles in front of him. He was dressed with his usual care, in a buff waistcoat and a blue-and-buff uniform, with powdered hair drawn back to a queue and carefully tied with black ribbon.

The face, with its light-blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and rather heavy nose above a strong jaw, was now grave, and, I thought, stern. At least a half-hour went by before he pushed back his chair and looked up. . . .

"Captain Wynne," he said, "I have refused to see several gentlemen in regard to this sad business, but I learn that Mr. André was your friend, and I have not forgotten your aunt's timely aid at a moment when it was sorely

needed. For these reasons and at the earnest request of Captain Hamilton and the marquis, I am willing to listen to you. May I ask you to be brief?" He spoke slowly, as if weighing his words. "What can I do for you? As to this unhappy gentleman, his fate is out of my hands. I have read the letter which Captain Hamilton gave me." As he spoke he took it from the table and deliberately read it again, while I watched him. Then he laid it down and looked up. I saw that his big, patient eyes were overfull as he spoke.

"I regret, sir, to have to refuse this most natural request; I have told Mr. Hamilton that it is not to be thought of. Neither shall I reply. It is not fitting that I should do so, nor is it necessary or even proper that I assign reasons which must already be plain to every man of sense. Is that all?"

I said, "Your Excellency, may I ask but a minute more?"

"I am at your disposal, sir, for so long. What is it?"

I hesitated, and, I suspect, showed plainly in my face my doubt as to the propriety of what was most in my mind when I sought this interview. He instantly guessed that I was embarrassed, and said, with the gentlest manner and a slight smile:

"Ah, Mr. Wynne, there is nothing which can be done to save your friend, nor indeed to alter his fate; but if you desire to say more do not hesitate. You have suffered much for the cause which is dear to us both. Go on, sir."

Thus encouraged, I said, "If on any pretext the execution can be delayed a week, I am ready to go with a friend to enter New York in disguise, and to bring out General Arnold. I have been his *aide*, I know all his habits, and I am confident that we shall succeed if only I can control near New York a detachment of tried men. I have thought over my plan, and am willing to risk my life upon it."

"You propose a gallant venture, sir, but it would be

certain to fail; the service would lose another brave man, and I should seem to have been wanting in decision for no just or assignable cause."

I was profoundly disappointed; and in the grief of my failure I forgot for a moment the august presence which imposed on all men the respect which no sovereign could have inspired.

"My God! sir," I exclaimed, "and this traitor must live unpunished, and a man who did but what he believed to be his duty must suffer a death of shame!" Then half scared, I looked up, feeling that I had said too much. He had risen before I spoke, meaning, no doubt, to bring my visit to an end, and was standing with his back to the fire, his admirable figure giving the impression of greater height than was really his.

When, after my passionate speech, I looked up, having of course also risen, his face wore a look that was more solemn than any face of man I have ever yet seen in all my length of years.

"There is a God, Mr. Wynne," he said, "who punishes the traitor. Let us leave this man to the shame which every year must bring. Your scheme I cannot consider. I have no wish to conceal from you or from any gentleman what it has cost me to do that which, as God lives, I believe to be right. You, sir, have done your duty to your friend. And now may I ask of you not to prolong a too painful interview."

Hugh Wynne; Free Quaker, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., p. 462.

The Execution

The hour of noon had been appointed for Major André's execution. André rose from his bed at his usual hour, and after partaking of breakfast—which was supplied him as had been the custom, from Washington's own table—he began to make his preparations for the solemn scene. His servant, Laune, had arrived from New York some days



Engraved by G. R. Hall from the Painting by Alonzo Chappel.

ANDRE LISTENING TO HIS DEATH WARRANT

before with a supply of clothing; and André this morning shaved and dressed himself with more than his usual care. He wore the rich scarlet uniform, faced with green, of a British officer; though without the customary sash and sword.

Pemberton's heart was ready to burst, but he knew his duty to his friend too well to allow his sorrowful feelings to master him for a moment.

"To the brave, true soul, John, all that men can do is nothing. The heart right, and the conscience clear, as yours are, my friend, and we can say well-met to death, without a shudder."

"Are you ready, Major?" said one of the officers.

"I am ready," replied André proudly.

As André emerged from the prison into the free, fresh air, he took a deep breath, and gazed up into the beautiful blue sky above him, hazy and golden with the glory he so much loved of an October day. He walked arm-in-arm between the two officers, Pemberton walking near him. A captain's command of thirty or forty men marched immediately around them, and André glanced expressively to Pemberton when he saw these, for he thought they were the firing party, and that his last request had been granted.

An outer guard of five hundred men also attended, at the head of which rode nearly all the principal officers of the army, with the exception of Washington and his staff, who from a feeling of delicacy remained in-doors. Large crowds of the soldiery, and of the citizens from the surrounding country, also were present.

As André passed on, he retained his composure in a wonderful degree—nodding and speaking pleasantly to those officers with whom he was acquainted; especially to those who had constituted the court-martial.

The gallows had been erected on the summit of an eminence that commanded a wide view of the surrounding country. It was also in full view of Washington's headquarters; but the doors and shutters of the latter were

closed, not a soul was to be seen, save the usual sentinels pacing in front of the house.

As the mournful procession turned from the high road into the meadow, André first saw the gallows. He suddenly recoiled, and paused for a moment.

"I thought you meant to spare me this indignity!" he exclaimed, almost passionately.

"We have simply to obey our orders," replied one of the officers.

André moved on. "I must drink the cup to the dregs, it seems," he said with deep emotion. "But it will soon be over." The pleasant smile, however, had vanished from his face. It was evident that what he thought a needless indignity cut sharper than the sentence of death itself.

The gallows was simply a rude but lofty gibbet, with a wagon drawn under it. Inside the wagon was a roughly-made coffin, painted black. As André stood near the wagon, awaiting some brief preparations, his agony seemed almost more than he could bear; his throat sinking and swelling as though convulsed, while he rolled a pebble to and fro under one of his feet. Laune, his servant, totally overcome, burst into loud weepings and lamentations. This seemed to rouse and restore his master, who turned to him, and uttered some cheering and comforting words. All around there were solemn faces, and many were even in tears.

At a word from one of the officers, André sprang lightly but with evident loathing into the baggage-wagon, standing upon the coffin. Then he looked around him—upon his executioner, with his blackened face; upon the saddened soldiery and the mournful crowd; upon the glorious landscape, resplendent with the hues of autumn, and melting gradually away into the hazy distance. Then the old, proud look came back into his face—and he seemed more like a hero, mounted in the car of triumph, and prepared to receive the acclamations of his followers, than a man about to suffer a shameful death.

The executioner approached him, but he waved him away with a grand disdain, and tossing his hat to the ground, removed his stock, opened his shirt-collar, and taking the noose, adjusted it himself properly about his neck.

The order of execution was read loudly and impressively by Adjutant-general Scammel. At its conclusion, Colonel Scammel informed the prisoner that he might speak, if he had anything to say.

Lifting the bandage from his eyes, and gazing around once more, as if that last look of earth and sun and sky and human faces was sweet indeed, André said in a proud, clear voice:

"Bear witness, gentlemen, that I die in the service of my country, as becomes a British officer and a brave man."

The hangman now drew near with a piece of cord to bind his arms; but, recoiling from its snaky touch, André swept his hand aside, and drawing another handkerchief from his pocket, allowed his elbows to be loosely fastened behind his back. Then he said in a firm voice—"I am ready!"

Almost at the word, the wagon was rolled swiftly away, and, with a terrible jerk and shock, the noble soul of John André was severed from the beautiful frame with which the Creator had clothed it.

Pemberton, Henry Peterson p. 376.

No Patriot Would Perform the Task

Crowds of people from all the country round—men, women, and children—came to see him die. Most of them would have torn Arnold limb from limb, but they were weeping over André. Everything he did charmed them; the touching letter he wrote to Washington asking to be shot instead of hanged; the outline of his beautiful slender figure as he stood upon the gallows; his arranging with his own hands the noose around his neck and turning down his collar. No patriot could be found who would perform the task of

executioner. They had to procure one of the half-way loyalist breed, who blackened his face and disguised himself, so that he could never again be recognized.

The True History of the American Revolution, Sydney George Fisher, page 403.

An English Poetess Prophesies against Washington

Remorseless Washington! the day shall come
Of deep repentance for this barbarous doom;
When injured André's memory shall inspire
A kindling army with resistless fire,
Each falchion sharper than the Britons wield,
And yield their fiercest lion to the field.
Then, when each hope of thine shall set in night,
When dubious dread and unavailing flight
Impel your host, thy guilt upbraided soul
Shall wish untouched the sacred life you stole.
And when thy heart appalled and vanquished pride
Shall vainly ask the mercy they denied,
With horror shalt thou meet the fate thou gave,
Nor pity gild the darkness of thy grave,
For infamy with livid hand shall shed
Eternal mildew on thy ruthless head.

General Washington and Major André, Charles J. Biddle, *The Historical Magazine*, Vol. I, No. 7, July, 1857, p. 202.

An English Officer's View of the Case

He was tried by a board of general officers as a spy, and condemned to be hanged. The American general has been censured for directing this ignominious sentence to be carried into execution; but doubtless Major André was well aware when he undertook the negotiation, of the fate that awaited him should he fall into the hands of the enemy. The laws of war award to spies the punishment of death. It would, therefore, be difficult to assign a reason why Major André should have been exempted from that fate



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ARNOLD AND HIS WIFE IN ENGLAND

to which all others are doomed under similar circumstances, although the amiable qualities of the man rendered the individual case a subject of peculiar commiseration.

Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards, Col. MacKinnon, Vol. II, p. 9.

Benedict Arnold's Reward

He was rewarded with a gift of at least £6315 in money, which was a fortune in those days. His wife was given a pension of five hundred pounds a year, and each of his children one hundred pounds a year. He had also a command in the British army with perquisites and opportunities. Although some of the Whigs avoided his company, he was well received by the Tory aristocracy and the king, and his family married into the peerage. He accomplished a large part of his ambition. Had he succeeded in surrendering West Point he would have no doubt been made a peer. His sons entered the British army, and his descendants still occupy positions of respectability in England, devoting themselves to the enlargement of the British dominion, which was the only cause their ancestor had at heart.

The True History of the American Revolution, Sydney George Fisher, p. 401

Charleston (S.C.) captured by the British,	May 12, 1780
British victory at Camden (S. C.)	August 16, 1780
Arnold's treachery at West Point	September, 1780
Execution of André	October, 1780
American victory at King's Mountain,	October 7, 1780

CHAPTER XXVI

HELPLESSLY WATCHING THE WAR IN THE SOUTH

"Would to God They Were to End Here!"

The height reached by the troubles in the army and their menacing character, had, however, a good as well as a bad side. They penetrated the indifference and carelessness of both Congress and the States. Gentlemen in the confederate and local administrations and legislatures woke up to a realizing sense that the dissolution of the army meant a general wreck, in which their own necks would be in very considerable danger; and they also had an uneasy feeling that starving and mutinous soldiers were very uncertain in taking revenge. The condition of the army gave a sudden and piercing reality to Washington's indignant words to Mathews on October 4th:

"At a time when public harmony is so essential, when we should aid and assist each other with all our abilities, when our hearts should be open to information and our hands ready to administer relief, to find distrusts and jealousies taking possession of the mind and a party spirit prevailing affords a most melancholy reflection, and forebodes no good." The hoarse murmur of impending mutiny emphasized strongly the words written on the same day to Duane: "The history of the war is a history of false hopes and temporary expedients. Would to God they were to end here!"

The events in the South, too, had a sobering effect. The congressional general Gates had not proved a success. His defeat at Camden had been terribly complete, and his flight had been too rapid to inspire confidence in his capacity for recuperation. The members of Congress were thus led

to believe that as managers of military matters they left much to be desired; and when Washington, on October 11th, addressed to them one of his long and admirable letters on reorganization, it was received in a very chastened spirit. They had listened to many such letters before, and had benefited by them always a little, but danger and defeat gave this one peculiar point. They therefore accepted the situation, and adopted all the suggestions of the commander-in-chief. They also in the same reasonable frame of mind determined that Washington should select the next general for the Southern army. A good deal could have been saved had this decision been reached before; but even now it was not too late. October 14th, Washington appointed Greene to this post of difficulty and danger, and Greene's assumption of the command marks the turning-point in the tide of disaster, and the beginning of the ultimate expulsion of the British from the only portion of the colonies where they had made a tolerable campaign.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 285.

A Combined Movement at the South

The failure to accomplish anything in the North caused Washington, as the year drew to a close, to turn his thoughts once more toward a combined movement at the South. In pursuance of this idea, he devised a scheme of uniting with the Spaniards in the seizure of Florida, and of advancing thence through Georgia to assail the English in the rear. De Rochambeau did not approve the plan and it was abandoned; but the idea of a southern movement was still kept steadily in sight. The governing thought now was, not to protect this place or that, but to cast aside everything else in order to strike one great blow which would finish the war. Where he could do this, time alone would show, but if one follows the correspondence closely, it is apparent that Washington's military instinct turned more and more toward the South.

In that department affairs changed their aspect rapidly. January 17th, Morgan won his brilliant victory at Cowpens, withdrew in good order with his prisoners, and united his army with that of Greene. Cornwallis was terribly disappointed by this unexpected reverse, but he determined to push on, defeat the combined American army, and then join the British forces on the Chesapeake. Greene was too weak to risk a battle, and made a masterly retreat of two hundred miles before Cornwallis, escaping across the Dan only twelve hours ahead of the enemy. The moment the British moved away, Greene recrossed the river and hung upon their rear. For a month he kept in their neighborhood, checking the rising of the Tories, and declining battle. At last he received reinforcements, felt strong enough to stand his ground, and on March 15th the battle of Guilford Court House was fought. It was a sharp and bloody fight; the British had the advantage, and Greene abandoned the field, bringing off his army in good order. Cornwallis on his part had suffered so heavily, however, that his victory was turned to ashes. On the 18th he was in full retreat, with Greene in hot chase, and it was not until the 28th that he succeeded in getting over the Deep River and escaping to Wilmington. Thence he determined to push on and transfer the seat of war to the Chesapeake. Greene, with the boldness and quickness which showed him to be a soldier of a high order, now dropped the pursuit and turned back to fight the British in detachments and free the southern States. There is no need to follow him in the brilliant operations which ensued, and by which he achieved this result. It is sufficient to say here that he had altered the whole aspect of the war, forced Cornwallis into Virginia within reach of Washington, and begun the work of redeeming the Carolinas.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 293.

"Mad Anthony" and the Mutiny

The year 1781 opened in the Continental Army with a practical temperance lecture. As there were no ladies

in camp to be called upon and to offer wine, the soldiers visited one another, and the Government dealt out extra whiskey. The liquor had not "aged"; indeed, nothing in this new country had a chance to grow old, except the soldiers' clothes and grievances. Under the excitement caused by too much stimulation, too little food and clothing, and a great deal of hair-splitting trickery on the part of their State, a portion of the Pennsylvania line turned out under arms, and, commanded only by their non-commissioned officers, started from near New York to march to Philadelphia and lay their grievances before Congress. Wayne, their rightful commander, reasoned with them, but they had heard something of the sort before. Then, without any supporting force but his own courage, he drew his pistols; this demonstration they suppressed with fixed bayonets, expressing in a single breath their entire willingness to kill him if he tried to prevent them from carrying out their plan. Wayne ordered out such Pennsylvanians as had not yet mutinied, but the insurgents coaxed these also to join the procession, and there was seen, for the first and last time in the world, several thousand soldiers marching in order with not a commissioned officer among them, every man desperate at bad treatment experienced but not one man willing to go over to the enemy.

Wayne lives in history as the hot-headed hero of Stony Point, but his greatest claim to fame was his admirable coolness during this mutiny. He sent mounted officers ahead to inform Congress what to expect; he sent others to prepare the country through which the party would march; he sent a well appointed provision train with the insurgents, so there should be no excuse for foraging and robbery by the way; he informed Washington of what had happened, and then he accompanied the insurgents, not as commander, and hardly knowing whether he was guest or prisoner. A mere soldier could not have done as Wayne did; the occasion demanded a patriot, so, as usual when such emergencies were felt, the patriot was there.

Washington, too, forgot for the moment that he was a soldier, and remembered that he was an American. He deprecated opposition, and begged Wayne "to labor with Congress for relief, for he feared an attempt to reduce them (the insurgents), by force "will either drive them to the enemy or dissipate them in such a manner that they will never be recovered." Then the commander-in-chief, who tried to make all ill-winds blow good, shrewdly hurried messengers off to New England to tell what had happened and to beg for money and supplies for the men who had not yet mutinied, and he succeeded so well as to obtain three months' pay for the New England troops.

Meanwhile the insurgents marched on, maintaining perfect order; their commander-in-chief was a sergeant-major who had deserted from the British, but he gave no indication of a desire to return to his old allegiance, yet, when Lafayette, General St. Clair and other officers visited the camp they were ordered away. This had the effect of keeping President Reed, of the Pennsylvania Legislature, from venturing into camp, although he, with a congressional committee, had advanced from Philadelphia to meet them.

The patriot cause was therefore in a very bad way, and the most serious apprehensions were being felt on both sides, when the British Commander,—bless him!—came to the rescue, as he and his predecessors often unconsciously did at just the critical moment. Sir Henry Clinton sent two messengers to the insurgents with flattering invitations. Not being an American he did not know any better; he supposed all private soldiers, like his own, were mercenaries. But the Pennsylvanians felt terribly insulted by the implication that because they were mutineers they might become traitors, they explained their position by handing the messengers over to Wayne, who afterward had them effectually hanged as spies, and when the General offered a hundred guineas to the board of sergeants for surrendering

the men, the money was declined on the ground that "it was not for the sake or through any expectation of reward, but for love of our country, that we sent the spies immediately to General Wayne; we do not consider ourselves entitled to any other reward, and do jointly agree to accept no other."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 213.

Discontent in the Army and an Appeal for Money

General Washington who had been extremely chagrined at the issue of the mutiny in the Pennsylvania line, and who was now assured of the confidence to be placed in the fidelity of the eastern troops, who were composed of natives, determined, by strong measures, to stop farther progress of a spirit which threatened the destruction of the army, and ordered a detachment to march against the mutineers, and to bring them to unconditional submission. General Howe, who commanded this detachment, was instructed to make no terms with the insurgents while in a state of resistance; and, as soon as they should surrender, to seize a few of the most active leaders, and to execute them on the spot. These orders were promptly obeyed, and the Jersey mutineers returned to their duty.

In the hope of being more successful with the revolvers of Jersey than he had been with those of Pennsylvania, Sir Henry Clinton offered them the same terms which had been proposed to the mutineers at Princeton; and General Robertson, at the head of three thousand men, was detached to Staten Island with the avowed purpose of crossing over into Jersey, and covering any movement which they might make towards New York. The emissary, being in the American interest, delivered his papers to the officer commanding at the first station to which he came. Other papers were dispersed among the mutineers; but the mutiny was crushed too suddenly to allow time for the operation of these propositions.

The vigorous measures taken in this instance were happily followed by such an attention on the part of the States, to the actual situation of the army, as checked the progress of discontent. Influenced by the representations of the commander-in-chief, they raised three months' pay in specie, which they forwarded to the soldiers, who received it with joy, considering it as evidence that their fellow citizens were not entirely unmindful of their sufferings.

Although the army was thus reduced to such extreme distress, the discontents of the people were daily multiplied by the contributions which they were required to make, and by the irritating manner in which those contributions were drawn from them. Every article for public use was obtained by impressment; and the taxes were either unpaid, or collected by coercive means. Strong remonstrances were made against this system; and the dissatisfaction which pervaded the mass of the community was scarcely less dangerous than that which had been manifested by the army.

To the judicious patriots throughout America, the necessity of giving greater powers to the federal government became every day more apparent; but the efforts of enlightened individuals were too feeble to correct that fatal disposition of power which had been made by enthusiasm uninstructed by experience.

To relieve the United States from their complicated embarrassments, a foreign loan seemed an expedient of indispensable necessity, and from France they hoped to obtain it. Congress selected Lieutenant Colonel Laurens, a gentleman whose situation in the family of the commander-in-chief had enabled him to take a comprehensive view of the military capacities and weakness of his country, for this interesting service; and instructed him also to urge the advantage of maintaining a naval superiority in the American seas. Before his departure, he passed some days at headquarters, and received from General Washington in

the form of a letter, the result of his reflections on the existing state of things.

In this paper he detailed the pecuniary embarrassments of the government, and represented, with great earnestness, the inability of the nation to furnish a revenue adequate to the support of the war. He dwelt on the discontents which the system of impressment had excited among the people, and expressed his fears that the evils felt in the prosecution of the war, might weaken the sentiments which began it.

From this state of things, he deduced the vital importance of an immediate and ample supply of money, which might be the foundation for substantial arrangements of finance, for reviving public credit, and giving vigor to future operations; as well as of a decided effort of the allied arms on the continent to effect the great objects of the alliance, in the ensuing campaign.

Next to a supply of money, he considered a naval superiority in the American seas as an object of the deepest interest.

To the United States, it would be of decisive importance, and France also might derive great advantages from transferring the maritime war to the coast of her ally.

The future ability of the United States to repay any loan which might now be obtained was displayed; and he concluded with assurances that there was still a fund of inclination and resource in the country, equal to great and continued exertions, provided the means were afforded of stopping the progress of disgust, by changing the present system, and adopting another more consonant with the spirit of the nation, and more capable of infusing activity and energy into public measures; of which a powerful succor in money must be the basis. "The people were discontented, but it was with the feeble and oppressive mode of conducting the war, not with the war itself."

"A Difference in a Moment of Passion"

"An unexpected change has taken place in my situation," writes Hamilton (Feb. 18, 1781). "I am no longer a member of the General's family. This information will surprise you, and the manner of the change will surprise you more. Two days ago the General and I passed each other on the stairs:—he told me he wanted to speak to me. I answered that I would wait on him immediately. I went below and delivered Mr. Tilghman a letter to be sent to the commissary, containing an order of a pressing and interesting nature.

"Returning to the General, I was stopped on the way by the Marquis de Lafayette, and we conversed together about a minute on a matter of business. He can testify how impatient I was to get back, and that I left him in a manner, which, but for our intimacy, would have been more than abrupt. Instead of finding the General, as is usual, in his room, I met him at the head of the stairs, where, accosting me in an angry tone, "Colonel Hamilton" (said he), "you have kept me waiting at the head of the stairs these ten minutes; I must tell you, sir, you treat me with disrespect." I replied without petulancy, but with decision, "I am not conscious of it, sir, but since you have thought it necessary to tell me so, we part." "Very well, sir," (said he) "if it be your choice," or something to this effect, and we separated. I sincerely believe my absence, which gave so much umbrage, did not last two minutes.

"In less than an hour after, Tilghman came to me in the General's name, assuring me of his great confidence in my abilities, integrity, usefulness, etc., and of his desire, in a candid conversation, to heal a difference which could not have happened but in a moment of passion."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. IV, p. 269.

"It Is out of My Power"

The winter passed quietly away, but as soon as the snow was off the ground in 1781, the Indians renewed their

ravages. Early in the winter Clark went to Virginia to try to get an army for an expedition against Detroit. He likewise applied to Washington for assistance. Washington fully entered into his plans, and saw their importance. He would gladly have rendered him every aid. But he could do nothing, because of the importance to which the central authority, the Continental Congress, had been reduced by the selfishness and supine indifference of the various states—Virginia among the number. He wrote Clark:

"It is out of my power to send any reinforcements to the westward. If the States would fill their continental battalions we should be able to oppose a regular and permanent force to the enemy in every quarter. If they will not, they must certainly take measures to defend themselves by their militia, however expensive and ruinous the system."

It was impossible to state with more straightforward clearness the fact that Kentucky owed the unprotected condition in which she was left, to the divided or States-right system of government that then existed; and that she would have had ample protection—and incidentally greater liberty—had the central authority been stronger.

The Winning of the West, Theodore Roosevelt, Vol. II, p. 115.

Disappointments and Cross Purposes

Washington heard frequently from Greene, and in reply sent sympathy which was all he had to offer. He strained a point, however, in favor of the South when he learned that Arnold was operating in southern Virginia; to capture this rascal he sent off Lafayette, with twelve hundred men, to co-operate with a French naval force that was to blockade the traitor at Norfolk and Portsmouth. Lafayette's march, which was unknown to any one, the beginning of the end, began on Washington's birthday; believers in coincidences should stick a pin here.

A fortnight later the entire French fleet left Newport,

the blockade having kindly been raised by Providence through the medium of a storm, and sailed for the Chesapeake to assist in the capture of Arnold and his large army. Two days afterward the British fleet started in pursuit, and the French were overtaken off the Virginia capes. A severe fight occurred; each fleet used up the other, and hurried off to make repairs, which was the leading industry of the two navies during the war.

The failure of the French fleet seems to have brought Washington nearer to discouragement than any other event of the war had done; he wrote Laurens, the new minister at Paris, that the affair was to be regretted because a successful blow in that quarter would probably have given a decisive turn to southern affairs, and saved Virginia much unnecessary expense, "because the world is disappointed at not seeing Arnold in gibbets; and, above all, because we stood in need of something to keep us afloat until the result of your mission was known; for be assured, my dear Laurens, that day does not follow night more certainly than it brings with it some additional proof of the impracticability of carrying on the war without the aids you were directed to solicit. . . . I give it decisively as my opinion that, without a foreign loan, our present force, which is but the remnant of an army, cannot be kept together this campaign, much less will it be increased and in readiness for another.

. . . . We can not transport provisions from the States in which they are assessed, to the army, because we cannot pay the teamsters." The situation was about that of the young man who starved to death because he had not a postage stamp to carry a letter asking aid of his father.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 220.

A Letter Intended to be Intercepted

Meantime, Washington had written a letter to the Marquis de Lafayette, then in Virginia, which he caused to be intercepted. In the letter he remarked that he was

pleased with the probability that Earl Cornwallis would fortify either Portsmouth or Old Point Comfort, for, were he to fix upon Yorktown, from its great capabilities of defense, he might remain there snugly and unharmed, until a superior British fleet would relieve him with strong reinforcements, or embark him altogether.

This fated letter quieted the apprehensions of the British commander-in-chief as to the danger of his lieutenant, and produced those delays in the operations of Sir Henry that tended materially to the success of the allies and the surrender of Yorktown.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, p. 232.

"Your Duty, Young Man, Is Not to Talk, but to Obey!"

Washington wrote other similar letters. The bearer of one of these was a young Baptist clergyman, named Montagnie, an ardent Whig, who was directed by Washington to carry a despatch to Morristown. He directed the messenger to cross the river at King's Ferry, proceed by Haverstraw to the Ramapo clove, and through the pass to Morristown. Montagnie, knowing the Ramapo pass to be in possession of the cow-boys and other friends of the enemy, ventured to suggest to the commander-in-chief that the upper road would be the safest. "I shall be taken," he said, "if I go through the clove." "Your duty, young man, is not to talk, but to obey!" replied Washington, sternly enforcing his words by a vigorous stamp of his foot. Montagnie proceeded as directed, and, near the Ramapo pass, was caught. A few days afterward he was sent to New York, where he was confined in the Sugar-house, one of the famous provost prisons in the city. The day after his arrival, the contents of the despatches taken from him were published in *Rivington's Gazette* with great parade, for they indicated a plan of an attack upon the city. The enemy was alarmed thereby, and active preparations were put in

motion for receiving the besiegers. Montagnie now perceived why he was so positively instructed to go through the Ramapo pass, where himself and despatches were quite sure to be seized.

Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution, Benson J. Lossing, Vol. I, p. 781.

Wondering What to Do and How to Do It

While Washington was wondering what to do and how to do it, his uncertainty was ended by information that the Count de Grasse, with a large fleet and army, was to leave the West Indies early in August and make for Chesapeake Bay. Then the commander's long suppressed uncertainty ended; he informed Lafayette (but scarcely any one else) of what to expect, and warned him not to let Cornwallis get into the Carolinas again—a warning that the young Frenchman heeded with a degree of industry and skill for which American historians have never given him credit. Then Washington, after making preparations that put the British and his own army under the impression that New York was to be attacked by the allied armies, moved his own and the French troops from the east to the west side of the Hudson River, frightened the enemy into their works on the Jersey shore, menaced Staten Island, and was more than half way to Philadelphia before Clinton realized that he had been out-generaled. The indignation of the British commander seems to have temporarily deprived him of his sense of honor and decency, for he allowed Benedict Arnold, whom Cornwallis would not have near him in Virginia, to go off to New London (Arnold's native city) and destroy it.

The City of Brotherly Love received Washington with characteristic hospitality, but greatly wondered what he came for. The only man whose curiosity was satisfied to any extent was Robert Morris, for Washington borrowed twenty thousand dollars of him to cheer the pockets of the scant two thousand men, shabby, uncomfortable, and



Marquis Lafayette



Count Rochambeau



Kosciuszko



Baron Steuben

FOUR FOREIGN CHAMPIONS OF LIBERTY

penniless, who were going farther south than they had ever been before. Three days after Washington's arrival, the citizens obtained a hint by the appearance of the little army, which was so skillfully expanded that in column it covered two miles of roadway. Fortunately the streets were dusty, so the rags and faded uniforms were not as noticeable as they might have been. On the following day Rochambeau's army passed through in gay attire and with plenty of martial music such as the natives had not heard since the British hurried away.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 225.

"A Tempting Proposal to a Young General of Twenty-four"

The fleet of the Count de Grasse, consisting of twenty-eight sail of the line, and a due proportion of frigates, containing three thousand veteran troops under the Marquis de St. Simon, anchored in the Chesapeake on the thirtieth of August. The frigates were immediately employed in conveying the troops up the James river, where they were landed, and reinforced the army of Lafayette, who then commanded in Virginia. An instance of virtue and magnanimity that occurred at this period of our narrative adorns the fame and memory of Lafayette.

Upon the arrival of the French land and naval forces in our waters, their commander said to Lafayette:

"Now, marquis, now is your time; a wreath of never-fading laurel is within your grasp! Fame bids you seize it. With the veteran regiments of St. Simon, and your own continentals, you have five thousand; to these add a thousand marines, and a thousand seamen, to be landed from the fleet, making seven thousand good soldiers, which, with your militia, give you an aggregate exceeding ten thousand men. With these, storm the enemy's works while they are yet in an unfinished state, and before the arrival of the combined armies you will end the war, and acquire an immortal renown."

"Believe me, my dear sir," said the good Lafayette, during his visit in America, "this was a most tempting proposal to a young general of twenty-four, and who was not unambitious of fame by honest means; but insuperable reasons forbade me from listening to the proposal for a single moment. Our beloved General had intrusted to me a command far above my deserts, my age, or experience in war. From the time of my first landing in America, up to the campaign of 1781, I had enjoyed the attachment, nay, parental regard of the matchless chief. Could I then dare to attempt to pluck a leaf from the laurel, that was soon to bind his honored brow—the well-earned reward of long years of toils, anxieties, and battles? And, lastly, could I have been assured of success in my attack, from the known courage and discipline of the foe, that success must have been attended by a vast effusion of human blood."

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis,
p. 233.

"Less Painful to Me if They Had Burnt My House"

The troops which Cornwallis intended to join had been sent in detachments to Virginia during the winter and spring. The first body had arrived early in January under the command of Arnold, and a general marauding and ravaging took place. A little later General Phillips arrived with reinforcements and took command. On May 13th, General Phillips died, and a week later Cornwallis appeared at Petersburg, assumed control, and sent Arnold back to New York.

Meantime Washington, though relieved by Morgan's and Greene's admirable work, had a most trying and unhappy winter and spring. He sent every man he could spare, and more than he ought to have spared, to Greene, and he stripped himself still further when the invasion of Virginia began. But for the most part he was obliged, from lack of any naval strength, to stand helplessly by and see

more British troops sent to the South, and witness the ravaging of his native State, without any ability to prevent it. To these grave trials was added a small one, which stung him to the quick. The British came up the Potomac, and Lund Washington, in order to preserve Mount Vernon, gave them refreshments, and treated them in a conciliatory manner. He meant well but acted ill, and Washington wrote:

"It would have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard that, in consequence of your non-compliance with their request, they had burnt my house and laid the plantation in ruins. You ought to have considered yourself as my representative, and should have reflected on the bad example of communicating with the enemy, and making a voluntary offer of refreshments to them, with a view to prevent a conflagration."

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 295.

"If You Had Looked behind You at the Battle of Cowpens"

In a personal encounter with Colonel William Washington, cousin to the commander-in-chief, at the battle of Cowpens, Colonel Tarleton was severely wounded in the hand. According to Mrs. Ellet's "*Women of the Revolution*," this wound was twice made the point of severe wit by two American ladies, who were daughters of Colonel Montfort, of Halifax, North Carolina. Because of his cruel and resentful disposition he was most heartily despised by the republicans. The occasions were as follows: When Cornwallis and his army were at Halifax, on their way to Virginia, Tarleton was at the house of an American. In the presence of Mrs. Willie Jones (one of these sisters), Tarleton spoke of Colonel Washington as an illiterate fellow, hardly able to write his name.

"Ah, Colonel," said Mrs. Jones, "you ought to know better, for you bear on your person proof that he knows very well *how to make his mark!*"

At another time Tarleton was speaking sarcastically of Colonel Washington, in the presence of her sister, Mrs. Ashe.

"I would be happy to see Colonel Washington," he said, with a sneer. Mrs. Ashe instantly replied, "If you had looked behind you, Colonel Tarleton, at the battle of Cowpens, you would have enjoyed that pleasure."

Stung with this keen wit, Tarleton placed his hand on his sword. General Leslie, who was present, remarked, "Say what you please, Mrs. Ashe, Colonel Tarleton knows better than to insult a lady in my presence."

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis,
p. 252.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE STORMING OF YORKTOWN

"Gone to Catch Cornwallis in His Mouse-trap!"

As the army marched through the streets of Philadelphia, there was an outburst of exulting hope. The plan could no longer be concealed. Congress was informed of it, and a fresh light shone upon the people, already elated by the news of Greene's career of triumph. The windows were thronged with fair ladies, who threw sweet flowers on the dusty soldiers as they passed, while the welkin rang with shouts, anticipating the great deliverance that was soon to come. The column of soldiers, in the loose order adapted to its swift march, was nearly two miles in length. First came the war-worn Americans, clad in rough toggery, which eloquently told the story of the meager resources of a country without a government. Then followed the gallant Frenchmen, clothed in gorgeous trappings, such as could be provided by a government which at that time took three-fourths of the earnings of its people in unrighteous taxation. There was some parading of these soldiers before the President of Congress, but time was precious. Washington in his eagerness galloping on to Chester, received and sent back the joyful intelligence that Grasse had arrived in Chesapeake, and then the glee of the people knew no bounds. Bands of music played in the streets, every house hoisted its Stars and Stripes, and all the roadside taverns shouted success to the bold general. "Long live Washington!" was the toast of the day. "He has gone to catch Cornwallis in his mouse-trap!"

The American Revolution, John Fiske, Vol. II, p. 277.

Visits Mount Vernon after Six Years

Pushing on after the joyful news of the arrival of de Grasse had been received, Washington left the army to go by water from the Head of Elk, and hurried to Mount Vernon, accompanied by de Rochambeau. It was six years since he had seen his home. He had left it a Virginia colonel, full of forebodings for his country, with a vast and unknown problem awaiting solution at his hands. He returned to it the first soldier of his day, after six years of battle and trial, of victory and defeat, on the eve of the last and crowning triumph. As he paused on the well-beloved spot, and gazed across the broad and beautiful river at his feet, thoughts and remembrances must have come thronging to his mind which it is given to few men to know. He lingered there two days, and then pressing on, was in Williamsburg on the 14th, and on the 17th went on board the *Ville de Paris* to congratulate de Grasse on his victory, and to concert measures for the siege.

The meeting was most agreeable. All had gone well, all promised well, and everything was smiling and harmonious. Yet they were on the eve of the greatest peril which occurred in the campaign. Washington had managed to scrape together enough transports; but his almost unassisted labors had taken time, and delay followed. Then the transports were slow, winds and tides were uncertain, and there was further delay. The interval permitted de Grasse to hear that the British fleet had received reinforcements, and to become nervous in consequence. He wanted to get out to sea; the season was advancing, and he was anxious to return to the West Indies; and above all he did not wish to fight in the bay. He therefore proposed firmly and vigorously to leave two ships in the river, and stand out to sea with his fleet. The Yorktown campaign began to look as if it had reached its conclusion. Once again Washington wrote one of his masterly letters of expostu-

lation and remonstrance, and once more he prevailed, aided by the reasoning and appeals of Lafayette, who carried the message. De Grasse consented to stay, and Washington, grateful beyond measure, wrote him that "a great mind knows how to make personal sacrifice to secure an important general good." Under the circumstances, and in view of the general truth of this complimentary sentiment, one cannot help rejoicing that de Grasse had "a great mind."

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 306.

Jolly Knox Laughed Till His Fat Sides Shook

The general, attended by a numerous suite of American and French officers, repaired to Hampton, and thence on board the *Ville de Paris*, the French admiral's ship, lying at anchor in the chops of the capes, to pay their respects to the Count de Grasse, and consult with him as to their future operations.

On the American chief's reaching the quarter-deck, the admiral flew to embrace him, imprinting the French salute upon each cheek. Hugging him in his arms, he exclaimed, "*My dear little general!*" De Grasse was of lofty stature; but the term *petit* or small, when applied to the majestic and commanding person of Washington produced an effect upon the risible faculties of all present not to be described. The Frenchmen, governed by the rigid etiquette of the *ancien régime*, controlled their mirth as best they could; but our own jolly Knox, heedless of all rules, laughed, and that aloud, till his fat sides shook again.

Washington returned from this conference by no means satisfied with its result. The admiral was extremely restless at anchor while his enemy's fleet kept the sea; and having orders limiting his stay in the American waters to a certain and that not distant day, he was desirous of putting to sea to block up the enemy's fleet in the basin of New York, rather than to run the risk of being himself blockaded in the bay of the Chesapeake.

Washington urged de Grasse to remain, because his departure, he said, "by affording an opening for the succor of New York, which the enemy would instantly avail themselves of, would frustrate our brilliant prospects; and the consequence would be, not only the disgrace and loss of renouncing an enterprise, upon which the fairest expectations of the allies have been founded, after the most expensive preparations, but perhaps disbanding the whole army for want of provisions."

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis,
p. 235.

Not to His Glass but to His Grave

The first headquarters of Earl Cornwallis were in the house of Mr. Secretary Nelson, a relative of the governor, and a gentleman attached to the royal cause. It was a very large and splendid brick mansion, and towering above the ramparts, afforded a fine mark for the American artillery, that soon riddled it, having learned from a deserter that it contained the British headquarters. His lordship remained in the house until his steward was killed by a cannon-ball while carrying a tureen of soup to his master's table.

The British general then removed his headquarters to the house of Governor Nelson, and finally to apartments excavated in the bank on the southern extremity of the town, where two rooms were wainscoted with boards, and lined with baize, for his accommodation. It was in that cavernous abode that the earl received his last letter from Sir Henry Clinton. It was brought by the honorable Colonel Cochran, who, landing from an English cutter on Cape Charles, procured an open boat, and threading his way, under cover of a fog, through the French fleet, arrived safely, and delivered his despatches. They contained orders for the earl to hold out to the last extremity, assuring him that a force of seven thousand men would be immediately embarked for his relief.

While taking wine with his lordship after dinner, the gallant colonel proposed that he should go up to the ramparts and take a look at the Yankees, and upon his return give Washington's health in a bumper. He was dissuaded from so rash a proceeding by every one at the table, the whole of the works being at that time in so ruinous a state that shelter could be had nowhere. The colonel however persisted, and gayly observing that he would leave his glass as his representative till his return, which would be quickly, away he went. Poor fellow, he did return, and that quickly, but he was borne in the arms of the soldiers, not to his glass, but to his grave.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis,
p. 244.

The Battle Wages

On the 14th we reached Williamsburg. The army rapidly came in by divisions, French and American. Before the 25th we had from the fleet cannon and intrenching-tools, and all our available force was to hand.

I can make clear in a few words the situation of the enemy. The peninsula of York lies between the James and the York rivers. On the south bank of the latter sits the little town of York. Seven redoubts surrounded it. The town was flanked right and left by deep ravines and creeks falling into the York river. Intrenchments, field-works, and abatis, with felled trees, lay to landward.

Gloucester Point, on the opposite shore of the river, was well fortified, and before it lay a small force of British war-ships, the channel being obstructed lower down by sunken vessels. The French fleet held the river below the town, and we the peninsula.

On the night of the 25th, after a brief visit to the fleet, our chief lay down in the open under a mulberry-tree with one of its roots for a pillow, and slept well, as was audible enough to us who lay at a distance.

That night his lordship abandoned his outworks and drew within the town. We seized these lines next day, losing Colonel Scammel, formerly of the staff, in whose amusing songs and gay talk our chief had used to take so much pleasure. On the 28th the armies marched twelve miles down the peninsula, and camped two miles from the town, driving in the pickets and some parties of horse.

By October 1, the weather being fine, we had completed a half-moon of intrenchments, resting at each wing on the river. Two advanced redoubts we threw up and were severely cannonaded, so as to interrupt the men at work.

His Excellency, somewhat anxious, came out of his tent, and calling Mr. Tilghman and me, who were writing, rode forth, followed by his faithful black Billy, whom we used to credit with knowing more of what went on than did we of the staff. Mr. Evans, a chaplain, was fain to see more of the war than concerned him, and came after us. As we approached, Billy, riding behind me, said as the cannon-shot went over us:

“Dem redcoats is p'intin' us mighty well.”

Then a shot ricocheted, striking the ground in front and covering us with dust. Mr. Evans, who was standing by, and had now seen quite enough of it, said, “We shall all be killed,” and then looked ruefully at his new beaver, well dusted and dirty.

“You had better carry that home to your wife and children,” said the chief. “This is not the place for you, sir.”

Neither was it much to my own liking, and I was not sorry when we rode back.

On the night of the 9th of October his Excellency put a match to the first gun, and for four days and nights a furious cannonade went on from both sides.

Late on the night of the 10th . . . a monstrous smoke hung over the town. Now and then a gust of sea wind tore it apart, and through the rifts we saw the silver cup of the moon and the host of stars. We lay long on the

hillock. I suppose the hour and the mighty fates involved made us serious and silent. Far away seventy cannon thundered from our works, and the enemy's batteries roared their incessant fury of reply.

Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., p. 490.

"Save Me, for I Have Been a Good Soldier"

At a given signal the detachments advanced to the assault. As the Americans were mounting the redoubt, Lieutenant-colonel Laurens, *aide-de-camp* to the commander-in-chief, appeared suddenly on their flank, at the head of two companies. Upon Major Fish hailing him with, "Why, Laurens, what brought you here?" the hero replied, "I had nothing to do at headquarters, and so came here to see what you all were about." Bravest among the brave, this Bayard of his age and country rushed with the foremost into the works, making with his own hand, Major Campbell, the British commandant, a prisoner-of-war. The cry of the Americans as they mounted to the assault was, "Remember New London." But here, as at Stony Point, notwithstanding the provocation to retaliate was justified by the inhuman massacres of Paoli and Fort Griswold, mercy, divine mercy, perched triumphantly on our country's colors.

Washington, during the whole of the siege, continued to expose himself to every danger. It was in vain his officers remonstrated. It was in vain that Colonel Cobb, his *aide-de-camp*, entreated him to come down from a parapet, whence he was reconnoitring the enemy's works, the shot and shells flying thickly around, and an officer of the New England line killed within a very few yards. During one of his visits to the main battery, a soldier of Colonel Lamb's artillery had his leg shattered by the explosion of a shell. As they were bearing him to the rear, he recognized the chief, and cried out, "God bless your excellency, save me if you can, for I have been a good soldier, and served under

you during the whole war." Sensibly affected by the brave fellow's appeal, the general immediately ordered him to the particular care of Doctor Craik. It was too late; death terminated his sufferings after an amputation was performed.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Park Custis,
p. 241.

"The Work is Done and Well Done."

On the 11th the second parallel was begun, and on the 14th the American batteries played on the two advanced redoubts with such effect that the breaches were pronounced practicable. Washington at once ordered an assault. The smaller redoubt was stormed by the Americans under Hamilton and taken in ten minutes. The other, larger and more strongly garrisoned, was carried by the French with equal gallantry, after a half an hour's fighting. During the assault Washington stood in an embrasure of the grand battery, watching the advance of the men. He was always given to exposing himself recklessly when there was fighting to be done, but not when he was only an observer. This night, however, he was much exposed to the enemy's fire. One of his *aides*, anxious and disturbed for his safety, told him that the place was perilous. "If you think so," was the quiet answer, "you are at liberty to step back." The moment was too exciting, too fraught with meaning, to think of peril. The old fighting spirit of Braddock's field was unchained for the last time. He would have liked to head the American assault, sword in hand, and as he could not do that he stood as near his troops as he could, utterly regardless of the bullets whistling in the air about him. Who can wonder at his intense excitement at that moment? Others saw a brilliant storming of two outworks, but to Washington the whole Revolution, and all the labor and thought and conflict of six years were culminating in the smoke and din on those redoubts, while out of the dust and

heat of the sharp quick fight success was coming. He had waited long, and worked hard, and his whole soul went out as he watched the troops cross the abatis and scale the works. He could have no thought of danger then, and when all was over he turned to Knox and said, "The work is done, and well done. Bring me my horse."

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 307.

The Surrender of Cornwallis

On the 17th of October, the Marquis Cornwallis having had a stomach full of fighting, and having failed of his schemes to get away across the York River, beat a parley, and after some discussion signed the articles of capitulation. The soldiers were to remain prisoners in Virginia and Maryland, the officers were to return to Europe upon parole. The beaten army at two on the 19th came down the road between the French and our lines, with the colors in their cases, and the bands playing a British march; for it is of the etiquette of such occasions that the captured army play none but their own tunes. Some wag must have chosen the air, for they marched by to the good old English music of "The World Turned Upside Down"; such must have seemed sadly the case to these poor devils.

As I was of the staff, I was privileged to see well this wonderful and glorious conclusion of a mighty strife. Our chief sat straight in the saddle, with a face no man could read, for in it was neither elation nor show of satisfaction, as the sullen ranks came near.

At the head of the line rode General O'Hara. He paused beside our chief and begged his Excellency to receive the excuses of my Lord Cornwallis, who was not well enough to be present, which no one believed nor thought a manly thing to do.

His Excellency bowed, trusted it was not very serious, but would not receive General O'Hara's sword. With quiet dignity he motioned him to deliver it to Major-general

Lincoln, who now had these grateful amends for the misfortune of having had to surrender his own good blade at Charleston.

After this the long array of chagrined and beaten men went by, and, returning to York, were put under guard.

Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., p. 510.

The Crowning Glory of the War

At length, on the morning of the seventeenth, the thundering ceased, hour after hour passed away, and the most attentive ear could not catch another sound. What had happened? Can Cornwallis have escaped? To suppose he had fallen was almost too much to hope for. And now an intense anxiety prevails: every eye is turned toward the great southern road, and "the express! the express!" is upon every lip. Each hamlet and homestead pours forth its inmates. Age is seen leaning on his staff; women with infants at the breast; children with wondering eyes, and tiny hands outstretched—all, all, with breathless hopes and fears, await the courier's coming. Ay, and the courier rode with a red spur that day; but had he been mounted on the wings of the wind, he could scarcely have kept pace with the general anxiety.

At length there is a cry—"He comes! he comes!" and emerging from a cloud of dust, a horseman is seen at headlong speed. He plies the lash and spur; covered with foam, with throbbing flank, and nostril dilated to catch the breeze, the generous horse devours the road, while ever and anon the rider waves his cap, and shouts to the eager groups that crowd his way "Cornwallis is taken!"

And now arose a joyous cry that made the very welkin tremble. The Tories, amazed and confounded, slunk away to their holes and hiding-places, while the patriot Whigs rushed into each other's arms, and wept for gladness. And oh! on that day of general thanksgiving and praise, how many an aspiration ascended to the Most High, implor-

ing blessings on him whom all time will consecrate as the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY. That event was indeed the crowning glory of the war of the Revolution. hostilities languished thereafter, while Independence and empire dawned upon the destinies of America, from the surrender at Yorktown.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, p. 245.

" Posterity Will Huzza for Us "

After Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, Washington said to his army:

" My brave fellows, let no sense of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Let no shouting, no clamorous huzzaing increase their mortification. It is sufficient for us that we witness their humiliation: Posterity will huzza for us."

Washington's Birthday, Edited by Robert Haven Schauffler, p. 246.

" Then They Did Look at Us, but Were Not Very Well Pleased "

After a fruitless attempt to escape, in which the elements, as at Long Island, were on the side of America and her cause, on the morning of the seventeenth Cornwallis beat a parley. Terms were arranged, and, on the nineteenth, the British army laid down its arms.

The imposing ceremony took place at two o'clock. The American troops were drawn up on the right, and the French on the left, of the high road leading to Hampton. A vast crowd of persons from the adjoining country attended to witness the ceremony. •

The captive army, in perfect order, marched in stern and solemn silence between the lines. All eyes were turned toward the head of the advancing column. Cornwallis, the renowned, the dreaded Cornwallis, was the object that thousands longed to behold. He did not appear, but sent his sword by General O'Hara, with an apology for his non-appearance on account of indisposition. It was remarked that the British soldiers looked only toward the French army on the left, whose appearance was assuredly more brilliant

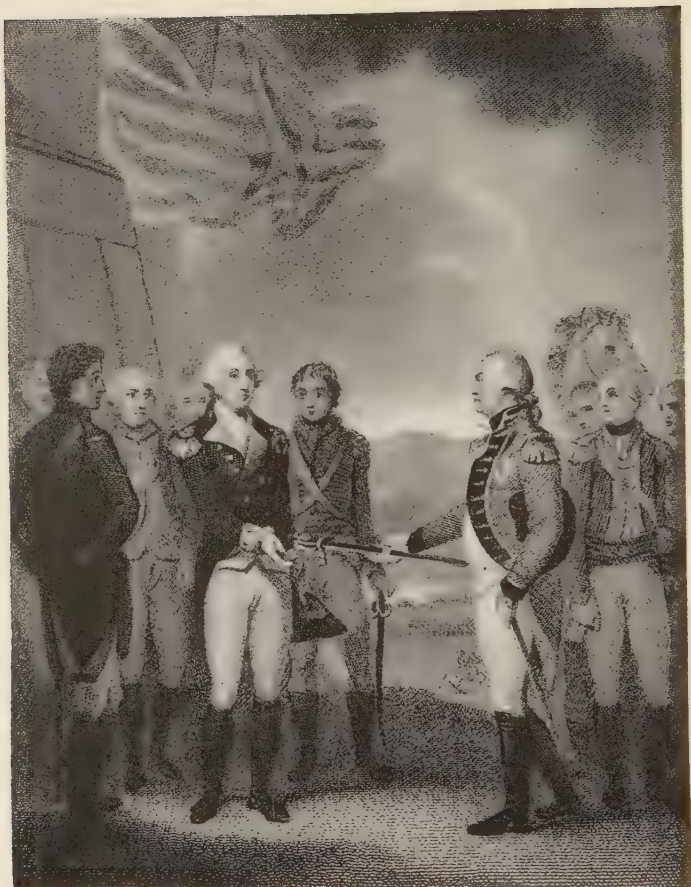
than that of the Americans, though the latter were respectable in both their clothing and appointments, while their admirable discipline and the hardy and veteran appearance of both officers and men showed they were no "carpet knights," but soldiers who had seen service and were inured to war.

Lafayette, at the head of his division, observing that the captives confined their admiration exclusively to the French army, neglecting his darling light-infantry, the very apple of his eye and pride of his heart, determined to bring "eyes to the right." He ordered his music to strike up Yankee Doodle: "Then," said the good general, "they did look at us, my dear sir, but were not very well pleased."

When ordered to ground arms, the Hessian was content. He was tired of the war; his pipe and his patience pretty well exhausted, he longed to bid adieu to toilsome marches, battles, and the heat of the climate that consumed him. Not so the British soldier; many threw their arms to the ground in sullen despair. One fine veteran fellow displayed a soldierly feeling that excited the admiration of all around. He hugged his musket to his bosom, gazed tenderly on it, pressed it to his lips, then threw it from him, and marched away dissolved in tears.

On the day of the surrender, the commander-in-chief rode his favorite and splendid charger, named Nelson, a light sorrel, sixteen hands high, with white face and legs, and remarkable as being the first nicked horse seen in America. This famous charger died at Mount Vernon many years after the Revolution, at a very advanced age. After the chief had ceased to mount him, he was never ridden, but grazed in a paddock in summer, and was well cared for in winter; and as often as the retired farmer of Mount Vernon would be making a tour of his grounds, he would halt at the paddock, when the old war-horse would run, neighing, to the fence, proud to be caressed by the great master's hands.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis
p. 247.



THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

(This fine picture is not true to the facts, for Cornwallis sent General O'Hara with the sword, and Washington allowed General Lincoln to receive it.)

The Numbers Involved

The number of prisoners made by the above capitulation amounted to 7,073, of whom 5,950 were rank and file, six commissioned, and twenty-eight non-commissioned officers, and privates, had previously been captured in the two redoubts, or in the sortie of the garrison. The loss sustained by the garrison during the siege, in killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to 552. That of the combined army in killed was about 300. The combined army to which Cornwallis surrendered, was estimated at 16,000, of whom 7,000 were French, 5,500 continentals, and 3,500 militia.

Holmes's Annals, Vol. II, p. 333.

The Manly, Frank, and Soldierly Bearing of Cornwallis

The day after the surrender, Earl Cornwallis repaired to headquarters to pay his respects to General Washington and await his orders. The captive chief was received with all the courtesy due to a gallant and unfortunate foe. The elegant manners, together with the manly, frank, and soldierly bearing of Cornwallis soon made him a prime favorite at headquarters, and he often formed part of the suite of the commander-in-chief in his rides to inspect the leveling of the works previous to the retirement of the combined armies from before Yorktown.

At the grand dinner given at the headquarters to the officers of the three armies, Washington filled his glass, and, after his invariable toast, whether in peace or war, of "*All our friends*," gave "*The British Army*," with some complimentary remarks upon its chief, his proud career in arms, and his gallant defense of Yorktown. When it came to Cornwallis's turn, he prefaced his toast by saying that the war was virtually at an end, and the contending parties would soon embrace as friends; there might be affairs of posts but nothing on a more enlarged scale, as it was scarcely to be expected that the ministry would send another army

to America. Then turning to Washington, his lordship continued: "And when the illustrious part that your Excellency has borne in this long and arduous contest becomes matter of history, fame will gather your brightest laurels rather from the banks of the Delaware than from those of the Chesapeake." In this his lordship alluded to the memorable midnight march made by Washington with the shattered remains of the grand army, aided by the Pennsylvania militia, on the night of the second of January, 1777, which resulted in the surprise of the enemy in his rear, and the victory of Princeton, restoring hope to the American cause when it was almost sinking in despair.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis,
p. 249.

Several Samples of Washington's Humor

There were on the Mount Vernon plantation three hundred and seventy head of cattle, and Washington appends to the report a sad regret that with all this number of horned beasts, he yet has to buy butter. There is also a fine, grim humor shown in the incident of a flag of truce coming in at New York, bearing a message from General Howe, addressed to "Mr. Washington." The General took the latter from the hand of the red-coat, glanced at the superscription, and said, "Why, this letter is not for me! It is directed to a planter in Virginia—I'll keep it and give it to him at the end of the war." Then, cramming the letter into his pocket, he ordered the flag of truce out of the lines and directed the gunners to stand by. In an hour another letter came back addressed to "His Excellency, General Washington." [This is not literally true. W. W.]

It was not long after this that a soldier brought to Washington a dog that had been found wearing a collar with the name of General Howe engraved on it. Washington returned the dog by a special messenger with a note reading, "General Washington sends his compliments to

General Howe, and begs to return one dog that evidently belongs to him." In this instance I am inclined to think that Washington acted in sober good faith but was the victim of a practical joke on the part of his aides.

Another remark that sounds like a joke, but perhaps was not one, was when, on taking command of the army at Boston, the General writes to his life-long friend, Dr. Craik, asking what he can do for him and adding a sentiment still in the air:

"But these Massachusetts people suffer nothing to go by them that they can lay their hands on."

In another letter he pays his compliments to Connecticut thus:

"Their impecunious meanness surpasses belief."

When Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, Washington refused to humiliate him and his officers by accepting their swords. He treated Cornwallis as his guest and even gave a dinner in his honor. At this dinner Rochambeau being asked for a toast gave "The United States." Washington proposed "The King of France." Cornwallis merely gave "The King," and Washington, putting the toast, expressed it as Cornwallis intended, "The King of England," and added a sentiment of his own that made even Cornwallis laugh—"may he stay there!" Washington's treatment of Cornwallis made him a life-long friend.

Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen, Elbert Hubbard, p. 34.

"There Are Modes of Discharging a Soldier's Duty"

Colonel Tarleton, alone of all the British officers of rank, was left out of the invitations to headquarters. Gallant and high-spirited, the colonel applied to the Marquis de Lafayette to know whether the neglect might not have been accidental. Lafayette well knew that accident had nothing to do with the matter, but referred the applicant to Lieutenant-colonel Laurens, who, as *aide-de-camp* to the commander-in-chief,

must of course be able to give the requisite explanation. Laurens at once said:

"No, Colonel Tarleton, no accident at all; intentional, I can assure you, and meant as a reproof for certain cruelties practised by the troops under your command in the campaigns of the Carolinas."

"What, sir," haughtily rejoined Tarleton, "and is it for severities inseparable from war, which you are pleased to term cruelties, that I am to be disgraced before junior officers? Is it, sir, for a faithful discharge of my duty to my king and my country, that I am thus humiliated in the eyes of three armies?"

"Pardon me," continued Colonel Laurens, "there are modes, sir, of discharging a soldier's duty more acceptable to both friends and foes."

Tarleton stalked gloomily away to his quarters, which he seldom left until his departure from Virginia.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, p. 251.

"And Cornwallis Is Taken!"

The accomplished Lieutenant-colonel Tilghman, one of Washington's aids, was sent to Philadelphia by the chief, with despatches to the Congress, announcing the surrender of Cornwallis. He arrived there in the night, and soon the watchmen of the city were calling the hours, with the suffix, "*and Cornwallis is taken!*" That annunciation ringing out on the frosty night-air, aroused thousands from their slumbers. Lights were soon seen moving in almost every house; and presently the streets were thronged with men and women, all eager to hear the details. It was a joyous night for Philadelphia. The old state-house bell rang out its jubilant notes more than an hour before dawn, and the first blush of morning was greeted with the booming of cannon. The Congress assembled at an early hour, when Charles Thomson read Washington's despatch, and then they resolved to go in

procession at two o'clock the same day, to a temple of worship, "and return thanks to Almighty God for crowning the allied armies of the United States and France with success."

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis,
p. 240.

The "Financier of the Revolution" in Prison for Debt

"When, a few months later, she [the mother of Mr. Robert E. Gray, of Philadelphia] was one night roused from her sleep by the old watchman crying under her window, 'Past twelve o'clock, and Lord Cornwallis is taken!' she knew, and all our people knew, that Robert Morris had had a great deal to do in bringing about that surrender, which virtually ended the war. He had been the right hand of Washington. Yet, while Washington was President, Robert Morris was confined in the old debtor's prison in Philadelphia."

"What a shame!" one of us hotly exclaimed. "Why did not Congress pay his debts, and liberate one to whom the nation owed so great a debt?"

"Well, that was not thought practicable. His liabilities were immense, and the precedent would have been, perhaps, a little dangerous. He was a rash manager of his own affairs. He bore his misfortunes bravely, they said; but I think he used to look very sad as he walked up and down the narrow prison-yard. Sometimes, I remember, he seemed to be listening, in a pleased sort of way, to old Billy Wood, the play-actor, who was also in difficulties. Wood was an educated man, and good company."

Stories and Sketches, Grace Greenwood, p. 23.

"It Is High Time for Me to Die"

Lord Fairfax on hearing that Washington had captured Lord Cornwallis and all his army, he called to his black

waiter, "Come, Joe! carry me to bed, for it is high time for me to die!"

Then up rose Joe, all at the word,
And took his master's arm,
And thus to bed he softly led
The lord of Greenway farm.

There oft he called on Britain's name,
And oft he wept full sore,
Then sighed—"Thy will, oh Lord, be done"—
And word spake never more.

The Life of Washington, Mason L. Weems, p. 27.

The News of Yorktown in America and England

Early on a dark morning of the fourth week in October, an honest old German, slowly pacing the streets of Philadelphia on his night watch, began shouting, "Basht dree o'glock, und Gornwallis ish dakendt!" and light sleepers sprang out of bed and threw up their windows. Washington's courier laid the dispatches before Congress in the forenoon, and after dinner a service of prayer and thanksgiving was held in the Lutheran Church. At New Haven and Cambridge the students sang triumphal hymns, and every village green in the country was ablaze with bonfires. The Duke de Lauzun sailed for France in a swift ship, and on the 27th of November all the houses in Paris were illuminated and the aisles of Notre Dame resounded with the Te Deum. At noon of November 2nd, the news was brought to Lord George Germaine, at his house in Pall Mall. Getting into a cab, he drove hastily to the Lord Chancellor's house in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and took him in; and then they drove to Lord North's office in Downing Street. At the staggering news, all the prime minister's wonted gayety forsook him. He walked wildly up and down the room, throwing his arms about and crying, "Oh God! it is all over! it is all over! it is all over!" A dispatch was sent to the king at Kew, and when Lord George received the answer

that evening at dinner, he observed that his Majesty wrote calmly, but had forgotten to date his letter,—a thing which had never happened before.

"The tidings," says Wraxall, who narrates these incidents, "were calculated to diffuse a gloom over the most convivial society, and opened a wide field for political speculation." There were many people in England, however, who looked at this matter differently from Lord North. This crushing defeat was just what the Duke of Richmond, at the beginning of the war, had publicly declared he hoped for. Charles Fox always took especial delight in reading about the defeats of invading armies, from Marathon and Salamis downward; and over the news of Cornwallis's surrender he leaped from his chair and clapped his hands. In a debate in Parliament, four months before, the youthful William Pitt had denounced the American war as "most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust, and diabolical," which led Burke to observe, "He is not a chip of the old block; he is the old block itself!"

The fall of Lord North's ministry, and with it the overthrow of the personal government of George III, was now close at hand. For a long time the government had been losing favor. In the summer of 1780, the British victories in South Carolina had done something to strengthen it; yet when, in the autumn of that year, Parliament was dissolved, although the king complained that his expenses for purposes of corruption had been twice as great as ever before, the new Parliament was scarcely more favorable to the ministry than the old one. Misfortunes and perplexities crowded in the path of Lord North and his colleagues. The example of American resistance told upon Ireland, and it was in the full tide of that agitation which is associated with the names of Flood and Grattan that the news of Cornwallis's surrender was received.

After the surrender of Cornwallis, no one but the king thought of pursuing the war in America any further. Even

he gave up all hope of subduing the United States but he insisted upon retaining the state of Georgia, with the cities of Charleston and New York; and he vowed that, rather than acknowledge the independence of the United States, he would abdicate the throne and retire to Hanover. Lord George Germaine was dismissed from office, Sir Henry Clinton was superseded by Sir Guy Carleton, and the king began to dream of a new campaign. But his obstinacy was of no avail. During the winter and spring, General Wayne, acting under Greene's orders, drove the British from Georgia, while at home the country squires began to go over to the opposition; and Lord North, utterly discouraged and disgusted, refused any longer to pursue a policy of which he disapproved. The baffled and beaten king, like the fox in the fable, declared that the Americans were a wretched set of knaves, and he was glad to be rid of them. The House of Commons began to talk of a vote of censure on the administration. A motion of Conway's, petitioning the king to stop the war, was lost by only a single vote; and at last, on the 20th of March, 1782, Lord North bowed to the storm and resigned. The two sections of the Whig party coalesced. Lord Rockingham became Prime Minister, and with him came into office Shelburne, Camden, and Grafton, as well as Fox and Conway, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord John Cavendish,—staunch friends of America, all of them, whose appointment involved the recognition of the independence of the United States.

Lord North observed that he had often been accused of issuing lying bulletins, but he had never told so big a lie as that with which the new ministry announced its entrance into power; for in introducing the name of each of these gentlemen, the official bulletin used the words, "His Majesty has been *pleased* to appoint!" It was indeed a day of bitter humiliation for George III, and the men who had been his tools. But it was a day of happy omen for the English race in the Old World as well as in the New. . . . The

decisive battle of freedom in England as well as in America, and in that vast colonial world for which Chatham prophesied the dominion of the future, had now been fought and won. And foremost in accomplishing this glorious work had been the lofty genius of Washington, and the steadfast valor of the men who suffered with him at Valley Forge, and whom he led to victory at Yorktown.

The American Revolution, John Fiske, Vol. II, p. 285.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR

Grief in the Midst of Rejoicing

A domestic affliction threw a shade over Washington's happiness, while his camp still rang with shouts of triumph for the surrender of Yorktown. His stepson (to whom he had been a parent and protector, and to whom he was fondly attached), who had accompanied him to the camp at Cambridge, and was among the first of his aids in the dawn of the Revolution, sickened while on duty as extra aid to the commander-in-chief in the trenches before Yorktown. Aware that his disease (the camp fever), would be mortal, the sufferer had yet one last lingering wish to be gratified, and he would die content. It was to behold the surrender of the sword of Cornwallis. He was supported to the ground, and witnessed the admired spectacle, and was then removed to Eltham, a distance of thirty miles from camp.

An express from Dr. Craik announced that there was no longer hope, when Washington, attended by a single officer, and a groom, left the headquarters at midnight, and rode with all speed for Eltham.

The anxious watchers by the couch of the dying were, in the gray of the twilight, aroused by a trampling of horse, and looking out, discovered the commander-in-chief alighting from a jaded charger in the courtyard. He immediately summoned Dr. Craik, and to the eager inquiry, "Is there any hope?" Craik mournfully shook his head. The General retired to a room to indulge his grief, requesting to be left alone. In a little while the poor sufferer expired. Washington, tenderly embracing the bereaved wife and mother, observed to the weeping group around the remains of him

he so dearly loved. "From this moment I adopt his two youngest children as my own."* Absorbed in grief, he then waved with his hand a melancholy adieu, and, fresh horses being ready, without rest or refreshment, he remounted and returned to camp.

* These were Eleanor Parke Custis, who married Lawrence Lewis, the favorite nephew of General Washington, and George Washington Parke Custis—the latter, the author of these *Recollections*.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, p. 254.

" No Part of the Blame Shall Be Mine "

From Eltham, Washington proceeded to Mount Vernon: but public cares gave him little leisure to attend to his private concerns. We have seen how repeatedly his steady mind had been exercised in the darkest times of the revolutionary struggle, in buoying up the public heart when sinking into despondency. He had now an opposite task to perform, to guard against an overweening confidence inspired by the recent triumph. In a letter to General Greene he writes: "I shall remain but a few days here, and shall proceed to Philadelphia, when I shall attempt to stimulate Congress to the best improvement of our late success, by taking the most vigorous and effectual measures to be ready for an early and decisive campaign the next year. My greatest fear is, that Congress, viewing this stroke in too important a point of light, may think our work too nearly closed, and will fall into a state of languor and relaxation. To prevent this error I shall employ every means in my power, and if unhappily we sink into that fatal mistake, no part of the blame shall be mine."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. IV, p. 445.

The Mother of Washington at a Ball in His Honor

Meantime in the village of Fredericksburg, all was joy and revelry; the town was crowded with the officers of the French and American armies, and with gentlemen for many

miles around, who hastened to welcome the conquerors of Cornwallis. The citizens got up a splendid ball, to which the matron was specially invited. She observed, that although her dancing days were pretty well over, she should feel happy in contributing to the general festivity, and consented to attend.

The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their chief. They had heard indistinct rumors touching her remarkable life and character, but forming their judgments from European examples, they were prepared to expect in the mother, that glitter and show which would have been attached to the parents of the great, in the countries of the old world. How were they surprised, when leaning on the arm of her son, she entered the room dressed in the very plain, yet becoming garb, worn by the Virginia lady of the old time. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous, though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions which were paid to her without evincing the slightest elevation, and at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasures, observed, that it was high time for old folks to be in bed, and retired, leaning, as before, on the arm of her son.

The foreign officers were amazed in beholding one whom so many causes conspired to elevate, preserving the even tenor of her life, while such a blaze of glory shone upon her name and offspring. It was a moral spectacle such as the European world had furnished no examples. Names of ancient lore were heard to escape from their lips; and they declared, "if such are the matrons in America, well may she boast of illustrious sons."

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis,
p. 142.

" At the President's Feet, Congress and All! "

On Saturday last (November 3, 1781), between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, arrived here twenty-four

standards of colors taken with the British army under the command of Earl Cornwallis. The volunteer cavalry of this city received these trophies of victory at Schuylkill, from whence they escorted and ushered them into town amidst the acclamations of a numerous concourse of people. Continental and French colors, at a distance, preceded the British, and thus they were paraded down Market street to the state-house. They were then carried into Congress and laid at their feet.

The crowd exulting fills with shouts the sky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply:
Base Britons! Tyrant Britons—knock under,
Taken's your earl, soldiers and plunder.
Huzza! what colors of the bloody foe,
Twenty-four in number, at the state-house door;
Look: they are British standards, how they fall
At the President's feet, Congress and all!

A newspaper account quoted in the *Recollections of Washington*, by His Adopted Son George Washington Parke Custis, p. 255.

Washington Goes to Newburg

It was now evident that the war could not last much longer, but it was still necessary to be prepared and vigilant, in case the British should undertake another campaign; and in this opinion Congress fully agreed with Washington.

Toward the close of 1781, Lafayette, who had done such good service in the late campaign, returned on a visit to France, with the thanks and commendations of Congress.

In April, 1782, General Washington joined the army at Newburg, on the Hudson; and in May, Sir Guy Carleton arrived from England to take the place of Sir Henry Clinton, who had grown weary of the war, and desired to be relieved. Sir Guy brought assurances of a desire for peace on the part of Great Britain, but as nothing official had been sent, there was nothing to be done but to prepare for more fighting.

The Young Folks' Life of Washington, Mrs. Anna M. Hyde, p. 183.

“ Patch up an Inglorious Peace ”

Nothing was ever finished with Washington until it was really complete throughout, and he had as little time for rejoicing as he had for despondency or despair, while a British force still remained in the country. He probably felt that this was as untoward a time as he had ever met in a pretty large experience of unsuitable occasions, for offering sound advice, but he was not deterred thereby from doing it. This time, however, he was destined to an agreeable disappointment, for on his arrival at Philadelphia he found an excellent spirit prevailing in Congress. That body was acting cheerfully on his advice, it had filled the departments of the government, and set on foot such measures as it could to keep up the army. So Washington remained for some time at Philadelphia, helping and counseling Congress in its work, and writing to the States vigorous letters, demanding pay and clothing for the soldiers, ever uppermost in his thoughts.

But although Congress was compliant, Washington could not convince the country of the justice of his views, and of the continued need of energetic exertion. The steady relaxation of tone, which the strain of a long and trying war had produced, was accelerated by the brilliant victory of Yorktown. Washington, for his own part, had but little trust in the sense or knowledge of the enemy. He felt that Yorktown was decisive, but he also thought that Great Britain would still struggle on, and that her talk of peace was very probably a mere blind, to enable her to gain time, and, by taking advantage of our relaxed and feeble condition, to strike again in hope of winning back all that had been lost. He therefore continued his appeals in behalf of the army, and reiterated everywhere the necessity for fresh and ample preparations.

As late as May 4th he wrote sharply to the States for men and money, saying that the change of ministry was

likely to be adverse to peace, and that we were being lulled into a false and fatal sense of security. A few days later, on receiving information from Sir Guy Carleton of the address of the Commons to the king for peace, Washington wrote to Congress:

"For my own part, I view our situation as such that, instead of relaxing, we ought to improve the present moment as the most favorable to our wishes. The British nation appear to me to be staggered, and almost ready to sink beneath the accumulating weight of debt and misfortune. If we follow the blow with vigor and energy, I think the game is our own."

Again he wrote in July: "Sir Guy Carleton is using every art to soothe and lull our people into a sense of security. Admiral Digby is capturing all our vessels, and suffocating as fast as possible in prison-ships all our seamen who will not enlist into the service of his Britannic Majesty; and Haldiman¹, with his savage allies, in scalping and burning on the frontiers." . . . A month later he wrote to Greene: "From the former infatuation, duplicity, and perverse system of British policy, I confess I am induced to doubt everything, to suspect everything."

Yet again, a month later still, when the negotiations were really going forward in Paris, he wrote to McHenry: "If we are wise let us prepare for the worst. There is nothing which will so soon produce a speedy and honorable peace as a state of preparation for war; we must either do this, or lay our account to patch up an inglorious peace, after all the toil, blood, and treasure we have spent."

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 315.

The Asgill Affair

In the month of March, 1782, one Philip White, an infamous Tory, was taken prisoner by a party of light-horse; after laying down his arms in token of surrender, he took up his musket and killed one of his captors. He was,

however, secured, while being taken to Freehold, New Jersey, was put to death, as some accounts say, in an effort to escape.

About the same time, Capt. Joshua Huddy, a gallant and honorable officer of the American army, while in command of a block house, at Tom's river, New Jersey, was attacked by a party of refugees, and after a gallant resistance, was taken prisoner and conveyed to New York. Shortly afterwards, he, with two others, was sent by the Board of Loyalists to Sandy Hook, to be exchanged, under the care of Capt. Lippencut, who, on his return, reported that "he had exchanged the two as directed, and that Huddy had been exchanged for Philip White." He had, in fact, hung him [Huddy] on a tree, on the Jersey shore.

Gen. Washington, on hearing of this fact, demanded of Sir Henry Clinton, the delivery of Lippencut, the murderer of Huddy, but though Lippencut was tried by a court martial for the offense, the loyalists interposed for his protection. On the failure of compliance with his demand, Gen. Washington determined, with the advice of his officers, on retaliation, and accordingly Capt. Charles Asgill, who had been taken prisoner at the capitulation of Yorktown, was selected, by lot, to atone the death of Huddy.

In the meanwhile, Sir Guy Carleton, who was known for his humanity, superseded Clinton, as commander of the British army, and broke up the Board of Associated Loyalists, thereby preventing a repetition of similar excesses. The war also drawing to a close, the motives for retaliation, in a great measure, ceased.

Mrs. Asgill on hearing of the perilous situation of her son, wrote to M. Vergennes, the French minister, a touching letter, describing her distress and that of her family, and begging his interference, in consequence of which, Vergennes interposed with Washington in Asgill's behalf. Copies of these letters were forwarded to Congress, and in the month of November following, they resolved that the commander-in-chief be directed to set Capt. Asgill at liberty.

Asgill, who had received every indulgence, and who had been treated with all possible politeness, was accordingly released, and permitted to rejoin his friends at New York. He returned to England, and afterwards became General Sir Charles Asgill, and died in 1823, at the age of seventy years.

The Conduct of General Washington Respecting the Confinement of Capt. Asgill, Preface, p. v.

“ Let Me Conjure You to Banish These Thoughts from Your Mind ! ”

Underlying all these general discontents, there was, besides, a well-defined movement, which saw a solution of all difficulties and a redress of all wrongs in a radical change of the form of the government, and in the elevation of Washington to supreme power. This party was satisfied that the existing system was a failure, and that it was not and could not be made either strong, honest, or respectable. The obvious relief was in some kind of monarchy, with a large infusion of the one-man power; and it followed as a matter of course that the one man could be no other than the commander-in-chief. In May, 1782, when the feeling in the army had risen very high, this party of reform brought their ideas before Washington through an old and respected friend of his, Colonel Nicola. The colonel set forth very clearly the failure and shortcomings of the existing government, argued in favor of the substitution of something much stronger, and wound up by hinting very plainly that his correspondent was the man for the crisis and the proper savior of society. The letter was forcible and well written, and Colonel Nicola was a man of character and standing. It could not be passed over lightly or in silence, and Washington replied as follows:

“ With a mixture of surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course

of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation in the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which seems to me big with the greatest mischiefs which can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see justice done to the army than I do: and as far as my power and influence in a constitutional way extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or anyone else, a sentiment of the like nature."

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 328.

" It Is High Time for a Peace "

Nothing was ever again heard of the project to make of Washington " King George I, of America "; on the contrary, the Nicola letter made Washington more anxious than before to have peace concluded so that he might disband his army. While keeping his men in fighting trim, offering a threatening front to the enemy at New York, and even coaxing Rochambeau and the French from Virginia to the Highlands so as to frighten Carleton, Clinton's successor, into keeping his force intact instead of detaching some to fight the French in the West Indies, he was sincerely longing for the end. And yet, even the assurance of peace,

when it came, was not to relieve his mind of forebodings and fears. The poverty of the country was beyond expression; persons who saw some portions of the South just after the late civil war may form an impression of it, but the most afflicted localities in the South were not in as helpless condition as were all the colonies at the close of the war period. So poor were some of Washington's officers of high rank that they did not dare invite their acquaintances in the French army to their tents, for they could not offer them as good a dinner as every private soldier in the United States now enjoys daily. In the autumn of 1782, writing of the reduction of the army that had been proposed, there being then little doubt, on either side, of the speedy conclusion of a treaty of peace, Washington said:

"I cannot help fearing the result of the measure in contemplation, under present circumstances, when I see such a number of men, goaded by a thousand stings of reflection on the past, and of anticipation in the future, about to be turned into the world, soured by penury, and what they call the ingratitude of the public, involved in debts, without one farthing of money to carry them home, after spending the flower of their days, and many of them their patrimonies, in establishing the freedom and independence of their country, and suffered everything that human nature is capable of enduring on this side of death;—I repeat it, that when I consider these irritating circumstances, without one thing to soothe their feelings or dispel gloomy prospects, I cannot avoid apprehending that a train of evils will follow, of a very serious and distressing nature.

I wish not to heighten the shades of the picture so far as the reality would justify me in doing it. I could give anecdotes of patriotism and distress, which have scarcely ever been paralleled, never surpassed in the history of mankind. But you may rely upon it, the patience and long-suffering of this army are almost exhausted, and that there never was so great a spirit of discontent as at this

instant. While in the field I think it may be kept from breaking out into acts of outrage; but when we retire into winter quarters, unless the storm is previously dissipated, I cannot be at ease respecting the consequences. It is high time for a peace."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 238.

"A Bitter Pill to Royalty"

(Letter to Tench Tilghman).

"Newburg, 10 January, 1783

"My dear Sir,—

"I have been favored with your letters of the 22d & 24th of last month from Philadelphia; and thank you for the trouble you have had with my small commissions. . . . I have sent Mr. Rittenhouse the glass of such spectacles as suit my eyes, that he may know how to grind his Christals.

"Neither Duportail nor Gouvion are arrived at this place. . . . To the latter, I am referred by the Marqs. la Fayette for some matters which he did not chuse to commit to writing.—The sentim'nt however which he has delivered (with respect to the negociations for Peace) accord precisely with the ideas I have entertained of this business ever since the secession of Mr. Fox, viz—that no peace would be concluded before the meeting of the British parliament.—And that, if it did not take place within a month afterwards, we might lay our acc't for one more Campaign.—*at least.*

"The obstinacy of the King, and his unwillingness to acknowledge the Independence of the Country, I have ever considered as the greatest obstacles in the way of a Peace. Lord Shelburne, who is not only at the head of the Administration, but has been introducing others of similar sentiments to his own, has declared, that nothing but dire necessity should ever force the measure. Of this necessity,

men will entertain different opinions. Mr. Fox, it seems, thought the period had arrived some time ago; and yet the Peace is not made—nor will it, I conceive, if the influence of the Crown can draw fresh supplies from the Nation, for the purpose of carrying on the War. By the meeting of Parliament, Lord Shelburne would have been able to ascertain two things—first, the best terms on which G. Britain could obtain the Peace.—Secondly, the ground on which he himself stood.—If he found it slippery, and that the voice of the people was for pacific measures; he would then have informed the Parliament that, after many months spent in negotiation, —such were the best terms he could obtain;—and that the alternative of accepting them,—or preparing vigorously for the prosecution of the War, was submitted to their consideration (being an extraordinary case) and decision. A little time therefore, if I have formed a just opinion of the matter, will disclose the result of it. Consequently we shall either soon have Peace, or not the most agreeable prospect of War, before us—as it appears evident to me, that the States *generally*, are sunk into the most profound lethargy, while some of them are running *quite* retrograde.

“The King of G. B. by his letters Patent, (which I have seen) has authorized Mr. Oswald to treat with any Commissioner or Com’rs from the United States of America, who shall appear with proper powers. This, certainly, is a capital point gained. It is at least a breaking ground on *their* part, and I dare say proved a bitter pill to Royalty; that, it was indispensably necessary to answer one of the points above mentioned, as the American Commissioners would enter in *no business* with Mr. Oswald till his Powers were made to suit their purposes. Upon the whole, I am fixed in an opinion that Peace, or a pretty long continuance of the War, will have been determined before the adjournment for the Hollidays; and as it will be the middle or last of February before we shall know the result, time will pass

heavily on in this dreary mansion—where, at present fast locked in frost and snow.” . . .

[G. WASHINGTON.]

Writings of George Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D., p. 178.

British Jeers at the Stars and Stripes

“There is a vessel in the harbor with a very strange flag. Thirteen is a number peculiar to the rebels. A party of naval prisoners, lately returned from Jersey, say that the rations among the rebels are thirteen dried clams a day. The titular Lord Stirling takes thirteen glasses of grog every morning, has thirteen rum bunches on his nose, and that when he gets drunk makes thirteen attempts before he can walk. Sachem Schuyler has a top-knot of thirteen stiff hairs which erect themselves on the crown of his head when he gets mad. It takes thirteen Congress paper dollars to equal one shilling sterling. Polly [Gen. Anthony] Wayne was just thirteen hours in subduing Stony Point, and thirteen seconds leaving it. Every well-organized rebel household has thirteen children, all of whom expect to be major-generals or members of the high and mighty Congress of the thirteen United States when they attain the age of thirteen years. Mr. Washington has thirteen teeth in each jaw, and thirteen toes on each foot, the extra ones having grown since that wonderful Declaration of Independence, and Mrs. Washington has a tomcat with thirteen yellow rings around his tail, and that his flaunting it suggested to the Congress the same number of stripes for the rebel flag.”

London Chronicle, February 7, 1783.

“The Odious Aroma of Impotent Malice”

The 30th of the previous November,—it was now March, 1783,—had seen the signing of the preliminaries of peace at Paris, after long and difficult negotiations between



General Francis Marion



Gen. ("Mad") Anthony Wayne

TWO ROMANTIC HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION

Oswald, Grenville, and Strachey on behalf of the British, and Franklin, Adams, Jay, and Laurens on behalf of the other side. Perhaps the very news of peace excited the suspicions of the army that Congress would disband them without settling its accounts, and that thus their sufferings would never be requited.

This mutinous spirit, which had before filled the Pennsylvania and Jersey troops, and had lately caused Congress to flee in terror from Philadelphia to Princeton, was, not without reason, attributed to Gates, "about whom hangs the odious aroma of impotent malice": the ambiguous politician-commander had claimed the glory of Saratoga, had been forced to retire after his crushing defeat by Cornwallis at Camden, South Carolina, and, now reinforced, had by the magnanimity of Washington been put in command of the right wing of the American army at the New York headquarters.

Perhaps the return of the French troops, in October and January, aroused that longing for home, "the desire to kiss wives and sweethearts," which all along had made the American soldiers' position one of peculiar hardship. Washington's keen appreciation of the fortitude of his men crops out in a letter of congratulation to General Greene, on the happy ending of the Charleston campaign:

"It is with a pleasure, which friendship only is susceptible of, that I congratulate you on the glorious end you have put to the hostilities in the Southern States. The honor and advantages of it, I hope and trust you will long live to enjoy. If historiographers should be hardy enough to fill the page of History with the advantages, that have been gained with unequal numbers (on the part of America), in the course of this contest, and attempt to relate the distressing circumstances under which they have been obtained, it is more than probable, that posterity will bestow on their labors the epithet and marks of fiction; for it will not be believed, that such a force as Great Britain

has employed for eight years in this country could be baffled in their plan for subjugating it, by numbers infinitely less, composed of men oftentimes half starved, always in rags, without pay, and experiencing at times every species of distress, which human nature is capable of undergoing. I intended to have wrote you a long letter on sundry matters; but Major Burnet popped in unexpectedly at a time, when I was preparing for the celebration of the day, and was just going to a review of the troops, previous to the *feu de joie*."

George Washington, Patriot, Soldier, Statesman, James A. Harrison, p. 366.

Rode Like Black Care behind Him

Much as Washington thought about holding fast the western country, there was yet one idea that overruled it as well as all others. There was one plan which he knew would be a quick solution of the dangers and difficulties for which inland navigation and trade connections were at best but palliatives. He had learned by bitter experience as no other man had learned, the vital need and value of union. He felt it as soon as he took command of the army, and it rode like black care behind him from Cambridge to Yorktown. He had hoped something from the confederation, but he soon saw that it was as worthless as the utter lack of system which it replaced, and amounted merely to substituting one kind of impotence and confusion for another. Others might be deceived by phrases as to nationality and a general government, but he had dwelt among hard facts, and he knew that these things did not exist. He knew that what passed for them, stood in their place and wore their semblance, were merely temporary creations born of the common danger, and doomed, when the pressure of war was gone, to fall to pieces in imbecility and inertness. To the lack of a proper union, which meant to his mind national and energetic government, he attributed the failures of the campaigns, the long drawn miseries, and

in a word the needless prolongation of the Revolution. He saw, too, that what had been so nearly ruinous in war would be absolutely so in peace, and before the treaty was actually signed he had begun to call attention to the great question on the right settlement of which the future of the country depended.

To Hamilton he wrote on March 4, 1783:

"It is clearly my opinion, unless Congress have powers competent to all general purposes, that the distresses we have encountered, the expense we have incurred, and the blood we have spilt, will avail us nothing."

Again he wrote to Hamilton, a few weeks later:

"My wish to see the union of these States established upon liberal and permanent principles, and inclination to contribute my mite in pointing out the defects of the present constitution, are equally great. All my private letters have teemed with these sentiments, and whenever this topic has been the subject of conversation, I have endeavored to diffuse and enforce them."

His circular letter to the governors of the States at the close of the war, which was as eloquent as it was forcible, was devoted to urging the necessity of a better central government. "With this conviction," he said, "of the importance of the present crisis, silence in me would be a crime. I will therefore speak to your Excellency the language of freedom and of sincerity without disguise."

There are four things which I humbly conceive are essential to the well-being, I may even venture to say, to the existence of the United States, as an independent power:

"First. An indissoluble union of the States under one federal head.

"Second. A regard to public justice.

"Third. The adoption of a proper peace establishment; and,

"Fourth. The prevalence of that pacific and friendly

disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general prosperity; and in some instances to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community." The same appeal went forth again in his last address to the army, when he said: "Although the General has so frequently given it as his opinion, in the most public and explicit manner, that unless the principles of the federal government were properly supported, and the powers of the Union increased, the honor, dignity, and justice of the nation would be lost forever; yet he cannot help repeating on this occasion so interesting a sentiment, and leaving it as his last injunction to every soldier, who may view the subject in the same serious point of light, to add his best endeavors to those of his fellow-citizens toward effecting those great and valuable purposes on which our very existence as a nation so materially depends."

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. II, p. 16.

News of the Treaty of Peace

A week after the meeting of officers in Washington's camp, the intelligence reached America, through a letter from Lafayette to the President of Congress, that the treaty of peace had been signed at Paris nearly two months before. Washington subsequently received the same information through Sir Guy Carleton, and by a proclamation of Congress. His first act, and he committed it the day after hearing from Congress, was to ask when and how to discharge his men, and suggesting, as few or no generals before him ever had enough true soldierly feeling to do, that the private soldiers and non-commissioned officers should be allowed, when discharged, to retain their arms and accoutrements. "This," he said, "would be deemed an honorable testimonial from Congress of the regard they bear to these

distinguished worthies and the sense they have of their suffering, virtues, and services." Truer sympathy and better heart seldom were combined in the space of thirty words. "These constant companions of their toils," continued the commander-in-chief, "preserved with sacred attention, would be handed down from the present possessors to their children as honorary badges of bravery and military merit, and would probably be brought forth on some future occasion, with pride and exultation, to be improved with the same military ardor and emulation in the hands of posterity, as they have been used by their forefathers in the present establishment and foundation of our national independence and glory." This sentence will not meet the views of the rhetorician, but the patriot will understand it distinctly, and patriots, not rhetoricians, are the men who make nations.

One day after—and it was the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, the first fight of the war—the cessation of hostilities was formally proclaimed in every camp, with Washington's orders that "the chaplains with the several brigades will render thanks to Almighty God for all His mercies." Even when the war was at its end, Washington could not avoid showing a point of difference between himself and other soldiers, to the effect that in the vicissitudes incident to military life he had lost none of his religious feeling. The general order of the day showed that he had been equally successful with his idea of the dignity of manhood, for it read: "The generous task for which we first flew to arms being accomplished; the liberties of our country being fully acknowledged and firmly secured, and the characters of those who have persevered through every extremity of hardship, suffering and danger being immortalized by the illustrious appellation of 'the patriot army,' nothing now remains but for the actors of this mighty scene to preserve a perfect, unvarying consistency of character through the very last act, to close the drama with applause, and to

retire from the military theater with the same approbation of angels and men which has crowned all their former virtuous actions."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 249.

The Eighth Anniversary

Eight years from the first shock of arms at Lexington, the commander-in-chief issued the proclamation of Congress ordering cessation of hostilities. The news was received with huzzas, followed by prayer; to the accompaniment of the band the army sang the anthem "Independence." For the evening celebration the regiments were ordered to bring in timbers from ten to thirty feet long to form a frame for fireworks over the New Building. Combustibles collected on the summit of Beacon, Cro' Nest and Storm King, for the purpose of heralding the approach of the enemy, were now used in the celebration of peace. Amidst this rejoicing Washington left for Ringwood, N. J., to arrange with the Secretary of War for the exchange of prisoners, so that the more imposing celebration was reserved for the city of New York.

George Washington Day by Day, Elizabeth Bryant Johnston, p. 58.

Independence

(Sung in celebration of the close of the War).

The States, O Lord, with songs of praise,
Shall in thy strength rejoice,
And blessed with thy salvation raise
To Heaven their cheerful voice;
And all the Continent shall sing
Down with this earthly king;
No King but God!
No King but God!

George Washington Day by Day, Elizabeth Bryant Johnston, p. 58.

"An Independent People Yet to Learn Political Tactics "

(Letter to the Marquis de Lafayette).

"HEAD-QUAS., NEWBURG, 5 April, 1783

"*My dear Marqs:*

"We stand, now, an Independent People, and have yet to learn political Tactics. We are placed among the nations of the Earth, and have a character to establish; but how we shall acquit ourselves, time must discover. The probability (at least I fear it), is that local or State politics will interfere too much with the more liberal and extensive form of government, which wisdom and foresight, freed from the mist of prejudice, would dictate; and that we shall be guilty of many blunders in treading this boundless theatre, before we shall have arrived at any perfection in this art; in a word, that the experience which is purchased at the price of difficulties and distress, will alone convince us that the honor, power and true Interest of this Country must be measured by a Continental scale, and that every departure therefrom weakens the Union, and may ultimately break the band that holds us together. To avert these evils, to form a Constitution, that will give consistency, stability, and dignity to the Union, and sufficient powers to the great Council of the nation for general purposes, is a duty which is incumbent on every man, who wishes well to his country, and will meet with my aid as far as it can be rendered in the private walks of life; for henceforward my mind shall be unbent and I will endeavor to glide gently down the stream of life till I come to that abyss from whence no traveller is permitted to return."

[G. WASHINGTON.]

Writings of George Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph D., p. 243.

" For Heaven's Sake, Who Are Congress ? "

(From a letter to Dr. William Gordon.)

"HEAD QUARTERS, NEWBURG,

" 8 July, 1783.

" *Dear Sir:*

" It now rests with the Confederated Powers, by the line of conduct they mean to adopt, to make this Country great, happy, and respectable; or to sink it into littleness—worse perhaps—into Anarchy and confusion; for certain I am, that unless adequate Powers are given to Congress for the *general* purposes of the Federal Union, that we shall soon moulder into dust and become contemptible in the eyes of Europe, if we are not made the sport of their Politicks. .

" For Heaven's sake, who are Congress? are they not the creatures of the People, amenable to them for their conduct, and dependent from day to day on their breath? Where then can be the danger of giving them such Powers as are adequate to the great ends of the Government, and to all the general purposes of the Confederation (I repeat the word *general*, because I am no advocate for their having to do with the particular policy of any State, further than it concerns the Union at large)? What may be the consequences if they have not these Powers, I am at no loss to guess; and deprecate the worst; for sure I am, we shall, in a little time become as contemptible in the great scale of Politicks, as we now have it in our power to be respectable. And that, when the band of Union gets once broken, everything ruinous to our future prospects is to be apprehended. The best that can come of it, in my humble opinion is, that we shall sink into obscurity, unless our civil broils should keep us in remembrance and fill the page of history with the direful consequences of them.

You say that, Congress loose time by pressing a mode

that does not accord with the genius of the People, and will thereby, endanger the Union, and that it is the quantum they want. Permit me to ask if the quantum has not already been demanded? Whether it has obtained? and whence proceeds the accumulated evils, and poignant distresses of many of the Public Creditors—particularly in the Army. For my own part I hesitate not a moment to confess, that I see nothing wherein the Union is endangered by the late requisition of that body, but a prospect of much good, justice, and prosperity from the compliance with it. I know of no tax more convenient, none so agreeable, as that which every man may pay,—or let it alone, as his convenience, abilities, or Inclination shall prompt. I am therefore a warm friend to the impost.”

[G. WASHINGTON.]

Writings of Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D., p. 244.

Washington Takes Leave of His Officers

In April, 1783, peace was proclaimed. In November of that year I heard from Colonel Hamilton that our beloved general would, on December 4, take leave of his officers, and that he was kind enough to desire that all of his old staff who wished should be present. I was most pleased to go.

In New York, at Fraunces' Tavern, near Whitehall Ferry, I found the room full of the men who had humbled the pride of England and brought our great war to a close. His Excellency entered at noon, and seeing about him these many companions in arms, was for a little so agitated that he could not speak. Then with a solemn and kindly expression of face, such as I had once before seen him wear, he filled a glass with wine, and, seeming to steady himself, said:

“With a heart full of love and gratitude, I take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.”

So saying, he drank his wine, and one after another went by him shaking his hand. No word was said, and these worn veterans of the winter camps and the summer battlefields moved out, and saw their former general pass down, between lines of infantry, to the shore. There he got into a barge.

As he was rowed away he stood up and lifted his hat. All of us uncovered, and remained thus till he passed from sight, to be seen no more by many of those who gazed sadly after his retreating form.

There is an old book my grandchildren love to hear me read to them. It is the "Morte d'Arthur," done into English by Sir Thomas Malory. Often when I read therein of how Arthur the king bade farewell to the world and to the last of the great company of his Knights of the Round Table, this scene at Whitehall slip comes back to me, and I seem to see once more those gallant soldiers, and far away the tall figure of surely the knightliest gentleman our days have known.

Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker, S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., p. 565.

Kissing His Officers While Tears Flowed down Their Cheeks

When the British had evacuated New York, in November, 1783, and the American army was disbanded, Washington prepared to proceed to Annapolis to resign his commission. On Thursday, the fourth of December, the principal officers in the army yet remaining in the service, assembled at Fraunces', to take a final leave of their beloved chief. The scene is described as one of great tenderness. Washington entered the room where they were all waiting, and taking a glass of wine in his hand, he said,

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."

[illegible][illegible]

Notice that he began to reckon in dollars and cents immediately after independence was declared.

Having drank, he continued,

"I can not come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each will come and take me by the hand."

Knox, who stood nearest to him, turned and grasped his hand, and, while the tears flowed down the cheeks of each the commander-in-chief kissed him. This he did to each of his officers, while tears and sobs stifled utterance.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, p. 420. Note by Benson J. Lossing, Editor.

Rendering His Account

On his way to Annapolis, Washington stopped for a few days at Philadelphia, where with his usual exactness in matters of business, he adjusted with the Comptroller of the Treasury his accounts from the commencement of the war down to the 13th of the actual month of December. These were all in his own handwriting, and kept in the cleanest and most accurate manner, each entry being accompanied by a statement of the occasion and object of the charge.

The gross amount was about fourteen thousand five hundred pounds sterling; in which were included moneys expended for secret intelligence and service, and in various incidental charges. All this, it must be noted, was an account of money actually expended in the progress of the war; not for arrearage of pay, for it will be recollected Washington accepted no pay. Indeed on the final adjustment of his accounts, he found himself a considerable loser, having frequently, in the hurry of business, neglected to credit himself with sums drawn from his private purse in moments of exigency.

The schedule of his public account furnishes not the least among the many noble and impressive lessons taught by his character and example. It stands a touchstone of

honesty in office, and a lasting rebuke on that lavish expenditure of the public money, too often heedlessly, if not wilfully, indulged in by military commanders.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. IV, p. 502.

“ How Small Ambitious Cæsar Seems! ”

All was over now, and Washington prepared to go to Annapolis and lay down his commission. . . . At Philadelphia he stopped a few days and adjusted his accounts, which he had in characteristic fashion kept himself in the neatest and most methodical way. He had drawn no pay, and had expended considerable sums from his private fortune, which he had omitted to charge to the government. The gross amount of his expenses was about 15,000 pounds sterling, including secret service and other incidental outlays. In these days of wild money-hunting, there is something worth pondering in this simple business settlement between a great general and his government, at the close of eight years of war. This done, he started again on his journey. From Philadelphia he proceeded to Annapolis, greeted with addresses and hailed with shouts at every town and village on his route, and having reached his destination, he addressed a letter to Congress on December 20th, asking when it would be agreeable to them to receive him. The 23d was appointed, and on that day, at noon, he appeared before Congress.

The following year a French orator and “*maître avocat*,” in an oration delivered at Toulouse upon the American Revolution, described this scene in these words: “On the day when Washington resigned his commission in the hall of Congress, a crown decked with jewels was placed upon the Book of the Constitutions. Suddenly Washington seizes it, breaks it, and flings the pieces to the assembled people. How small ambitious Cæsar seems beside the hero of America!”

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 337.

How He Must Have Longed to Laugh!

Washington's farewell address to his army was unlike most papers of similar purport; it was full of fatherly advice, all of which is better worth reading than any of the political utterances of to-day. His parting with his officers has frequently been described by pen and pencil, but as there was much hand-shaking and no talk it may even now be better imagined than described. In the same building, still standing, and then known as Fraunces' Tavern, many a solid, sober citizen has since swallowed glasses of bad liquor in memory of the hero, who, in an upper chamber of that old house, first broke down when he drank his last glass of wine with his old companions as a body.

Of farewell addresses Washington delivered about this time nearly as many as any actress who ever began to retire from the stage, but with this important difference: they all referred to the same event. Besides his general farewell to the army he wrote long letters to each governor on the state of the country; all of them will repay reading at the present day, for all were full of expressions of loyal pride in the new nation and of warning against sectional jealousies.

Finally he bade farewell to Congress, his address being verbal, by request of that body. His speeches were as famous for brevity as were his letters for length, yet the enterprising local journalist of the day, Congress being in session at Annapolis, remarked that "few tragedies ever drew so many tears from so many beautiful eyes as the moving manner in which his Excellency took his final leave of Congress." As reporters at that time seldom had a chance to "spread themselves," this rather exuberant sentence might be susceptible of some discount, had not several careful writers used even stronger language.

Washington's speech was certainly affecting, and his manner dignified, but how he must have longed to laugh when, in response to his short address, the reply of Congress

—and it was all that Washington could have desired—was spoken by Mifflin, who a few years before was a member of the detestable Conway cabal! “Time at last makes all things even.”

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 252.

Written Address on Resigning His Commission

“ANNAPOLIS, 23 December, 1783.

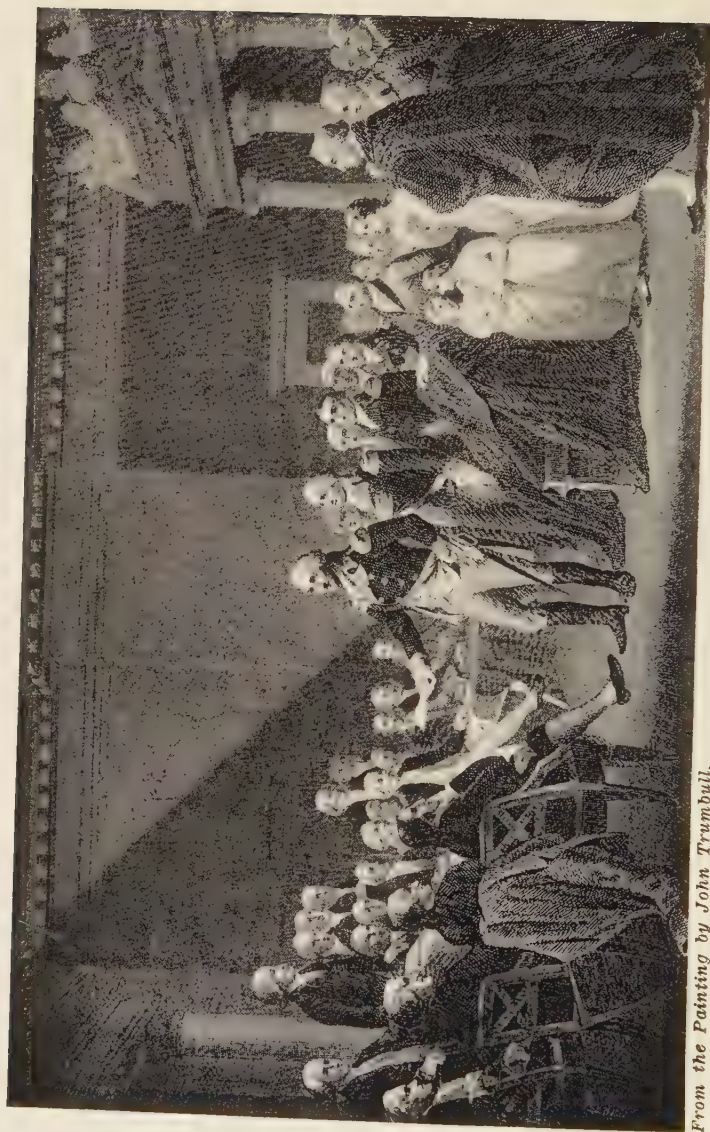
“*Mr. President:*

“The great events, upon which my resignation depended, having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the Service of my Country.

“Happy in the confirmation of our Independence and Sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme Power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven.

“The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

“While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge, in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen, who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible that the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, Sir, to recommend in particular



From the Painting by John Trumbull.

WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION, DECEMBER 23, 1783

those, who have continued in service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

"I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping.

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

Writings of George Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D., p. 237.

Thackeray Contrasts the Two Georges

The scene was the hall of Congress. The members representing the sovereign power were seated and covered, while all the space about was filled by the governor and State officers of Maryland, by military officers, and by the ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood, who stood in respectful silence with uncovered heads. Washington was introduced by the Secretary of Congress, and took a chair which had been assigned to him. There was a brief pause, and then the president said that "the United States in Congress assembled were prepared to receive his communication." . . .

In singularly graceful and eloquent words his old opponent, Thomas Mifflin, the president, replied, the simple ceremony ended, and Washington left the room a private citizen.

The great master of English fiction, touching this scene with skilful hand, has said:

"Which was the most splendid spectacle ever witnessed, the opening feast of Prince George in London, or the resignation of Washington? Which is the most noble character

for after ages to admire,—yon fribble dancing in laces and spangles, or yonder hero who sheathes his sword after a life of spotless honor, a purity unapproached, a courage indomitable, and a consummate victory?"

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. I, p. 339.

Blessings on Thee!

Traitors shall perish and treason shall fail;
Kingdoms and thrones in thy glory shall pale!
Thou shalt live on, and thy people shall own
Loyalty's sweet when each heart is thy throne;
Union and freedom thine heritage be.
Country of Washington!—blessings on thee!

Lines by W. S. Robinson, *Washington's Birthday*, Edited by Robert Haven Schauffler,
p. 132.

Americans victorious at Cowpens . . . January 17, 1781
Americans defeated at Guilford Court House,
March 15, 1781
Arnold's invasion of Virginia for the British, 1781
Cornwallis surrenders at Yorktown. . . October 19, 1781
Suspension of hostilities in War for Independence, 1782
Treaty of peace with Great Britain signed, Sep-
tember 3, 1783

CHAPTER XXIX

"THE CINCINNATUS OF THE WEST"

Mount Vernon Becomes a Mecca

Having resigned his commission, Washington stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once to Virginia, and reached Mount Vernon the next day, in season to enjoy the Christmas-tide at home. It was with a deep sigh of relief that he sat himself down again by his own fireside, for all through the war the one longing that never left his mind was for the banks of the Potomac. He loved home after the fashion of his race, but with more than common intensity, and the country life was dear to him in all its phases. He liked its quiet occupations and wholesome sports, and, like most strong and simple natures, he loved above all an open-air existence. He felt that he had earned his rest, with all the temperate pleasures and employments that came with it, and he fondly believed that he was about to renew the habits which he had abandoned for eight weary years. Four days after his return he wrote to Governor Clinton:

"The scene is at last closed. I feel myself eased of a load of public care. I hope to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating the affections of good men and in the practice of the domestic virtues."

That the hope was sincere we may well suppose, but that it was more than a hope may be doubted. It was a wish, not a belief, and Washington must have felt that there was work that he would surely be called to do. Still for the present the old life was there, and he threw himself into it with eager zest, though age and care put some of the former habits aside. He resumed his hunting, and Lafayette sent

him a pack of splendid French wolf-hounds. But they proved somewhat fierce and unmanageable, and were given up, and after that the following of the hounds was never resumed. In other respects there was little change. The work of the plantation and the affairs of the estate, much disordered by his absence, once more took shape and moved on successfully under the owner's eye. There were, as of old, the long days in the saddle, the open house and generous hospitality, the quiet evenings, and the thousand and one simple labors and enjoyments of rural life. But with all this were the newer and deeper cares, born of the change which had been wrought in the destiny of the country. The past broke in and could not be pushed aside, the future knocked at the door and demanded an answer to its questionings.

He had left home a distinguished Virginian; he returned one of the most famous men in the world, and such celebrity brought its usual penalties. Every foreigner of any position who came to the country made a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and many Americans did the same. Their coming was not allowed to alter the mode of life, but they were all hospitably received, and they consumed many hours of their host's precious time.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. II, p. 1.

“ Tell George to Come Here Instantly! ”

On Christmas Eve, 1783, he was once more at Mount Vernon, to resume the life he loved more than victory and power. He had a zest for the means and the labor of succeeding, but not for the mere content of success. He put the Revolution behind him as he would have laid aside a book that was read; turned from it as quietly as he had turned from receiving the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown—interested in victory not as a pageant and field of glory, but only as a means to an end. He looked to find very sweet satisfaction in the peace which war had earned,

as sufficient a scope for his powers at home as in the field. Once more he would be a Virginian, and join his strength to his neighbors' in all the tasks of good citizenship. He had seen nothing of the old familiar places since that far-away spring of the year 1775, when he had left his farming and fox-hunting, amidst rumors of war, to attend the Congress which was to send him to Cambridge. He had halted at Fredericksburg, indeed, with the Count de Rochambeau, two years ago, ere he followed his army from York to his posts upon the Hudson. Mrs. Lewis, his sister, had returned one day from visiting a neighbor in the quiet town to look in astonishment upon an officer's horses and attendants at her door, and had entered to find her beloved brother stretched upon her own bed within, sound asleep in his clothes, like a boy returned from hunting. There had been a formal ball given, too, in celebration of the victory, before the French officers and the commander-in-chief left Fredericksburg to go northward again, and Washington had had the joy of entering the room in the face of the gay company with his aged mother on his arm, not a whit bent for all her seventy-four years, and as quiet as a queen at receiving the homage of her son's comrades in arms. A servant had told her that "Mars George" had put up at the tavern. "Go and tell George to come here instantly," she had commanded; and he had come, masterful man though he was. He had felt every old affection and every old allegiance as he saw former neighbors crowd around him; and that little glimpse of Virginia had refreshed him ilke a tonic—deeply, as if it renewed his very nature, as only a silent man can be refreshed. But a few days in Fredericksburg and at Mount Vernon then had been only an incident of campaigning, only a grateful pause on march. Now at last he had come back to keep his home and be a neighbor again, as he had not been these nine years.

From Virginian to American

No man of that time with the exception of Hamilton, ever grasped and realized as he did the imperial future which stretched before the United States. It was a difficult thing for men who had been born colonists to rise to a sense of national opportunities, but Washington passed at a single step from being a Virginian to being an American, and in so doing he stood alone. He was really and thoroughly national from the beginning of the war, at a time when, except for a few oratorical phrases, no one had ever thought of such a thing as a practical and living question. In the same way he had passed rapidly to an accurate conception of the probable growth and greatness of the country, and again he stood alone. Hamilton, born outside the colonies, unhampered by local prejudices and attachments, and living in Washington's family, as soon as he turned his mind to the subject, became, like his chief, entirely national and imperial in his views; but the other American statesmen of that day, with the exception of Franklin, only followed gradually and sometimes reluctantly in adopting their opinions. Some of them never adopted them at all, but remained embedded in local ideas, and very few got beyond the region of words and actually grasped the facts with the absolutely clear perception which Washington had from the outset. Thus it was that when the war closed one of the ruling ideas in Washington's mind was to assure the future which he saw opening before the country. He perceived at a glance that the key and the guarantee of that future were in the wild regions of the West. Hence his constant anxiety as to the western posts, as to our Indian policy, and as to the maintenance of a sufficient armed force upon our borders to check the aggressions of English or savages, and to secure free scope for settlement. In advancing these ideas on a national scale, however, he was rendered helpless by the utter weakness of

Congress, which even his influence was powerless to overcome. He therefore began, immediately after his retreat to private life, to formulate and bring into existence such practical measures as were possible for the development of the West, believing that if Congress could not act, the people would, if any opportunity were given to their natural enterprise.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. II, p. 7.

" Under My Own Vine and Fig-tree "

"Under my own vine and fig-tree" was the most attractive picture Washington's mind could conceive. During the war he referred many times to the happy day coming when he could return to private life. When he came back to Mount Vernon after eight years of toil, hazard, anxiety and exasperation, he felt that he had at last gained his reward—the privilege of passing the rest of his days in quiet with his family. The adulation of those who had once ridiculed or hampered him was a great satisfaction to him. People could at last see that Washington, and he alone, had saved the country.

But the country was still incoherent. The separate States relapsed into their former ways of thinking and acting. There was no head, no organization, no real sympathy. The country was like thirteen colonial staves without a hoop to hold them together. Washington saw this from the quiet of Mount Vernon and did his best to remedy existing conditions as he had done twenty years before, during the days of the Stamp Act. He was too philanthropic, too public spirited to keep aloof.

People nowadays seem to think life at Mount Vernon was a prosy, stilted existence. Nothing could be further from the truth. Washington was a great man to laugh, and a man of jovial humor. He appreciated a good story, and enjoyed a practical joke like an undergraduate. Judge Marshall tells a story which shows Washington in a new

light. It was about a predicament he and Washington's favorite nephew, Bushrod, got into. They were going to Mount Vernon, and stopped in a neighboring grove to take off their dusty clothes and make themselves fresh, clean and presentable on their arrival at the mansion. After they had taken off all their clothes and were ready for a body-servant to hand them clean apparel, he opened the port-manteau he had brought and was aghast to find in it only fancy soaps, tape, needles and the small wares of an itinerant pedler. At the last inn at which they had stopped the man had exchanged valises with a Scotch peddler. His rueful countenance made them laugh in spite of their own plight. Their laughter attracted the attention of Washington, who happened to be walking near, and he came to see what amused them. The two naked men, full of mirth and consternation, made signs deprecating their absurd predicament. Washington took in their dilemma at a glance and was so overcome by the ludicrousness of the situation that he actually rolled upon the ground, shouting with uncontrolled merriment at his friends' expense!

Many stories are told of his giving way to mirth after the greatest mental strain, even at Valley Forge, and during the darkest days of the war. A jackass given him by the King of Spain, was always a source of amusement. He compared the animal to and even had a mind to name the beast for the king, his former master.

A facetious writer says of him:

"Although we have been told that when Washington was six years old he could not tell a lie, yet he afterwards partially overcame the disability. On one occasion he writes to a friend that the mosquitoes of New Jersey can bite through the thickest boot."

This "authority" goes on to prove that Washington told white lies. He forgets that "all is fair in love and war," as in the case of the brilliant feints which deceived Clinton and permitted Washington to go to Virginia and then and

there end the war. This joker should be the last to complain because George Washington was the originator of the old joke about Jersey mosquitoes.

The Washington Story-Calendar, Wayne Whipple, December 4 to 10, 1910.

Van Braam Again, after Thirty Years

It was a curious circumstance, that scarce had Washington retired from the bustle of arms and hung up his sword at Mount Vernon, when he received a letter from the worthy who had first taught him the use of that sword in these very halls. In a word, Jacob Van Braam, his early teacher of the sword exercise, his fellow campaigner and unlucky interpreter in the affair of the Great Meadows, turned up once more. His letter gave a glance over the current of his life. It would appear that after the close of the French war, he had been allowed half pay in consideration of his services and misadventures; and, in process of time, had married, and settled on a farm in Wales with his wife and his wife's mother. He had carried with him to England a strong feeling in favor of America, and on the breaking out of the Revolution had been very free, and, as he seemed to think, eloquent and effective in speaking in all companies and at country meetings against the American war. Suddenly, as if to stop his mouth, he received orders from Lord Amherst, then commander-in-chief, to join his regiment (the 69th), in which he was appointed eldest captain in the 3d battalion. In vain he pleaded his rural occupations; his farm cultivated at so much cost, for which he was in debt, and which must go to ruin should he abandon it so abruptly. No excuse was admitted—he must embark and sail for East Florida, or lose his half pay. He accordingly sailed for St. Augustine in the beginning of 1776, with a couple of hundred recruits picked up in London, resolving to sell out of the army on the first opportunity. By a series of cross-purposes he was prevented from doing so until in 1779, having in the interim made a campaign in

Georgia. "He quitted the service," he adds, "with as much pleasure as ever a young man entered it."

He then returned to England and took up his residence in Devonshire; but his invincible propensity to talk against the ministry made his residence there uncomfortable. His next move, therefore, was to the old fertile province of Orleannois in France, where he was still living near Malesherbes, apparently at his ease, enjoying the friendship of the distinguished person of that name, and better versed, it is to be hoped, in the French language than when he officiated as interpreter in the capitulation at the Great Meadows. The worthy major appeared to contemplate with joy and pride the eminence to which his early pupil in the sword exercise had attained.

"Give me leave, sir, before I conclude," writes he, "to pour out the sentiments of my soul in congratulating you for your successes in the American contest; and in wishing you a long life, to enjoy the blessing of a great people whom you have been the chief instrument in freeing from bondage."

So disappears from the scene one of the earliest personages of our history.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. IV, p. 511.

Fine Clothes Do Not Make Fine Men

Although always very particular about his dress, Washington was no dandy, as some have supposed. "Do not," he wrote to his nephew in 1783, "conceive that fine clothes make fine men any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress, is more admired and obtains more credit than lace or embroidery in the eyes of the judicious and sensible."

Sullivan thus describes Washington at a levee: "He was dressed in black velvet, his hair full dress, powdered, and gathered behind in a large silk bag, yellow gloves on his hands; holding a cocked hat, with a cockade in it, and the

edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword. The scabbard was of white polished leather."

Washington's Birthday, Edited by Robert Haven Schauffler, p. 245.

Ploughs and Hunting

Like other country gentlemen of his time, he tried his inventive faculty with a new plough, and the diary describes the manufacture:

"March 6th.—Fitted a two-eyed plough, instead of a duck-billed plough, and with much difficulty made my chariot-wheel horses plough. 7th. —Put the pole-end horses into the plough in the morning, and put in the postilion and hind horses in the afternoon, but the ground being well swarded over, and very heavy ploughing, I repented putting them in at all, for fear it should give them a habit of stopping in the chariot."

The diaries have frequent allusions to success or failure in hunting. Washington delighted in the chase. Even in going to watch the works in parts of the estate where he supposed a fox might be started he would take the dogs with him. He was always a bold rider and a good horseman. It is recollected that, at the battle of Princeton, when he saw an English regiment give way, he turned to his staff and said, "An old-fashioned Virginia fox-hunt, gentlemen."

Life of George Washington Studied Anew, Edward Everett Hale, p. 127.

The Nephew and the Ice-house

The session of the Cincinnati did not detain him longer than May in Philadelphia. He came back to Mount Vernon to find, among other things, that his ice had not kept, or, as he says, that he was "lurched." A friendly letter to Robert Morris, asking his help for a nephew, a brother to the gentleman who became Judge Bushrod Washington, announces this misfortune:

"MOUNT VERNON, June 2, 1784.

. . . The inclination of the young gentleman also points to this walk of life; he is turned twenty; possesses, I am told (for he is a stranger to me), good natural abilities, an amiable disposition, and an uncommon share of prudence and circumspection.

"Would it suit you, my dear sir, to take him into your counting-house, and to afford him your patronage? If this is not convenient, who would you recommend for this purpose? What advance and what other requisites are necessary to initiate him? Excuse this trouble; to comply with the wishes of a parent anxious for the welfare of his children, I give it, and my friendship prompted it, but I wish you to be perfectly unembarrassed by the application, on either account.

"If General Armand should have left Philadelphia, you will oblige me by placing the enclosed in the readiest channel of conveyance. My affectionate regards, in which Mrs. Washington joins me, attend Mrs. Morris, yourself, and family. With every sentiment of friendship and pure esteem,

"I remain, dear sir, etc., etc.,

"G. WASHINGTON.

"P. S.—The house I filled with ice does not answer; it is gone already. If you will do me the favor to cause a description of yours to be taken—the size, manner of building, and mode of management,—and forward it to me, I shall be much obliged. My house was filled chiefly with snow. Have you ever tried snow? Do you think it is owing to this that I am lurches?"

Life of George Washington Studied Anew, Edward Everett Hale, p. 284.

The Fact Called "George Washington"

The scheme which he proposed was to open the western country by means of inland navigation. The thought had

long been in his mind. It had come to him before the Revolution, and can be traced back to the early days when he was making surveys, buying wild lands, and meditating very deeply, but very practically on the possible development of the colonies. Now the idea assumed much larger proportions and a much graver aspect. He perceived in it the first step toward the empire which he foresaw, and when he had laid down his sword and awoke in the peaceful morning at Mount Vernon, "with a strange sense of freedom from official cares," he directed his attention at once to this plan, in which he really could do something, despite an inert Congress and a dissolving confederation. His first letter on the subject was written in March, 1784, and addressed to Jefferson, who was then in Congress; and who sympathized with Washington's views without seeing how far they reached. He told Jefferson how he despaired of government aid, and how he therefore intended to revive the scheme of a company, which he had started in 1775, and which had been abandoned on account of the war. He showed the varying interests which it was necessary to conciliate, asked Jefferson to see the governor of Maryland, so that that State might be brought into the undertaking, and referred to the danger of being anticipated and beaten by New York, a chord of local pride which he continued to touch most adroitly as the business proceeded. Very characteristically, too, he took pains to call attention to the fact that by his ownership of land he had a personal interest in the enterprise. He looked far beyond his own lands, but he was glad to have his property developed, and with his usual freedom from anything like pretense, he drew attention to the fact of his personal interests.

The practical result was that the legislature took the question up, more in deference to the writer's wishes and in gratitude for his services, than from any comprehension of what the scheme meant. The companies were duly organized, and the promoter was given a hundred and fifty

shares, on the ground that the legislature wished to take every opportunity of testifying their sense of "the unexampled merits of George Washington towards his country." Washington was much touched and not a little troubled by this action. He had been willing, as he said, to give up his cherished privacy and repose in order to forward the enterprise. He had gone to Maryland even, and worked to engage that State in the scheme, but he could not bear the idea of taking money for what he regarded as part of a great public policy.

"I would wish," he said, "that every individual who may hear that it was a favorite plan of mine may know also that I had no other motive for promoting it than the advantage of which I conceived it would be productive to the Union, and to this State in particular, by cementing the eastern and western territory together, at the same time that it will give vigor and increase to our commerce, and be a convenience to our citizens.

"How would this matter be viewed, then, by the eye of the world, and what would be the opinion of it, when it comes to be related that George Washington has received twenty thousand dollars and five thousand pounds sterling of the public money as an interest therein?"

He thought it would make him look like a "pensioner or dependent" to accept this gratuity, and he recoiled from the idea. There is something entirely frank and human in the way in which he says "George Washington," instead of using the first pronoun singular. He always saw facts as they were, he understood the fact called "George Washington" as perfectly as any other, and although he wanted retirement and privacy, he had no mock modesty in estimating his own place in the world. At the same time, while he wished to be rid of the kindly gift, he shrank from putting on what he called the appearance of "ostentatious disinterestedness" by refusing it. Finally he took the stock and endowed two charity schools with the dividends.

The scheme turned out successfully, and the work still endures, like the early surveys and various other things of a very different kind to which Washington put his hand.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. II, p. 9.

Goes to Visit Lands on the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers

Washington now prepared for a tour to the west of the Appalachian Mountains, to visit his lands on the Ohio and Kanawha rivers. Dr. Craik, the companion of his various campaigns, and who had accompanied him in 1770 on a similar tour, was to be his fellow-traveler. The way they were to travel may be gathered from Washington's directions to the doctor:—"You will have occasion to take nothing from home but a servant to look after your horses, and such bedding as you may think proper to make use of. I will carry a marquee, some camp utensils, and a few stores. A boat, or some other kind of a vessel, will be provided for the voyage down the river, either at my place on the Youghiogheny or Fort Pitt, measures for this purpose have already been taken. A few medicines, and hooks and lines, you may probably want."

This soldier-like tour, made in hardy military style, with tent, pack-horses, and frugal supplies, took him once more among the scenes of his youthful expeditions when a land surveyor in the employ of Lord Fairfax; a leader of Virginia militia, or an aide-de-camp of the unfortunate Braddock. A veteran now in years, and a general renowned in arms, he soberly permitted his steed to pick his way across the mountains by the old military route, still called Braddock's road, over which he had spurred in the days of youthful ardor. His original intention had been to survey and inspect his lands on the Monongahela river; then to descend the Ohio to the great Kanawha, where he also had large tracts of wild land. On arriving at the Monongahela, however, he heard such accounts of discontent and irritation among the Indian tribes, that he did

not consider it prudent to venture among them. Some of his land on the Monongahela was settled; the rest was in the wilderness, and of little value in the present unquiet state of the country. He abridged his tour, therefore; proceeded no further west than the Monongahela; ascended that river, and then struck southward through the wild, unsettled regions of the Alleghanies, until he came out into the Shenandoah valley near Staunton. He returned to Mount Vernon on the 4th of October; having since the 1st of September traveled on horseback six hundred and eighty miles, for a great part of the time in wild, mountainous country, where he was obliged to encamp at night. This, like his tour to the northern forts with Governor Clinton, gave proof of his unfailing vigor and activity.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving Vol. IV, p. 517.

From Washington's Diary of September, MDCC^{ixxxiv}

Set out about 7 O'clock with the Doct^r. (Craik) and his Son William, and my Nephew Bushrod Washington, who were to make the tour with us.—about ten I parted with them at 5 Miles Creek, & recrossed the Potomack (having passed it ab^t. 3 Miles from the Springs before) to a tract of mine on the Virginia Side which I find exceedingly Rich, & must be very valuable.—the lower end of the land is rich white oak in places springey; and in the winter wet.—the upper part is exceedingly rich, and covered with Walnut of considerable size many of them.—Note—I requested a M^r. M^c. Craker at whose House I fed my horses, & got a snack, & whose land joins mine—to offer mine to any who might apply for £10 the first year, £15 the next, & £25 the third—the Tenant not to remove any of the Walnut timber from off the Land; or to split it into Rails; as I should reserve that for my own use.—

After having reviewed this Land I again crossed the River & getting into the Waggon Road I pursued my

journey to the old Town where I overtook my Company & Baggage—lodged at Col. Cresaps—ab^t. 35 Miles this day

9th.

Having discharged the hired Horses which were obtained at the springs & hired one more *only* to supply the place of one of mine, whose back was much hurt, we had them loaded by Six oclock, and was about to set out when it began to Rain; which looking very likely to continue thro the day, I had the Loads taken off to await the issue. —

at this place I met a Man who lives at the Mouth of ten Miles Creek on Monongahela, who assured me, that this Creek is not Navigable for any kind of a Craft a Mile from its Mouth; unless the Water of it is swelled by Rain; at which time he has known Batteaux brought 10 or 12 Miles down it.—He knows little of the Country betwⁿ. that and the little Kanahwa —& and not more of that above him, on the Monongahela.—

The day proving rainy we remained here.—

Washington and the West, Archer Butler Hulbert, p. 37.

" Big with Great Political as Well as Commercial Consequences "

Ah, says some critic in critic's fashion, you are carried away by your subject; you see in a simple business enterprise, intended merely to open western lands, the far-reaching ideas of a statesman. Perhaps our critic is right, for as one goes on living with this Virginian soldier, studying his letters and his thoughts, one comes to believe many things of him, and to detect much meaning in his sayings and doings. Let us, however, show our evidence at least. Here is what he wrote to his friend Humphreys a year after his scheme was afoot: "My attention is more immediately engaged in a project which I think big with great political as well as commercial consequences to the States, especially the middle ones"; and then he went on to argue the necessity of fastening the Western States to the Atlantic seaboard

and thus thwarting Spain and England. This looks like more than a money-making scheme; in fact, it justifies all that has been said, especially if read in connection with certain other letters of this period. Great political results, as well as lumber and peltry, were what Washington intended to float along his rivers and canals.

In this same letter to Humphreys he touched also on another point in connection with the development of the West, which was of vast importance to the future of the country, and was even then agitating men's minds. He said:

"I may be singular in my ideas, but they are these: that to open a door to, and make easy the way for those settlers to the westward, (who ought to advance regularly and compactly) before we make any stir about the navigation of the Mississippi, and before our settlements are far advanced toward that river, would be our true line of policy."

Again he wrote:

"However singular the opinion may be, I cannot divest myself of it, that the navigation of the Mississippi, *at this time* [1785], ought to be no object with us. On the contrary, until we have a little time allowed to open and make easy the ways between the Atlantic States and the western territory, the obstructions had better remain."

He was right in describing himself as "singular" in his views on this matter, which was just then exciting much attention.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. II, p. 13.

The Long-expected Visit of Lafayette

The long-expected visit of Lafayette took place in the autumn of 1784, but the Marchioness was not with him. He arrived at Mount Vernon on the 17th of August, and remained there twelve days. During that time Mount Vernon was crowded with other guests who came to meet him, and when he left for Baltimore a large cavalcade of Virginia gentlemen accompanied him on his way. Among

other offerings from Europe Lafayette brought Washington a letter from Mesmer, the great charlatan to whom we owe the word "mesmerism," as related to the science which is yet unexplained. Washington's answer is amusing, as showing his faculty for saying something when he had to say it but had nothing to say.

"The Marquis of Lafayette did me the honor of presenting to me your favor of the 16th of June, and of entering into some explanation of the powers of magnetism, the discovery of which, if it should prove as extensively beneficial as it is said it will, must be fortunate indeed for mankind, and redound very highly to the honor of that genius to whom it owes its birth. For the confidence reposed in me by the society which you have formed for the purpose of diffusing all the advantages expected, and for your favorable sentiments of me, I pray you to receive my gratitude and the assurances of the respect and esteem with which I have the honor to be, etc., etc."

To the Marchioness Lafayette, when her husband returns, he writes:

"The Marquis returns to you with all the warmth and ardor of a newly inspired lover. We restore him to you in good health, crowned with wreaths of love and respect from every part of the Union. That his meeting with you, his family, and friends, may be propitious, and as happy as your wishes can make it, that you may live long together, revered and beloved, and that you may transmit to a numerous progeny the virtues which you both possess, is the fervent wish of your devoted and most respectful humble servant.

"N. B.—In every good wish for you, Mrs. Washington sincerely joins me."

Lafayette and his heirs male, were, by special statutes, made citizens of Maryland and of Virginia.

The Life of George Washington Studied Anew, Edward Everett Hale, p. 280.

Lafayette Goes to See the Mother of Washington

In 1784 the Marquis de Lafayette came back to Virginia "crowned everywhere," as Washington wrote to the Marchioness de Lafayette, "with wreaths of love and respect." He visited Mount Vernon, and from there he went to Fredericksburg to pay his respects to the mother of Washington, before returning to France. A multitude of citizens and soldiers crowded into town to do him honor. One of the old soldiers from the country had heard much of a new character who had followed the armies, and had lately appeared in Virginia—active, prevalent, and most successful. This man was bound to see Lafayette, "pickpocket" or no "pickpocket." Had he not hands? One should always keep a firm grasp on the watch in his pocket. He succeeded, after pushing through the crowd, in reaching the general. In his enthusiasm at being greeted so warmly by the great marquis, he seized both Lafayette's hands in his own. The nobleman was not to be outdone in politeness by the countryman. After a friendly interview the latter clapped his hand on his exposed watch-pocket. It was empty. Yet the honest fellow did not think his honor too dearly bought.

After shaking hands with the crowds, an undertaking the marquis keenly enjoyed, he found Washington's sister Betty's son ready to guide the French nobleman to the home of the mother of his great friend.

"Accompanied by her grandson," says Mr. Custis, "he approached the house; when the young gentleman observed, 'There, sir, is my grandmother.' Lafayette beheld, working in the garden, clad in domestic-made clothes, and her gray head covered with a plain straw hat, the mother of his hero. The lady saluted him kindly, observing, 'Ah, Marquis, you see an old woman; but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling without the parade of changing my dress.'

"The Marquis spoke of the happy effects of the Revolution, and the goodly prospect which opened upon independent America; stated his speedy departure for his native land; paid the tribute of his heart, his love and admiration of her illustrious son. To the encomiums which he had lavished upon his hero and paternal chief, the matron replied in her accustomed words, 'I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy.'

"In her latter days, the mother often spoke of 'her own good boy,' of the merits of his early life, of his love and dutifulness to herself; but of the deliverer of his country, the chief magistrate of the great republic, she never spoke. Call you this insensibility? or want of ambition? Oh, no! her ambition had been gratified to overflowing. She had taught him to be good; that he became great when the opportunity presented, was a consequence, not a cause."

W. W.

" Nothing Left but Obey "

During the war, and indeed during her useful life, and until within three years of her death, when an afflictive disease prevented exertion, the mother of Washington set a most valuable example in the management of her domestic concerns, carrying her own keys, bustling in her household affairs, providing for her own wants, and living and moving in all the pride of independence. There are some of the aged inhabitants of Fredericksburg who well remember the matron as, seated in an old-fashioned open chaise, she was in the habit of almost daily visiting her little farm in the vicinity of the town. When there, she would ride about her fields, giving her orders, and seeing that they were obeyed. On one occasion an agent to whom she had given directions as to a particular piece of work, varied from his instructions in its execution. The lady, whose *coup d'oeil* was as perfect in rural affairs as that of her son in war, pointed out the

error. The agent excused himself by saying, that "in his judgment the work was done to more advantage than it would have been by his first directions." Mrs. Washington replied, "And pray, who gave you any exercise of judgment in the matter? I command you, sir; there is nothing left for you to do but obey."

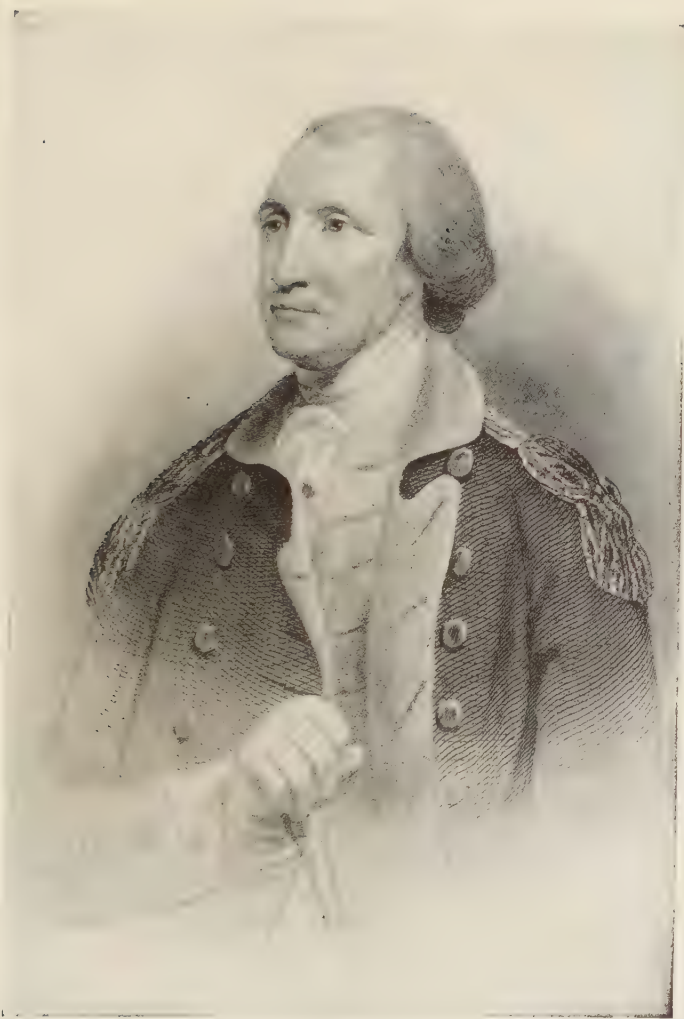
In a very humble dwelling, at the advanced age of eighty-two, and suffering under an excruciating disease (cancer of the breast), thus lived this mother of the first of men, preserving unchanged her peculiar nobleness and independence of character. She was continually visited and solaced by her children and numerous grandchildren, particularly her daughter, Mrs. Lewis. To the repeated and earnest solicitations of this lady, that she would remove to her house and pass the remainder of her days; to the pressing entreaties of her son that she would make Mount Vernon the home of her old age, the matron replied: "I thank you for your affectionate, and dutiful offers, but my wants are few in this world, and I feel perfectly confident to take care of myself." Upon her son-in-law, Colonel Fielding Lewis, proposing that he should relieve her in the direction of her affairs, she observed: "Do you, Fielding, keep my books in order, for your eyesight is better than mine, but leave the executive management to me."

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, p. 139.

Marriage Congratulations, Humorous but Hearty

Washington's ideas on marriage reflect his personal experience as well as his thoughtful observation of that of others. To a nephew he wrote as follows on this important question:

"If Mrs. Washington should survive me, there is a moral certainty of my dying without issue: and should I be the longest liver, the matter in my opinion, is hardly less certain; for while I retain the faculty of reasoning, I



Engraved by H. B. Hall after Picture from Life by Robert Edge Pine.

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IN 1785



shall never marry a girl; and it is not probable that I should have children by a woman of an age suitable to my own, should I be disposed to enter into a second marriage."

In a more jocular strain he wrote to the Marquis de Chastellux:

I was, as you may well suppose, not less delighted than surprised to meet the plain American words, 'my wife.' A wife! Well, my dear Marquis, I can hardly refrain from smiling to find you are caught at last. I saw, by the eulogium you often made on the happiness of domestic life in America, that you had swallowed the bait, and that you would as surely be taken, one day or another, as that you were a philosopher and a soldier. So your day has at length come! I am glad of it, with all my heart and soul. It is quite good enough for you. Now you are well served for coming to fight in favor of the American rebels, all the way across the Atlantic Ocean, by catching that terrible contagion—domestic felicity—which same, like the small-pox or the plague, a man can have only once in his life; because it commonly lasts him (at least with us in America—I don't know how you manage these matters in France) for his whole life time. And yet after all these maledictions you so richly merit on the subject, the worst wish which I can find in my heart to make against Madame de Chastellux and yourself is, that you may neither of you ever get the better of this same domestic felicity during the entire course of your mortal existence."

W. W.

"Standing at My Bedside with a Bowl of Hot Tea"

An observant traveler, Mr. Elkanah Watson, who visited Mount Vernon in the winter of 1785, bearer of a letter of introduction from General Greene and Colonel Fitzgerald, gives a home picture of Washington in his retirement. Though sure that his credentials would secure him a respectful reception, he says: "I trembled with

awe, as I came into the presence of this great man. I found him at table with Mrs. Washington and his private family, and was received in the native dignity, and with that urbanity so peculiarly combined in the character of a soldier and an eminent private gentleman. He soon put me at my ease, by unbending, in a free and affable conversation."

In the evening Mr. Watson sat conversing for a full hour with Washington after all the family had retired, expecting, perhaps, to hear him fight over some of his battles; but, if so, he was disappointed, for he observes: "He modestly waived all allusions to the events in which he had acted so glorious and conspicuous a part. Much of his conversation had reference to the interior country, and to the opening of the navigation of the Potomac by canals and locks, at the Seneca, the Great and Little Falls. His mind appeared to be deeply absorbed by that object, then in earnest contemplation."

Mr. Watson had taken a severe cold in the course of a harsh winter journey, and coughed excessively. Washington pressed him to take some remedies, but he declined. After retiring for the night his coughing increased. "When some time had elapsed," writes he, "the door of my room was gently opened, and, on drawing my bed curtains, I beheld Washington himself, standing at my bedside with a bowl of hot tea in his hand. I was mortified and distressed beyond expression. This little incident occurring in common life with an ordinary man, would not have been noticed; but as a trait of the benevolence and private virtue of Washington, deserves to be recorded."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. IV, p. 534.

The General "Parted with" His Pack!

Although somewhat faded was the huntsman's bravery of blue and scarlet worn in the gala-days of yore, the man inside of it sat with the old ease upon his fiery Blueskin—Will Lee, on "Chinkling," closely following. These two

rode straight forward, over brake and brier, from sunrise, when the gray fox of Virginia was unkenneled, till—no matter what hour—the fate of her ladyship was settled, and her followers drew rein before one house or the other of her belongings, to seek pot-luck. Custis said that Washington required of a horse "but one good quality, and that was to *go along*. He ridiculed the idea that he could be unhorsed, provided the animal kept on his legs."

The hounds used in these latter days of chase were a pack sent, in 1785, to Mount Vernon by Lafayette. A fierce, big-mouthed, savage breed, absolutely disproportioned to their prey, were the French dogs, built to grapple with the stag in his death-agony, or with the maddened boar. Mrs. Washington never fancied having such monsters near the house, and after one of them, Vulcan by name, was discovered in the act of carrying off a ham, just out of the oven, their reign was short. The General soon after "parted with" his pack!

Washington at Mount Vernon, after the Revolution, Constance Cary Harrison, The Century Magazine, New Series, Vol. XV, April, 1889, p. 835.

Last Days of Nelson, the War Horse

One ceremony of his daily round—for, rain, or shine, he made the circuit of his farms, between twelve and fifteen miles—was, in season, never omitted by the chief. It was to lean over the fence around the field wherein a tall, old sorrel horse, with white face and legs, was grazing luxuriously in the richest grass and clover Mount Vernon could afford. At the sight of him the old steed would prick up his ears and run neighing to arch his neck beneath his master's hand. This was Nelson, the war-horse upon whose back, at Yorktown, the commander-in-chief of the American armies had received the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. The war ended, Nelson's work was over. Turned out to graze in summer, in winter carefully groomed and stabled, he lived to a good old age, but by his master's strict command was never again allowed to feel the burden of a saddle.

Washington at Mount Vernon, after the Revolution, Constance Cary Harrison, The Century Magazine, New Series, Vol. XV, April, 1889, p. 840.

Head of the Society of the Cincinnati

Then there were the artists and sculptors, who came to paint his portrait or model his bust.

"*In for a penny, in for a pound* is an old adage," he wrote to Hopkinson in 1785. "I am so hackneyed to the touches of painters' pencils that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit 'like patience on a monument,' whilst they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof, among many others, of what habit and custom can accomplish."

Then there were the people who desired to write his memoirs, and the historians who wished to have his reminiscences, in their accounts of the Revolution. Some of these admiring and inquiring souls came in person, while others assailed him by letter and added to the vast flood of correspondence which poured in upon him by every post. His correspondence, in fact, in the needless part of it, was the most formidable waste of his time. He seems to have formed no correct idea of his own fame and what it meant, for he did not have a secretary until he found not only that he could not arrange his immense mass of papers, but that he could not even keep up with his daily letters. His correspondence came from all parts of his own country, and of Europe as well. The French officers who had been his companions in arms wrote him with affectionate interest, and he was urged by them, one and all, and even by the king and queen, to visit France. These were letters which he was only too happy to answer, and he would fain have crossed the water in response to their kindly invitation; but he professed himself too old, which was a mere excuse, and objected his ignorance of the language, which to a man of his temperament was a real obstacle. Besides these letters of friendship, there were schemers everywhere who sought his counsel and assistance. The notorious Lady Huntington, for example, pursued him with her project of Christianizing the Indians by means of a missionary

colony in our western region, and her persistent ladyship cost him a good deal of time and thought, and some long and careful letters. Then there was the inventor Rumsey, with his steamboat, to which he gave careful attention, as he did to everything that seemed to have merit. Another class of correspondents were his officers, who wanted his aid with Congress and in a thousand other ways, and to these old comrades he never turned a deaf ear. In this connection also came the affairs of the Society of the Cincinnati. He took an active part in the formation of the society, he became its head, and he steered it through its early difficulties, and saved it from the wreck with which it was threatened by unreasoning popular prejudice. All these things were successfully managed; but at much expense of time and labor.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. II, p. 3.

His Strong Affection for Mount Vernon

A visitor to Mount Vernon in 1785 states that his host's "greatest pride is, to be thought the first farmer in America. He is quite a Cincinnati."

Undoubtedly a part of this liking flowed from his strong affection for Mount Vernon. Such was his feeling for the place that he never seems to have been entirely happy away from it, and over and over again, during his enforced absences, he "sighs" or "pants" for his "own vine and fig-tree." In writing to an English correspondent, he shows his feeling for the place by saying, "No estate in United America, is more pleasantly situated than this. It lies in a high, dry and healthy country, three hundred miles by water from the sea, and, as you will see by the plan, on one of the finest rivers in the world."

The history of the Mount Vernon estate begins in 1674, when Lord Culpeper conveyed to Nicholas Spencer and Lieutenant-colonel John Washington five thousand acres of land "scytuate Lying and being within the said terrytory in the County of Stafford in the ffreshes of the Potto-

mocke River and . . . bounded betwixt two Creeks." Colonel John's half was bequeathed to his son Lawrence, and by Lawrence's will it was left to his daughter Mildred. She sold it to the father of George, who by his will left it to his son Lawrence, with a reversion to George should Lawrence die without issue. The original house was built about 1740, and the place was named Mount Vernon by Lawrence, in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served at Carthagena. After the death of Lawrence, the estate of twenty-five hundred acres came under Washington's management, and from 1754 it was his home, as it had been practically even in his brother's life.

Twice Washington materially enlarged the house at Mount Vernon, the first time in 1760 and the second in 1785, and a visitor reports, that "it's a pity he did not build a new one at once, for it has cost him nearly as much to repair his old one." These alterations consisted in the addition of a banquet-hall at one end (by far the finest room in the house), and a library and dining-room at the other, with the addition of an entire story to the whole.

The grounds, too, were very much improved. A fine approach, or bowling green, was laid out, a "botanical garden," a "shrubbery," and greenhouses were added, and in every way possible the place was improved. A deer paddock was laid out and stocked, gifts of Chinese pheasants and geese, French partridges, and guinea-pigs were sent him, and were gratefully acknowledged, and from all the world over came curious, useful, or beautiful plants.

The True George Washington, Paul Leicester Ford, p. 113.

"Four Dollars to Be Drunk Four Days and Four Nights"

All the busy life of the negro world was regulated by his personal directions to overseers and bailiffs. No item was too insignificant to bring to his notice, the minutest contract for work agreed upon was put into writing. How curious, for example, the agreement with Philip Barter, the gardener,

found among Washington's papers, wherein Philip binds himself to keep sober for a year, and to fulfill his duties on the place, if allowed "four dollars at Christmas, with which to be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter, to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk for two days, a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner, at noon. For the true and faithful performance of all these things, the parties have hereunto set their hands, this twenty-third day of April, Anno Domini, 1787.

"PHILIP BARTER his
X
mark

"GEORGE WASHINGTON"

"Witness:

"George A. Washington,

"Tobias Lear."

Washington at Mount Vernon, after the Revolution, Constance Cary Harrison, The Century Magazine, New Series, Vol. XV, April, 1889, p. 838.

The Name of Washington

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great.
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes,—one, the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington
To make men blush there was but one.

Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte, Poetry of Byron, Chosen and Arranged by Matthew Arnold, p. 56.

CHAPTER XXX

THE THIRTEEN BECOME UNITED STATES

Without a Single Hoop to Hold Us Together

But though America had won her independence, she had not secured harmony and union. While the war lasted the States fought like brothers, side by side; now that the danger was over, they threatened to fall apart. We were like a barrel made of thirteen stout staves, but yet without a single hoop to hold us together. Under the Articles of Federation or Constitution adopted in 1781, the nation had no President —no head. It had only a Congress, and that Congress was destitute of power. It might pass good and useful laws, but it could not compel the people to obey them. It might beg the people to give money, but it could not make them furnish it. It might ask for soldiers to defend the country, but it could not draft them. . . .

The truth is, that the people had come out of the war in a distressed condition. They were heavily in debt. Business was at a standstill. Gold and silver coin was scarce. The States had an abundance of paper stuff which pretended to be money, but nobody knew what it was worth, and what passed for a dollar in one State might not pass at all in another. Distress and discontent grew worse and worse. The States quarreled with each other about boundary lines, about commerce, about trade. Instead of being a united and friendly people, they were fast getting to be thirteen hostile nations ready to draw the sword against each other.

This feeling was shown in the fact that a man could not buy and sell freely outside of his own State. If, for instance, a farmer in New Jersey took a load of potatoes to

New York, he might have to pay a tax of five or ten cents a bushel to that State before he could offer them for sale. On the other hand, if a New York merchant sent a case of boots to New Jersey to sell to the farmers, that State might, if it chose, tax him ten cents a pair before he could get a permit to dispose of his goods.

The Leading Facts of American History, D. H. Montgomery, p. 189.

"Let Us Know the Worst at Once"

It is interesting to observe the ease and certainty with which, in dealing with the central question, he grasped all phases of the subject and judged of the effect of the existing weakness with regard to every relation of the country and to the politics of each State. He pointed out again and again the manner in which we were exposed to foreign hostility, and analyzed the designs of England, rightly detecting a settled policy on her part to injure and divide where she failed to conquer. Others were blind to the meaning of the English attitude as to the western posts, commerce, and international relations. Washington brought it to the attention of our leading men, educating them on this as on other points, and showing too, the stupidity of Great Britain in her attempt to belittle the trade of a country which, as he wrote Lafayette in prophetic vein, would one day "have weight in the scale of empires."

He followed with the same care the course of events in the several States. In them all he resisted the craze for issuing irredeemable paper money, writing to his various correspondents, and urging energetic opposition to this specious and pernicious form of public dishonesty. It was to Massachusetts, however, that his attention was most strongly attracted by the social disorders which culminated in the Shays rebellion. There the miserable condition of public affairs was bearing bitter fruit, and Washington watched the progress of the troubles with profound anxiety. He wrote to Lee:

"You talk, my good sir, of employing influence to appease the present tumults in Massachusetts. I know not where that influence is to be found, or, if attainable, that it would be a proper remedy for the disorders. *Influence* is not *government*. Let us have a government by which our lives, liberties, and properties will be secured, or let us know the worst at once."

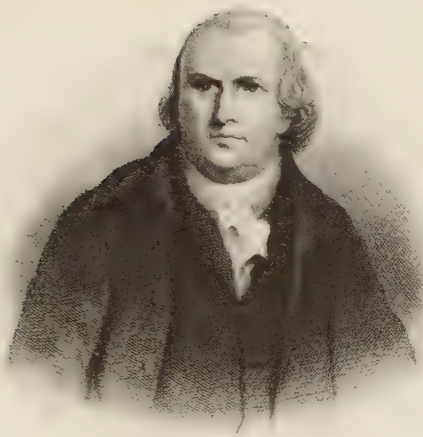
Through "all this mist of intoxication and folly," however, Washington saw that the Shays insurrection would probably be the means of frightening the indifferent, and of driving those who seemed impervious to every appeal to reason into an active support of some better form of government. He rightly thought that a riot and bloodshed would prove convincing arguments.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. II, p. 25.

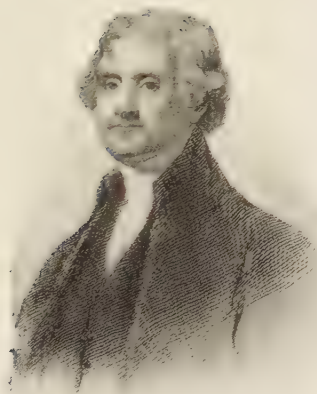
Washington's Word Was Law

Washington's personal influence was very great, something we of this generation with a vast territory and sixty millions of people, cannot readily understand. To many persons his word was law; to all that was best in the community, everything he said had immense weight. This influence he used with care and without waste. Every blow he struck went home. It is impossible to estimate just how much he effected, but it is safe to say that it is to Washington, aided first by Hamilton and then by Madison, that we owe the development of public opinion and the formation of the party which devised and carried the Constitution. Events of course worked with them, but they used events, and did not suffer the golden opportunities, which without them would have been lost, to slip by.

When Washington wrote of the Shays rebellion to Lee, the movement toward a better union, which he had begun, was on the brink of success. That ill-starred insurrection became, as he foresaw, a powerful spur to the policy started at Mount Vernon, and adopted by Virginia and Maryland.



Robert Morris



Thomas Jefferson



John Adams

THREE PILLARS OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

From this had come the Annapolis convention, and thence the call for another convention at Philadelphia. As soon as the word went abroad that a general convention was to be held, the demand for Washington as a delegate was heard on all sides. At first he shrank from it. Despite the work which he had been doing, and which he must have known would bring him once more into public service, he clung to the vision of home life which he had brought with him from the army. November 18, 1786, he wrote to Madison, that from a sense of obligation he should go to the convention, were it not that he had declined on account of his retirement, age, and rheumatism, to be at a meeting of the Cincinnati at the same time and place. But no one heeded him, and Virginia elected him unanimously to head her delegation at Philadelphia. He wrote to Governor Randolph, acknowledging the honor, but reiterating what he had said to Madison, and urging the choice of some one else in his place. Still Virginia held the question open, and on February 3d he wrote to Knox that his private intention was not to attend. The pressure continued, and, as usual when the struggle drew near, the love of battle and the sense of duty began to reassert themselves. March 8th he again wrote to Knox that he had not meant to come, but that the question had occurred to him, "Whether my non-attendance in the convention will not be considered as dereliction of republicanism; nay, more, whether other motives may not, however injuriously, be ascribed for my not exerting myself on this occasion in support of it"; and therefore he wished to be informed as to the public expectation on the matter. On March 28th he wrote again to Randolph that ill health might prevent his going, and therefore it would be well to appoint some one in his place. April 3d he said that if representation of the States was to be partial, or powers cramped, he did not want to be a sharer in the business. "If the delegates assemble," he wrote, "with such powers as will enable the convention to probe the defects of the Constitution to the

bottom and point out radical cures, it would be an honorable employment; otherwise not." This idea of inefficiency and failure in the convention had long been present to his mind, and he had already said that if their powers were insufficient, the convention should go boldly over and beyond, and make a government with the means of coercion, and able to enforce obedience, without which it would be, in his opinion, quite worthless. Thus he pondered on the difficulties, and held back his acceptance of the post; but when the hour of action drew near, the rheumatism and the misgivings alike disappeared before the inevitable, and Washington arrived in Philadelphia, punctual as usual, on May 13th, the day before the opening of the convention.

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. II, p. 28.

"Thirteen Sovereignities Pulling against Each Other!"

To Madison he wrote: "How melancholy is the reflection that in so short a time we should have made such large strides towards fulfilling the predictions of our trans-Atlantic foes! 'Leave them to themselves, and their government will soon dissolve.' Will not the wise and good strive hard to avert this evil? Or will their supineness suffer ignorance and the arts of self-interested and designing, disaffected and desperate characters, to involve this great country in wretchedness and contempt? What stronger evidence can be given of the want of energy in our government than these disorders? If there is not power in it to check them, what security has a man for life, liberty or property? To you, I am sure I need not add aught on the subject. The consequences of a lax or inefficient government are too obvious to be dwelt upon. Thirteen sovereignties pulling against each other, and all tugging at the federal head, will soon bring ruin on the whole; whereas, a liberal and energetic constitution, well checked and well watched, to prevent encroachments, might restore us to that degree of respectability and consequence to which we had the fairest prospect of attaining."

Great as Washington was, he occasionally made mistakes, and one of these was, that the people had forgotten him. Ambitious politicians let him alone, for there was no hope for them if he was prominent; some unselfish patriots thought he had enjoyed as much honor and power as any man could safely be trusted with, but all these together were but a handful to the mass who believed little in theories but much in men. The sentiments of these were clearly expressed when Col. Humphreys, once his *aide-de-camp*, wrote: "In case of civil discord, I have already told you it was seriously my opinion that you could not remain neuter, and that you would be obliged, in self-defense, to take one part or the other, or withdraw from the continent. Your friends are of the same opinion."

It may be safely assumed that Washington had no intention of withdrawing from the continent, and that Humphreys' opinion braced his spirits and comforted the wounds of his self-esteem. Another evidence of the public regard was soon tendered him; a convention, afterward known as the Constitutional Convention, had been arranged for, each State to send delegates to consult upon the defects of the federal system, and to suggest improvements, the suggestions to be forwarded to Congress and the State governments for such further action as might be advisable. Washington was, by a unanimous vote, put at the head of the Virginia delegation, and when enough delegates had assembled at Philadelphia to form a quorum, they, by unanimous vote, made Washington the permanent chairman of the convention.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 169.

The Patient President of the Constitutional Convention

When a quorum was finally obtained, Washington was unanimously chosen to preside over the convention; and there he sat during the sessions of four months, silent, patient, except on a single occasion, taking no part in de-

bate, but guiding the business, and using all his powers with steady persistence to compass the great end. The debates of that remarkable body have been preserved in outline in the full and careful notes of Madison. Its history has been elaborately written, and the arguments and opinions of its members have been minutely examined and unsparingly criticised. We are still ignorant, and shall always remain ignorant, of just how much was due Washington for the final completion of the work. His general views and his line of action are clearly to be seen in his letters and in the words attributed to him by Morris. That he labored day and night for success we know, and that his influence with his fellow-members was vast we also know, but the rest we can only conjecture. There came a time when everything was at a standstill, and when it looked as if no agreement could be reached by the men representing so many conflicting interests. Hamilton had made his great speech and, finding the vote of his State cast against him by his two colleagues on every question, had gone home in a frame of mind which we may easily believe was neither very contented nor very sanguine. Even Franklin, most hopeful and buoyant of men, was nearly ready to despair. Washington himself wrote to Hamilton, on July 10th:

“When I refer you to the state of the counsels which prevailed at the period you left this city, and add that they are now, if possible, in a worse train than ever, you will find but little ground on which the hope of a good establishment can be formed. In a word, I almost despair of seeing a favorable issue to the proceedings of our convention, and do therefore repent having had any agency in the business.”

Matters were certainly in a bad state when Washington could write in this strain, and when his passion for success was so cooled that he repented of agency in the business. There was much virtue, however, in that little word “almost.” He did not quite despair yet, and, after his fashion, he held on with grim tenacity. We know what the compromises

finally were, and how they were brought about, but we can never do exact justice to the iron will which held men together when all compromises seemed impossible, and which even in the darkest hour would not wholly despair. All that can be said is, that without the influence and the labors of Washington the convention of 1787, in all probability, would have failed of success.

At all events it did not fail, and after much tribulation the work was done. On September 17, 1787, a day ever to be memorable, Washington affixed his bold and handsome signature to the Constitution of the United States. Tradition has it that as he stood by the table, pen in hand, he said: "Should the States reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is that opportunity will never be offered to cancel another in peace; the next will be drawn in blood."

Whether the tradition is well or ill founded, the sentence has the ring of truth. A great work had been accomplished. If it were cast aside, Washington knew that the sword and not the pen would make the next Constitution and he regarded that awful alternative with dread. He signed first and was followed by all the members present, with three notable exceptions. Then the delegates dined together at the city tavern, and took a cordial leave of each other.

"After which," the president of the convention wrote in his diary, "I returned to my lodgings, did some business with, and received some papers from, the secretary of the convention, and retired to meditate upon the momentous work which had been executed."

George Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, Vol. II, p. 33.

"I Almost Despair of Seeing a Favorable Issue"

(The whole letter to Alexander Hamilton).

"PHILADELPHIA, 10 July, 1787.

"Dear Sir,

"I thank you for your communication of the 3d. When I refer you to the state of the counsels, which prevailed at

the period you left this city, and add that they are now if possible in a worse train than ever, you will find but little ground on which the hope of a good establishment can be formed. In a word, I almost despair of seeing a favorable issue to the proceedings of our convention, and do therefore repent having had any agency in the business.

"The men, who oppose a strong and energetic government, are in my opinion narrow-minded politicians, or are under the influence of local views. The apprehension expressed by them, that the *people* will not accede to the form proposed, is the *ostensible*, not the *real* cause of opposition. But, admitting that the present sentiment is as they prognosticate, the proper question ought nevertheless to be, Is it, or is it not, the best form such a country as this can adopt? If it be the best recommend it, and it will assuredly obtain, maugre opposition. I am sorry you went away. I wish you were back. The crisis is equally important and alarming, and no opposition, under such circumstances, should discourage exertions till the signature is offered. I will not at this time trouble you with more than my best wishes and sincere regard.

"I am, dear Sir," &c.,

[G. WASHINGTON.]

Writings of Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D., p. 280.

"Little Short of a Miracle!"

"It appears to me little short of a miracle that the delegates from so many States, different from each other, as you know, in their manners, circumstances and prejudices, should unite in forming a system of national government so little liable to well-founded objections. Nor am I such an enthusiastic, partial, or indiscriminating admirer of it, as not to perceive it is tinctured with some real, though not radical defects. With regard to the two great points, the pivots upon which the whole machine must move, my creed is simply, First, that the general government is not invested

with more powers than are indispensably necessary to perform the functions of a good government; and consequently, that no objection ought to be made against the quantity of power delegated to it.

"Secondly that these powers, as the appointment of all rulers will forever arise from, and at short stated intervals recur to, the free suffrages of the people, are so distributed among the legislative, executive, and judicial branches into which the general government is arranged, that it can never be in danger of degenerating into a monarchy, an oligarchy, an aristocracy, or any other despotic or oppressive form, so long as there shall remain any virtue in the body of the people.

"It will at least be a recommendation to the proposed Constitution, that it is provided with more checks and barriers against the introduction of tyranny, and those of a nature less liable to be surmounted, than any government hitherto instituted among mortals.

"We are not to expect perfection in this world; but mankind, in modern times, have apparently made some progress in the science of government. Should that which is now offered to the people of America be found on experiment less perfect than it can be made, a constitutional door is left open for its amelioration."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 270.

"The Best That Could Be Obtained"

(Letter to Patrick Henry).

"MOUNT VERNON, 24 SEPTEMBER, 1787.

"*Dear Sir,*

"In the first moment after my return, I take the liberty of sending you a copy of the Constitution, which the federal convention has submitted to the people of these States. I accompany it with no observations. Your own judgment will at once discover the good and exceptionable parts of it;

and your experience of the difficulties, which have ever arisen when attempts have been made to reconcile such variety of interests and local prejudices, as pervade the several States, will render explanation unnecessary. I wish the Constitution, which is offered, had been more perfect; but I sincerely believe that it is the best that could be obtained at this time. And, as a constitutional door is opened for amendment hereafter, the adoption of it, under the present circumstances of the Union, is in my opinion desirable.

“From a variety of concurring accounts it appears to me that the political concerns of this country are in a manner suspended by a thread, and that the convention has been looked up to, by the reflecting part of the community, with a solicitude which is hardly to be conceived; and, if nothing had been agreed on by that body, anarchy would soon have ensued, the seeds being deeply sown in every soil. I am,” &c.,
[G. WASHINGTON.]

Writings of Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D., p. 281.

Thirteen a Magic Number in History

In that nobler sense of the word, a colony which is not independent has not risen to the full rank of a colony; it is hardly a home for the new folk of the motherland; it is little more than an outpost of its dominion. Surely the Englishmen of those Thirteen lands, who had unhappily to fight their way to the full rights of Englishmen, did not cease to be Englishmen, to be colonists of England, because they won them. Surely . . . they became in a higher and truer sense colonies of the English folk because they had ceased to be dependencies of the British crown.

I speak of Thirteen lands; and Thirteen is as it were a magic number in the history of federations. It is a memorable number alike in the League of Achaia and in the Old League of High Germany. But in none of the three was Thirteen to be the fated stint and bound among the sharers

in the common freedom. Thirteen stars, Thirteen stripes, were wrought on the banner of the United States of America in their first day of independence, the day of their second birth as truly and fully a second English nation. Look at that banner now; tell the number of those stars and call them by their names, each of them the name of a free commonwealth of the English folk. See we not there the expansion of England in its greatest form? See we not there the work of Hengest and Cerdic carried out on a scale on which it could never have been carried out in the island which they won for us? The dependent provinces of England stretched but in name to the banks of the Father of Waters; from the border ridge of Alleghany, as from the height of Pisgah, they did but take a glance at the wider land beyond. The independent colonies of England have found those bounds too strait for them. They have gone on and taken possession; they have carried the common speech and the common law, beyond the mountains, beyond the rivers, beyond the vaster mountains, beyond the Eastern Ocean itself, till America marches upon Asia. Such has been the might of independence; such has been the strength of a folk which drew a new life from the axe which did not hew it down, but by a health-giving stroke parted it asunder. It may be, it is only in human nature that so it should be, that the fact that independence was won by the sword drew forth a keener life, a more conscious energy, a firmer and fiercer purpose to grow and to march on. The growth of a land free from the beginning might perchance have been slower; let it be so; a slight check on the forward march would not have been dearly purchased by unbroken friendship between parent and child from the beginning.

George Washington, the Expander of England, Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D.,
p. 95.

CHAPTER XXXI

LAUNCHING THE SHIP OF STATE

First President Unanimously Elected on the First Ballot

Once more he was called to listen to the highest demands of his country in his unanimous election to the presidency. With what emotions, with what humble resignation, with how little fluttering of vainglory let the modest entry in his diary, of the 16th of April, 1789, tell:

"About ten o'clock," he writes, "I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

George Washington, Evert A. Duyckinck, *Portrait Gallery of Eminent Men and Women*, Vol. I, p. 137.

President-elect Washington's Farewell to His Mother

Immediately after the organization of the present government, the chief magistrate repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory to his departure for New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly remarked the ravages which a torturing disease had made upon the aged frame of the mother, and addressed her with these words: "The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity to elect me to the chief magistracy of these United States, but before I can assume the functions of my office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the weight of public business, which must necessarily attend the outset

of a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and"—here the matron interrupted with—"And you will see me no more; my great age, and the disease which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world; I trust in God that I may be somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to have intended for you; go, my son, and may Heaven's and a mother's blessing be with you always."

The President was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent, whose aged arm feebly yet fondly encircled his neck. That brow on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its awful bearing. That look which could have awed a Roman senate in its Fabrician day, was bent in filial tenderness upon the time-worn features of the aged matron. He wept.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, p. 144.

The First President-elect on His Way to New York

Washington was elected President on the first ballot; there was no need for any one to move that the ballot be made unanimous, for not a single vote was cast against him. On receipt of formal notification from Congress, he started for the seat of government, which was then at New York, and from the beginning of his journey to its end he found that the entire community had business that called them to the roadside. Again he crossed the Delaware, not, as before, at night, by stealth and in desperation. There was, as before, a storm, but it was of deafening applause instead of blinding snow, and those who followed him, as did a messenger from Congress on that eventful Christmas night in 1776, found their way not marked by the bloody footprints of patriot soldiers, but by flowers cast in the road by patriots' children.

Before reaching New York, Washington had taken as much reception as he could enjoy, so he wrote Governor Clinton that he would be glad to enter the city without ceremony, which showed that he did not understand the people of New York. At Elizabeth Point, in the Kills, he was placed in a handsome barge manned by thirteen American ship captains (for there were American ships, and consequently ship captains, in those days), and rowed to the Battery through a long avenue of boats of all kinds and all full of vociferous patriots. Enough people were on shore, however, to fill the streets and windows and give him the heartiest reception that the city ever extended to any one, for at last, after many years, Washington had captured New York.

George Washington, John Habberton, p 273.

Song of the Girls Strewing His Path with Flowers

Welcome, mighty chief, once more
Welcome to this grateful shore;
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow—
Aims at thee the fatal blow.
Virgins fair and matrons grave,
These thy conquering arm did save.
Build for thee triumphal bowers,
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers—
Strew your Hero's way with flowers.

Written for the occasion by Richard Howell, Governor of New Jersey, and sung at the bridge at Trenton, 1789.

Ovation at New York

He approached the landing-place of Murray's Wharf amid the ringing of bells, the roaring of cannonry, and the shouting of multitudes collected on every pier-head. On landing, he was received by Governor Clinton. General Knox, too, who had taken such affectionate leave of him on

his retirement from military life, was there to welcome him in his civil capacity. Other of his fellow-soldiers of the Revolution were likewise there, mingled with the civic dignitaries. At this juncture an officer stepped up and requested Washington's orders, announcing himself as commanding his guard. Washington directed him to proceed according to the directions he might have received in the present arrangements, but that for the future the love of his fellow-citizens was all the guard he wanted.

Carpets had been spread to a carriage prepared to convey him to his destined residence, but he preferred to walk. He was attended by a long civil and military train. In the streets through which he passed the houses were decorated with flags, silken banners, garlands of flowers and evergreens, and bore his name in every form of ornament. The streets were crowded with people, so that it was with difficulty a passage could be made by the city officers. Washington frequently bowed to the multitude as he passed, taking off his hat to the ladies, who thronged every window, waving their handkerchiefs, throwing flowers before him, and many of them shedding tears of enthusiasm.

That day he dined with his old friend Governor Clinton, who had invited a numerous company of public functionaries and foreign diplomatists to meet him, and in the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. IV, p. 578.

Why the Inauguration Was Delayed

The inauguration was delayed several days by a question which had risen as to the form or title by which the President-elect was to be addressed; and this had been deliberated in a committee of both Houses. The question had been mooted without Washington's privity, and contrary to his desire; as he feared that any title might awaken

the sensitive jealousy of republicans, at a moment when it was all-important to conciliate public good-will to the new form of government. It was a relief to him, therefore, when it was finally resolved that the address should be simply "the President of the United States," without any addition of title; a judicious form which has remained to the present day.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. IV, p. 580.

A National Tribute of Affection

For a week Washington remained quietly in New York, where great preparations were being made for installing him as President. On Wall Street a fine building, known as Federal Hall, had been erected and presented to Congress, and here the inauguration was to take place. Those who feared that American liberty would be endangered by the observance of any forms whatsoever, were exceedingly critical of the arrangements made for the occasion, but it was, after all, a very simple ceremony that marked the inauguration of the first President of the United States.

Early in the morning of April 30, 1789, the bells of all the churches summoned the people to their various places of worship for the special services ordained for the day, and by the time these were concluded the military and civil procession was already moving toward the Franklin House, and Wall Street and its vicinity were crowded with a dense mass of spectators. Washington left his residence shortly after twelve o'clock, but so great was the throng in the streets that his carriage did not reach Federal Hall for almost an hour, and he was obliged to alight some little distance from the building and make his way to it on foot, passing through the cheering crowd between a double line of troopers. A moment's pause followed, and then he appeared on the balcony facing Wall and Broad streets, and behind him came John Adams, Chancellor Livingston,



WASHINGTON TAKING THE FIRST OATH AS PRESIDENT

Baron Steuben, General Knox, and other distinguished officers and officials. He was dressed in a plain brown-cloth suit, with metal buttons ornamented with eagles; his stockings were white silk and his shoe buckles silver; and at his side he carried a steel-hilted dress sword, and his powdered hair was worn in a queue.

Never did any man receive a more general and heartfelt welcome than that which greeted Washington as he faced the mass of spectators, but he was evidently unprepared for the wild outburst with which he was acclaimed. It was at once a roar of triumphant thanksgiving, a national salute, and a tribute of admiration and affection, and visibly affected by it, he stepped back for a moment to recover his composure.

On the Trail of Washington, Frederick Trevor Hill, p. 256.

"Long Live President Washington!"

Nearly eight years after the Revolution . . . Washington was elected the first President of the United States. He took the oath of office, April 30, 1789, on the balcony of a building in front of City Hall, which they afterwards called Federal Hall, on the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, New York City, where the United States Sub-Treasury now stands. It had been intended that the inauguration should take place March 4th, when the Constitution went into effect, but for several reasons the ceremony was postponed. When Washington took the oath as President the Judge who administered it raised his hand and cried to the crowd below: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States." Then a flag was run up above the cupola of the building, bells rang, cannon boomed, and all the people shouted:

"Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

The Story of the White House, Wayne Whipple, p. 13.

Part of the First Inaugural Address

“Fellow-Citizens of the Senate and of the House of Representatives:

“Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties, than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the 14th day of the present month. On the one hand I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years; a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary, as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health to the gradual waste committed on it by time. On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust, to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one, who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected. All I dare hope is, that, in executing this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens; and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me; my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country with some share of the partiality in which they originated. . . .

"Having thus imparted to you my sentiments, as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave, but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race, in humble supplication, that, since He has been pleased to favor the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquillity, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity on the form of government for the security of their union and the advancement of their happiness: so His divine blessing may be equally *conspicuous* in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures, on which the success of this government must depend."

Washington's First Inaugural Address, Old South Leaflets, Fifth Series, 1887, No. 8, p. 1.

Guide the "Ship of State" Aright

O noble brow, so wise in thought!
O heart, so true! O soul unbought!
O eye, so keen to pierce the night
And guide the "Ship of State" aright!
O life, so simple, grand and free,
The humblest still may turn to thee.
O king uncrowned! O prince of men!
When shall we see thy like again?
The century, just passed away,
Has felt the impress of thy sway,
While youthful hearts have stronger grown
And made thy patriot zeal their own.
In marble hall or lowly cot
Thy name hath never been forgot.
The world itself is richer, far,
For the clear shining of a star.
And loyal hearts in years to run
Shall turn to thee, O Washington!

Washington, Mary Wingate, Washington's Birthday, Edited by Robert Haven Schauffler, p. 57.

Starting the New Government

On assuming the responsibilities of the new office, Washington found himself in about the same position as when, nearly fifteen years before, he took command of the army, for everything was to be done and there was nothing with which to do it. He had no Cabinet, for although the convention had provided for "constitutional advisers," the States and cliques had not yet learned the trick of getting rid of troublesome politicians by inflicting them upon the President. There was a treasury, but no money to put into it, although there was an indebtedness of fifty million dollars, for which money the creditors had been clamoring for a long time. There were Indian troubles at the west, discontent among the settlers in the Mississippi Valley, and British soldiers trying to act as bailiffs, at some posts in the (then) northwest. And, to crown all, there was a general willingness, among State officials, to stand off as far as possible and see if the new government could stand alone.

Fortunately, the old departments of the confederation contained some men on whom Washington had learned to rely; one was John Jay, soon afterward appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and another was General Knox, who remained in his old position by being appointed Secretary of War. Hamilton was quickly made Secretary of the Treasury. Edmund Randolph of Virginia became Attorney General, and Jefferson was invited to return from France and become Secretary of State.

As no two members of the Cabinet were entirely agreed as to the powers of the government and the probable drift of the nation, not even the smallest question could be settled without a great deal of talk. One of the first subjects of general wonder was that of etiquette, and no two men, in the Cabinet or out of it, agreed about it. Washington's sole personal concern in the matter was to be approachable, yet have some time to himself for private and public purposes; since his inauguration the throngs that dropped

in to see the President had been so great that the unfortunate man had scarcely time for eating and sleeping.

Washington finally asked the advice of his friends on this perplexing subject; the replies were various, but the one that savored most of European court customs came not from descendants of Virginia cavaliers or New York aristocrats; it was given by John Adams of Massachusetts. A form of etiquette was finally patched together, as simple and republican as any one could have made it. There were receptions every week at the Executive Mansion, which any respectable citizen could attend without special invitation, yet so refined and graceful were the natural manners of the President and his wife; and so stiff was Washington's carriage, thanks to rheumatic limbs and other infirmities incident to approaching age, that suspicious people began to talk of levees, drawing-rooms, courtly style, etc.

For many weeks Washington was saved from outside annoyances by an attack of sickness that sent him almost to his grave. He had not yet recovered when his mother died, so he had neither time nor inclination to care at all for forms and ceremonies.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 276.

Mrs. Washington's "Queenly Drawing-rooms!"

On the 17th of May, Mrs. Washington, accompanied by her grandchildren, Eleanor Custis and George Washington Parke Custis, set out from Mount Vernon in her travelling carriage with a small escort of horse, to join her husband at the seat of government; as she had been accustomed to join him at headquarters, in the intervals of his Revolutionary campaigns.

Throughout the journey she was greeted with public testimonials of respect and affection. As she approached Philadelphia, the President of Pennsylvania and other State functionaries, with a number of the principal inhabitants of both sexes, came forth to meet her, and she was attended into the city by a numerous cavalcade, and welcomed with the ringing of bells and firing of cannon.

Similar honors were paid her in her progress through New Jersey. At Elizabethtown she alighted at the residence of Governor Livingston, whither Washington came from New York to meet her. They proceeded thence by water, in the same splendid barge in which the General had been conveyed for his inauguration. It was manned as on that occasion, by thirteen master pilots, arrayed in white, and had several persons of note on board. There was a salute of thirteen guns as the barge passed the Battery at New York. The landing took place at Peck Slip, not far from the presidential residence, amid the enthusiastic cheers of an immense multitude.

On the following day, Washington gave a demi-official dinner, of which Mr. Wingate, a senator from New Hampshire, who was present, writes as follows:

"The guests consisted of the Vice-President, the foreign ministers, the heads of departments, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Senators from New Hampshire and Georgia, the then most Northern and Southern States. It was the least showy dinner that I ever saw at the President's table, and the company was not large. As there was no chaplain present, the President himself said a very short grace as he was sitting down. After dinner and dessert were finished, *one glass* of wine was passed around the table, and *no toast*. The President rose, and all the company retired to the drawing-room, from which the guests departed, as every one chose, without ceremony."

On the evening of the following day (Friday, May 29th), Mrs. Washington had a general reception, which was attended by all that was distinguished in official and fashionable society. Henceforward there were similar receptions every Friday evening, from eight to ten o'clock, to which the families of all persons of respectability, native or foreign, had access, without special invitation; and at which the President was always present. These assemblages were as free from ostentation and restraint as the ordinary recep-

tions of polite society; yet the reader will find they were soon subject to invidious misrepresentation; and caviled at as "court-like-levees" and "queenly drawing-rooms!"

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 39.

Supreme Court and Congress

By the judicial system established for the federal government, the Supreme Court of the United States was to be composed of a chief justice and five associate judges. There were to be district courts with a judge in each State, and circuit courts held by an associate judge and a district judge. John Jay, of New York, received the appointment of Chief Justice, and in a letter enclosing his commission, Washington expressed the singular pleasure he felt in addressing him "as the head of that department which must be considered as the keystone of our political fabric."

Jay's associate judges were, John Rutledge of South Carolina, James Wilson of Pennsylvania, William Cushing of Massachusetts, John Blair of Virginia, and James Iredell of North Carolina. Washington had originally nominated to one of the judgeships his former military secretary, Robert Harrison, familiarly known as *the old Secretary*; but he preferred the office of Chancellor of Maryland, recently conferred upon him.

On the 29th of September, Congress adjourned to the first Monday in January, after an arduous session, in which many important questions had been discussed, and powers organized and distributed. The actual Congress was inferior in eloquence and shining talent to the first Congress of the Revolution; but it possessed men well fitted for the momentous work before them; sober, solid, upright, and well informed. An admirable harmony had prevailed between the legislature and the executive, and the utmost decorum had reigned over the public deliberations.

Fisher Ames, then a young man, who had acquired a brilliant reputation in Massachusetts by the eloquence

with which he had championed the new constitution in the convention of that important State, and who had recently been elected to Congress, speaks of it in the following terms:

"I have never seen an assembly where so little art was used. If they wish to carry a point, it is directly declared and justified. Its merits and defects are plainly stated, not without sophistry and prejudice, but without management.

There is no intrigue, no caucusing, little of clanning together, little asperity in debate, or personal bitterness out of the House."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 53.

"The First and Dearest Wish of My Heart"

As to Mrs. Washington, those who really knew her at the time, speak of her as free from pretension or affectation; undazzled by her position, and discharging its duties with the truthful simplicity and real good-breeding of one accustomed to preside over a hospitable mansion in the "Ancient Dominion." She had her husband's predilection for private life. In a letter to an intimate she writes: "It is owing to the kindness of our numerous friends in all quarters that my new and unwished for situation is not indeed a burden to me. When I was much younger, I should probably have enjoyed the innocent gayeties of life as much as most persons of my age; but I had long since placed all the prospects of my future worldly happiness in the still enjoyments of the fireside at Mount Vernon.

"I little thought; when the war was finished, that any circumstances could possibly happen, which would call the General into public life again. I had anticipated from that moment we should be suffered to grow old together in solitude and tranquillity. That was the first and dearest wish of my heart."

Life of George Washington Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 42.

"The General Always Retires at Nine"

To protect himself from being at everybody's call, and so unable to be of the greatest service, he established certain



From the Painting by Alonzo Chappel.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

A man's deeds are matters of history, and in Washington's case the history was glorious; but a man's life and character are the results of his birth, education, environment, and self-training, principally the latter. Washington became commander-in-chief solely by force of his personal character, and his subsequent achievements were but the results of the manliness that he had acquired in days when he was comparatively obscure. All this has been said before and said better, but some facts, like some prayers, cannot be repeated too often.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 79.

"The Liberties of the Country Are Safe!"

Washington left Philadelphia on his way to Boston, June 21, escorted by a troop of horsemen, and accompanied by Schuyler and Lee, who had just been made major-generals by Congress. They had gone about twenty miles when they saw a man on horseback coming rapidly down the road. It was a messenger riding post-haste to Philadelphia, and carrying to Congress news of the battle of Bunker Hill. Everybody was stirred by the news and wanted to know the particulars.

"Why were the provincials compelled to retreat?" he was asked.

"It was for want of ammunition," he replied.

"Did they stand the fire of the regular troops?" asked Washington anxiously.

"That they did, and held their own fire in reserve until the enemy was within eight rods."

"Then the liberties of the country are safe!" exclaimed Washington. He remembered well the scenes under Braddock, and he knew what a sight it must have been to those New England farmers when a compact body of uniformed soldiers came marching up from the boats at Charlestown. If they could stand fearlessly, there was stuff in them to make soldiers of.

All along the route the people in the towns turned out to see Washington's cavalcade, and at Newark a committee of the New York Provincial Congress met to escort him to the city. There he left General Schuyler in command, and hurried forward to Cambridge, for the news of Bunker Hill made him extremely anxious to reach the army.

In New England, the nearer he came to the seat of war, the more excited and earnest he found the people. At every town he was met by the citizens and escorted through that town to the next. This was done at New Haven. The collegians all turned out, and they had a small band of music, at the head of which, curiously enough, was a Freshman who afterward made some stir in the world. It was Noah Webster, the man of spelling-book and dictionary fame. At Springfield, the party was met by a committee of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, and at last, on the 2nd of July, he came to Watertown, where he was welcomed by the Provincial Congress itself, which was in session there.

George Washington, an Historical Biography, Horace E. Scudder, p. 146.

A King of Men

Thus did that wonderful balance of mind—so great that in his whole career it would be hard to point out a single mistake—already impress his ablest contemporaries. Hand in hand with this rare soundness of judgment there went a completeness of moral self-control, which was all the more impressive inasmuch as Washington's was by no means a tame or commonplace nature, such as ordinary power of will would suffice to guide. He was a man of intense and fiery passions. His anger, when once aroused, had in it something so terrible that strong men were cowed by it like frightened children. This prodigious animal nature was curbed by a will of iron, and held in the service of a sweet and tender soul, into which no mean or unworthy thought had ever entered. Whole-souled devotion to public

duty, an incorruptible integrity which no appeal to ambition or vanity could for a moment solicit,—these were attributes of Washington, as well marked as his clearness of mind and his strength of purpose. And it was in no unworthy temple that Nature had enshrined this great spirit. His lofty stature (exceeding six feet), his grave and handsome face, his noble bearing and courtly grace of manner, all proclaimed in Washington a king of men.

The American Revolution, John Fiske, Vol. I, p. 135.

The Foremost Man in America

So he rode on to his duty, the foremost man in America. And, on the morning of Monday, the third day of July, 1775, General George Washington rode into the broad pastures known as Cambridge common, and, beneath the spreading branches of an elm tree, which still stands—an old tree now, carefully preserved and famous through all the land—he drew his sword and in presence of the assembled army and a crowd of curious and enthusiastic people, he took command of the Continental army as general.

He was forty-three years old—just as old as Julius Cæsar when he took command of the army in Gaul and made himself great. Just as old as Napoleon when he made the mistake of his life and declared war against Russia. But how different from these two conquerors was George Washington! What they did for love of power he did for love of liberty—sacrificing comfort, ease, the pleasures of home and the quiet life he loved, because he felt it to be his duty.

A gallant soldier he was, under the Cambridge elm that warm July morning, he was what we call an imposing figure. He was tall, stalwart and erect, with thick brown hair drawn back into a queue, as all gentlemen then wore it, with a rosy face and a clear, bright eye—a strong, a healthy, a splendid-looking man in his uniform of blue and buff, an epaulet on each shoulder, and, in his three-cornered hat, the cockade of liberty. And the com-

mander-in-chief of the Continental army looked upon the army of which he had assumed command and determined to make soldiers of them and lead them on to final victory.

The True Story of George Washington, Elbridge S. Brooks, p. 81.

The Noblest Man of His Day

Then, as now, every American knew all about war, so, outside the army, and to some extent within it, Washington was said to be not much of a general. It may have occurred to the thoughtful few that, while Howe and his trained lieutenants had nothing to think of but how to conquer the enemy. Washington spent much of his time in wondering where his ragged, hungry, ill-equipped, badly trained soldiers were to get food and clothing, ammunition and discipline. All of the British were far from home, and many of the rank and file were of the class who had no homes; the Americans, on the contrary, had families, farms, and shops within, at most, a few days' walk, and were always anxious to get to them. The best treated soldiers are notorious grumblers; what must have been the dissatisfaction in an army that was about as badly off as possible in every respect? All their complaints reached Washington, who supplemented them with his own intelligent concern for their condition. His writings at every period of the war show him to have been always keenly alive to the material and moral condition of his army and the effect, upon the community, of the withdrawal of so many men from industrial pursuits. The common impression about Washington, at the present day, is unmistakably due to contemplation of the impassive features which painters and sculptors in their devotion to conventionalism, have given the Revolutionary commander; but a very little reading from any life of the noblest man of his day shows Washington to have been unapproachably rich in those qualities of heart which nowadays make a man's neighbor pronounce him a right good fellow.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 155.

rules. Every Tuesday, between the hours of three and four, he received whoever might come. Every Friday afternoon Mrs. Washington received with him. At all other times, he could be seen only by special appointment. He never accepted invitations to dinner, and that has been the rule of Presidents ever since; but he invited constantly to his own table foreign ministers, members of the government, and other guests. He received no visits on Sunday. He went to church with his family in the morning, and spent the afternoon by himself. The evening he spent with his family and sometimes had with him an intimate friend.

He still kept up his old habit of rising at four and going to bed at nine. Mrs. Washington had a grave little formula with which she used to dismiss visitors in the evening:

"The General always retires at nine o'clock, and I usually precede him."

George Washington, an Historical Biography, Horace E. Scudder, p. 232.

Why Was Jefferson Secretary of State?

Washington's extreme desire to have Jefferson act as Secretary of State has never been distinctly explained; it is not unlikely that it was because the ex-governor of Virginia and author of the Declaration of Independence was what in modern parlance would be called a "red hot republican," and his presence in the Cabinet would do much to allay the suspicion, often uttered, that the tendency of the new government would be monarchical. Washington himself was known to be a believer in strong governments; so was Jay; Hamilton, although not wishing a monarchy in America, was an ardent admirer of the English system; and Knox, being a soldier, might be supposed willing to use the army in favor of the ruler and against the people in case of emergency, as soldiers in foreign cabinets had always been ready to do. But to Jefferson the people were everything, and rulers nothing; "there is not a crowned head in Europe," he said, "whose talents or merits would entitle him to be

elected a vestryman by the people of any parish in America." He was jealous, for his country's sake, of nearly everything and everybody in the government but Washington himself, for whom he had so great respect that, although he opposed the re-election of any man to the presidency, he said of the principle, "I would not wish it to be altered during the lifetime of our great leader, whose executive talents are superior to those, I believe, of any man in the world, and who alone, by the authority of his name and the confidence reposed in his perfect integrity, is fully qualified to put the new government so under way as to secure it against the efforts of opposition."

Jefferson's hatred of monarchical institutions had been further evinced by the hearty sympathy he was known to have with all the Frenchmen who were preparing for the revolution. While minister from the United States to the King of France, he consorted by choice with the most radical of the radicals, and wrote enthusiastic letters about them to his American acquaintances. How could any government be suspected of monarchical tendencies, if such a man stood next in importance to the executive?

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 278.

Hamilton versus Jefferson

Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, had been ordered by Congress, at its previous session, to prepare a plan of payment; he accordingly advised that the State liabilities should be assumed by the nation, and the entire debt be funded, Congress to impose taxes for its reduction and final payment. Washington heartily approved Hamilton's plan, but nearly half—and the noisiest half—of Congress opposed it. They were willing to pay the money due to foreigners, otherwise they might have to fight again; the home debt, much of which had passed into the hands of speculators, they wanted to "scale" according to the holders, and they objected stoutly to the assumption of the war debts of the

States. This last measure was defeated in the House, by a majority of two, which afterward was overcome by a little dicker whereby Jefferson secured two Virginia votes for the assumption of the State debts—a northern measure—on Hamilton's obtaining a majority in favor of the plan of the ultimate removal of the seat of government to the south. Both men meant well, but unfortunately Jefferson, who knew nothing whatever of finance, and, being human, distrusted whatever he did not understand, was persuaded that Hamilton had tricked him, and from that time forth he suspected the Secretary, politically, of every thing that was bad—even of secret designs to turn the government into a monarchy.

The subsequent disagreements of the two men were an unfailing source of misery to Washington, and he devoted many precious hours to the task of showing Jefferson his mistake, but all was of no avail. When the Secretary of State was not complaining of the Secretary of the Treasury, he was begging Washington to abate form and ceremony. He was not alone at this business, although he cannot be excused on account of ignorance, as could Patrick Henry, who actually declined to be elected to the Senate because he felt too old to adopt the manner which he had been informed prevailed at the seat of government. Another Virginian, one Colonel B——, had reported that there was more pomp than at the British court, and that Washington's bows were more distant and stiff.

When this came to Washington's ears, he seized his pen and wrote: "That I have not been able to make bows to the taste of Colonel B—— (who by the way, I believe never saw one of them) is to be regretted, especially as upon those occasions they were indiscriminately bestowed and the best I was master of. Would it not have been better to throw a veil of charity over them, ascribing the stiffness to the effects of age or the unskillfulness of my teacher, rather than to pride and the dignity of office, which God knows has no charms for me? For I can truly say I had rather be at

Mount Vernon, with a friend or two about me, than to be attended at the seat of government by the officers of state and the representatives of every power in Europe."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 280.

A Very Sensible Rule

From the first, he began to be besieged by applicants for office, and he made immediately the very sensible rule that he would not give any pledge or encouragement to any applicant. He heard what they and their friends had to say, and then made up his mind deliberately. He had, however, certain principles in his mind which governed him in making appointments, and they were so high and honorable, and show so well the character of the man, that I copy here what he said with regard to the matter:—

"Scarcely a day passes in which applications of one kind or another do not arrive; insomuch that, had I not early adopted some general principles, I should before this time have been wholly occupied in this business. As it is, I have found the number of answers, which I have been necessitated to give in my own hand, an almost insupportable burden to me. The points in which all these answers have agreed in substance are, that, should it be my lot to go again into public office, I would go without being under any possible engagements of any nature whatsoever; that, so far as I knew my own heart, I would not be in the remotest degree influenced in making nominations by motives arising from the ties of family or blood; and that, on the other hand, three things, in my opinion, ought principally to be regarded, namely: the fitness of characters to fill the offices, the comparative claims from the former merits and sufferings in service of the different candidates, and the distribution of appointments in as equal a proportion as might be to persons belonging to the different States in the Union. Without precautions of this kind, I clearly foresaw the endless jealousies and possibly the fatal consequences to which

a government, depending altogether on the good-will of the people for its establishment, would certainly be exposed in its early stages. Besides, I thought, whatever the effect might be in pleasing or displeasing any individuals at the present moment, a due concern for my own reputation, not less decisively than a sacred regard to the interests of the community, required that I should hold myself absolutely at liberty to act, while in office, with a sole reference to justice and the public good."

George Washington, an Historical Biography, Horace E. Scudder, p. 231.

The Country's Credit

Among the most important objects suggested in the address for the deliberation of Congress, were provisions for the national defense; provisions for facilitating intercourse with foreign nations, and defraying the expenses of diplomatic agents; laws for the naturalization of foreigners; uniformity in the currency, weights, and measures of the United States; facilities for the advancement of commerce, agriculture, and manufactures; attention to the post-office and post-roads; measures for the promotion of science and literature, and for the support of public credit.

The last object was the one which Washington had more immediately at heart. The government was now organized, apparently, to the satisfaction of all parties; but its efficiency would essentially depend on the success of a measure which Washington had pledged himself to institute, and which was yet to be tried; namely, a system of finance adapted to revive the national credit, and place the public debt in a condition to be paid off. The credit of the country was at a low ebb. The confederacy, by its articles, had the power of contracting debts for a national object, but no control over the means of payment. Thirteen independent legislatures could grant or withhold the means. The government was then a government under governments the States had more power than Congress. At the close of

the war the debt amounted to forty-two millions of dollars; but so little had the country been able to fulfil its engagements, owing to the want of a sovereign legislature having the sole and executive power of laying duties upon imports, and thus providing adequate resources, that the debt had swollen, through arrears of interest, to upwards of fifty-four millions. Of this amount nearly eight millions were due to France, between three and four millions to private lenders in Holland, and about two hundred and fifty thousand in Spain; making, altogether, nearly twelve millions due abroad. The debt contracted at home amounted to upwards of forty-two millions, and was due, originally, to officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary War, who had risked their lives for the cause; farmers who had furnished supplies for the public service, or whose property had been assumed for it; capitalists who, in critical periods of the war, had ventured their fortunes in support of their country's independence. The domestic debt, therefore, could not have had a more sacred and patriotic origin; but, in the long delay of national justice, the paper which represented these outstanding claims, had sunk to less than a sixth of its nominal value, and the larger portion of it had been parted with at that depreciated rate, either in the course of trade, or to speculative purchasers, who were willing to take the risk of eventual payment, however little their confidence seemed to be warranted, at the time, by the pecuniary condition and prospects of the country.

The debt, when thus transferred, lost its commanding appeal to patriotic sympathy; but remained as obligatory in the eye of justice. In public newspapers, however, and in private circles, the propriety of a discrimination between the assignees and the original holders of the public securities, was freely discussed. Beside the foreign and domestic debt of the federal government, the States, individually, were involved in liabilities contracted for the common cause, to an aggregate amount of about twenty-five millions of

dollars; of which, more than one-half was due from three of them; Massachusetts and South Carolina each owing more than five millions, and Virginia more than three and a half. The reputation and well-being of the government were, therefore, at stake upon the issue of some plan to retrieve the national credit, and establish it upon a firm and secure foundation.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 82.

A Virulent Attack of Anthrax

As soon as Washington could command sufficient leisure to inspect papers and documents he called unofficially upon the heads of departments to furnish him with such reports in writing as would aid him in gaining a distinct idea of the state of public affairs. For this purpose also he had recourse to the public archives, and proceeded to make notes of the foreign official correspondence from the close of the war until his inauguration. He was interrupted in his task by a virulent attack of anthrax, which for several days threatened mortification. The knowledge of his perilous condition spread alarm through the community; he, however, remained unagitated. His medical adviser was Dr. Samuel Bard, of New York, an excellent physician and most estimable man, who attended him with unremitting assiduity. Being alone one day with the doctor, Washington regarded him steadily, and asked his candid opinions as the probable result of the case. "Do not flatter me with vain hopes," said he, with placid firmness; "I am not afraid to die, and therefore can bear the worst." The doctor expressed hope, but owned that he had apprehensions. "Whether to-night or twenty years hence, makes no difference," observed Washington. "I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence." His sufferings were intense, and his recovery was slow. For six weeks he was obliged to lie on his right side; but after a time he had his carriage

so contrived that he could extend himself at full length in it, and take exercise in the open air.

While rendered morbidly sensitive by bodily pains, he suffered deep annoyance from having one of his earliest nominations, that of Benjamin Fishburn, for the place of naval officer of the port of Savannah, rejected by the Senate.

If there was anything in which Washington was scrupulously conscientious, it was in the exercise of the nominating power; scrutinizing the fitness of the candidates; their comparative claims on account of public services and sacrifices, and with regard to the equable distribution of offices among the States; in all which he governed himself solely by considerations for the public good. He was especially scrupulous where his own friends and connections were concerned. "So far as I know my own mind," would he say, "I would not be in the remotest degree influenced in making nominations by motives arising from the ties of family or blood."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 46.

"You See How Well He Bears It"

"It was while residing in Cherry street that the President was attacked by a severe illness, that required a surgical operation. He was attended by the elder and younger Doctors Bard. The elder being somewhat doubtful of his nerves, gave the knife to his son, bidding him cut away—deeper, deeper still; don't be afraid; you see how well he bears it.' Great anxiety was felt in New York, at this time, as the President's case was considered extremely dangerous. Happily, the operation proved successful, and the patient's recovery removed all cause of alarm. During the illness a chain was stretched across the street, and the sidewalks were lined with straw. Soon after his recovery, the President set out on his intended tour through the New England States."

Quoted in *The Pictorial Life of General Washington*, by J. Frost, LL.D., p. 509.

Death of Washington's Mother

While yet in a state of convalescence, Washington received intelligence of the death of his mother. The event, which took place at Fredericksburg in Virginia, on the 25th of August, was not unexpected; she was eighty-two years of age, and had for some time been sinking under an incurable malady, so that when he last parted with her he had apprehended that it was a final separation. Still he was deeply affected by the intelligence; consoling himself, however, with the reflection that "Heaven had spared her to an age beyond which few attain; had favored her with the full enjoyment of her mental faculties, and as much bodily health as usually falls to the lot of fourscore."

Mrs. Mary Washington is represented as a woman of strong plain sense, strict integrity, and an inflexible spirit of command. We have mentioned the exemplary manner in which she, a lone widow, had trained her little flock in their childhood. The deference for her, then instilled in their minds, continued throughout life, and was manifested by Washington when at the height of his power and reputation. Eminently practical, she had thwarted his military aspirings when he was about to seek honor in the British navy. During his early and disastrous campaigns on the frontier she would often shake her head and exclaim, "Ah, George had better have staid at home and cultivated his farm." Even his ultimate success and renown had never dazzled, however much they may have gratified her. When others congratulated her, and were enthusiastic in his praise, she listened in silence, and would temperately reply that he had been a good son, and she believed he had done his duty as a man.

CHAPTER XXXII

VISITING THE STATES

Boston Authorities Quarrel over Receiving the President

At the time of writing the letter to Jefferson, offering him the department of State, Washington was on the eve of a journey through the Eastern States, with a view, as he said, to observe the situation of the country, and with a hope of perfectly reëstablishing his health, which a series of indispositions had much impaired. Having made all his arrangements, and left the papers appertaining to the office of Foreign Affairs under the temporary superintendence of Mr. Jay, he set out from New York on the 15th of October, traveling in his carriage with four horses, and accompanied by his official secretary, Major Jackson, and his private secretary, Mr. Lear. Though averse from public parade, he could not but be deeply affected and gratified at every step by the manifestation of a people's love. Wherever he came, all labor was suspended; business neglected. The bells were rung, the guns were fired; there were civic processions and military parades and triumphal arches, and all classes poured forth to testify, in every possible manner, their gratitude and affection for the man whom they hailed as the Father of his Country; and well did his noble stature, his dignified demeanor, his matured years, and his benevolent aspect, suit that venerable appellation.

On the 22nd, just after entering Massachusetts, he was met by an express from the governor of the State (the Hon. John Hancock), inviting him to make his quarters at his house while he should remain in Boston, and announcing to him that he had issued orders for proper escorts to attend him, and that the troops with the gentlemen of the

council would receive him at Cambridge and wait on him to town.

Washington, in a courteous reply, declined the Governor's invitation to his residence, having resolved, he said, on leaving New York, to accept no invitations of the kind while on his journey, through an unwillingness to give trouble to private families. . . . Governor Hancock was now about fifty-two years of age, tall and thin, of a commanding deportment and graceful manner, though stooping a little, and much afflicted with the gout. He was really hospitable, which his ample wealth enabled him to be, and was no doubt desirous of having Washington as a guest under his roof, but resolved at all events, to give him a signal reception as the guest of the State over which he presided. Now it so happened that the "select men," or municipal authorities of Boston, had also made arrangements for receiving the President in their civic domain, and in doing so had proceeded without consulting the governor; as might have been expected, some clashing of rival plans was the result. . . .

Here ensued a great question of etiquette. The executive council insisted on the right of the governor, as chief of state, to receive and welcome its guest, at the entrance of its capital. "He should have met him at the boundary of the State over which he presides," replied the others; "and there have welcomed him to the hospitalities of the commonwealth. When the President is about to enter the town, it is the delegated right of the *municipal* authorities thereof to receive and bid him welcome."

The contending parties were drawn up resolutely in their carriages, while *aides-de-camp* and marshals were posting to and fro between them, carrying on a kind of diplomatic parley.

In the meantime the President, and Major Jackson, his secretary, had mounted on horseback, and were waiting on the Neck to be conducted into the town. The day was unusually cold and murky. Washington became chilled

and impatient, and when informed of the cause of the detention, "Is there no other avenue into the town?" demanded he of Major Jackson. He was, in fact, on the point of wheeling about, when word was brought that the controversy was over, and that he would be received by the municipal authorities.

We give his own account of the succeeding part of the ceremony. "At the entrance, I was welcomed by the select men in a body. Then following the lieutenant-governor and council in the order we came from Cambridge (preceded by the town corps, very handsomely dressed), we passed through the citizens, classed in their different professions, and under their own banners, till we came to the state house."

The streets, the doors, the windows, the housetops, were crowded with well-dressed people of both sexes. "He was on horseback," says an observer, "dressed in his old continental uniform, with his hat off. He did not bow to the spectators as he passed, but sat on his horse with a calm, dignified air. He dismounted at the old state house, and came out on a temporary balcony at the west end; a long procession passed before him, whose salutations he occasionally returned. These and other ceremonials being over, the lieutenant governor and council, accompanied by the Vice-President, conducted Washington to his lodgings, where they took leave of him."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 67.

Governor Hancock's Ludicrous Call on the President

And now he is doomed to the annoyance of a new question of etiquette. He had previously accepted the invitation of Governor Hancock to an informal dinner, but had expected that that functionary would wait upon him as soon as he should arrive; instead of which he received a message from him pleading that he was too much indisposed to do so. Washington distrusted the sincerity of the apology. He

had been given to understand that the governor wished to evade paying the first visit, conceiving that, as governor of a State, and within the bounds of that State, the point of etiquette made it proper that he should receive the first visit, even from the President of the United States. Washington determined to resist this pretension; he therefore excused himself from the informal dinner, and dined at his lodgings, where the Vice-President favored him with his company.

The next day the governor, on consultation with his friends, was persuaded to waive the point of etiquette, and sent "his best respects to the President," informing him that, if at home and at leisure, he would do himself the honor of visiting him in half an hour, intimating that he would have done it sooner had his health permitted, and that it was not without hazard to his health that he did it now.

The following was Washington's reply, the last sentence of which almost savors of irony:

"Sunday, 26th October, 1 o'clock.

"The President of the United States presents his best respects to the Governor, and has the honor to inform him that he shall be home till two o'clock.

"The President need not express the pleasure it will give him to see the Governor; but at the same time, he most earnestly begs that the Governor will not hazard his health on the occasion."

From Washington's diary we find that the governor found strength to pay the litigated visit within the specified time—though, according to one authority, he went enveloped in red baize and was borne, in the arms of servants, into the house.

It does not appear that any harm resulted from the hazard to which the Governor exposed himself. At all events, the hydra etiquette was silenced and everything went on pleasantly and decorously throughout the remainder of Washington's sojourn in Boston.

"I Thought You Had Been Too Long in My Family Not to Know"

When he visited Boston in 1789, he appointed eight o'clock in the morning as the hour he should set out for Salem; and while the Old South clock was striking eight, he was crossing the saddle. The company of cavalry which volunteered to escort him, not anticipating this strict punctuality, were parading in Tremont street after his departure; and it was not until the President had reached Charles River bridge where he stopped a few moments, that the troop of horse overtook him. On passing the corps, the President said, with perfect good nature,

"Major Blank, I thought you had been too long in my family not to know when it was eight o'clock."

Entertaining Anecdotes of Washington (Boston, 1833). p. 94.

Kissing and Kicking for Kissing

In Haverhill, Mass., they have a pretty tradition about Washington. When he visited that town, on his Northern tour in 1789, he stopped at a public-house. As the night was chilly, the landlady decided that his bed should be warmed, and for this purpose filled with coals her best brass warming-pan, and sent it up to his chamber in the hands of her fair young daughter. The tradition goes on to say that this modest maiden was so overcome by the sight of the great man, standing on the hearth, winding up his watch, that she hurried through her task, but in tripping from the room she unluckily, or luckily, as the event proved, stumbled and fell, and that Washington not only lifted her to her feet, but kissed her.

Well was it for the "immortal chief" that no Yankee Prince Giglio appeared on the scene, to come down on that anointed head with the warming-pan!

Now, they have in Philadelphia a tradition which strikingly contrasts with the above. When Washington was

residing in the presidential mansion on High Street, now Market, some painters were engaged in painting the upper hall, and one of them, a gay young fellow, meeting one morning, at the head of the stairs, a favorite maid of Mrs. Washington, not only barred her passage but kissed her. Taken by surprise, the damsel sent forth a scream which brought the Father of his Country in alarm from his chamber. Immediately on the offense being made known to him, he elevated his foot, which was by no means a small one, and kicked the unlucky painter downstairs.

Stories and Sketches, Grace Greenwood, p. 10.

"Hail Columbia," the President's March

"There was but one theater in New York in 1789, (in John street) and so small were its dimensions, that the whole fabric might be placed upon the stage of one of our modern theaters. Yet, humble as was the edifice, it possessed an excellent company of actors and actresses, including old Morris, who was the associate of Garrick, in the very outset of that great actor's career at Goodmans-fields. The stage boxes were appropriated to the President and Vice-President, and were each of them decorated with emblems, trophies, etc. At the foot of the play-bills were always the words '*Vivat Respublica.*' Washington often visited this theatre, being particularly gratified by Wignell's performance of *Darby*, *The Poor Soldier*.

"It was in the theater of John street, that the now national air of 'Hail Columbia,' then called the 'President's March,' was first played. It was composed by a German musician, named Fyles, the leader of the orchestra, in compliment to the President. The national air will last as long as the nation lasts, while the meritorious composer has been long since forgotten."

Quoted in the *Pictorial Life of George Washington*, by J. Frost, LL.D., p. 508.

The First Week in 1790

(From Washington's Journal.)

Friday, 1st, [January].

The Vice-President, the Governor, the Senators, Members of the House of Representatives in town, foreign public characters, and all the respectable citizens, came between the hours of 12 and 3 o'clock, to pay the compliments of the season to me—and in the afternoon a great number of gentlemen and ladies visited Mrs. Washington on the same occasion.

Saturday, 2d.

Exercised in the carriage with Mrs. Washington. Read the report of the Secretary of the Treasury respecting the state of his Department and proposed plans of finance.—Drank tea at the Chief Justice's of the U. States.

Sunday, 3d.

Went to St. Paul's Chapel.

Monday, 4th.

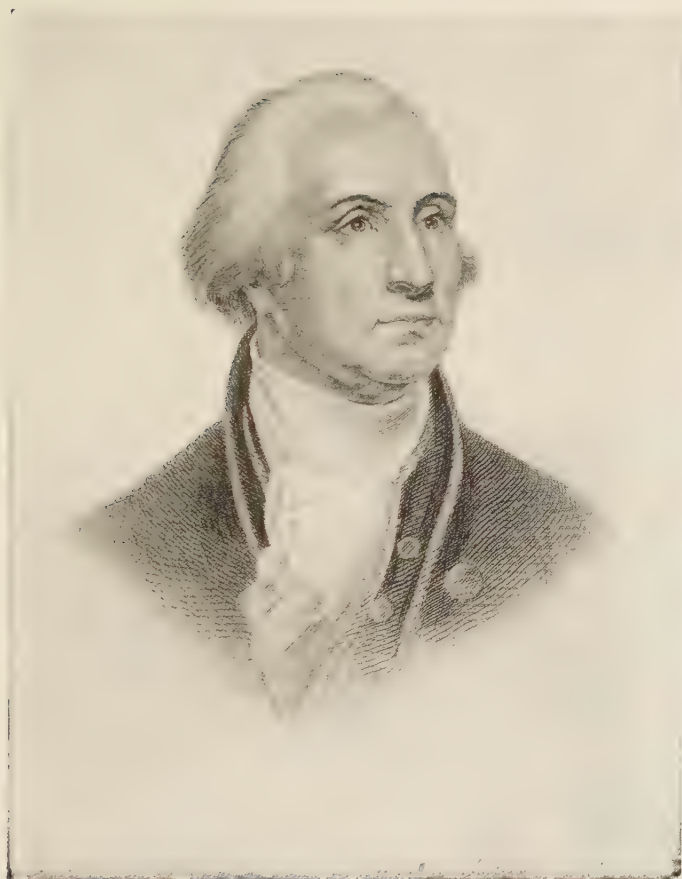
Informed the President of the Senate, and Speaker of the House of Representatives that I had some oral communications to make to Congress when each house had a quorum, and desired to be informed thereof—and of the time and place they would receive them.

Walked round the Battery in the afternoon.

Received a report from the Secretary at War respecting the state of the frontiers and Indian affairs, with other matters which I ordered to be laid before Congress, as part of the papers which will be referred to in my speech to that body.

Tuesday, 5th.

Several Members of Congress called in the forenoon to pay their respects on their arrival in town, but though a



Etched by H. B. Hall from the Painting by Rembrandt Peale.

A FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON

respectable Levee, at the usual hour, three o'clock, the visitors were not numerous.

Wednesday, 6th.

Sat from half after 8 o'clock for the portrait painter, Mr. Savage, to finish the picture of me which he had begun for the University of Cambridge.

In the afternoon walked round the Battery.

Miss Anne Brown stayed here, on a visit to Mrs. Washington, to a family Dinner.

Thursday, 7th.

About one o'clock rec'd a Committee from both Houses of Congress, informing me that each had made a house, and would be ready at any time I would appoint to receive the communications I had to make in the Senate Chamber. Named to-morrow, 11 o'clock, for this purpose.

The following gentlemen dined here, viz: Messrs. Langdon, Wingate, Strong and Few, of the Senate, the Speaker, Genl. Muhlenberg and Scott, of Pennsylvania, Judge Livermore and Foster, of New Hampshire, Aimes and Thatcher and Goodhue of Massachusetts, Mr. Burke, of South Carolina, and Mr. Baldwin, of Georgia.

The Diary of George Washington, from 1789 to 1791, Edited by Benson J. Lossing, p. 65.

The President's "Speech" and a Minor "Message"

Friday, 8th. [January, 1790.]

According to appointment, at 11 o'clock, I set out for the City Hall in my coach, preceded by Colonel Humphreys and Majr. Jackson in uniform, (on my two white horses) and followed by Messer. Lear and Nelson, in my chariot, and Mr. Lewis, on horseback following them. In their rear was the Chief Justice of the United States and Secretary of the Treasury and War Departments, in their respective carriages, and in the order they are named. At the outer door of the hall I was met by the door-keepers of the Senate

and House, and conducted to the door of the Senate Chamber; and passing from thence to the Chair through the Senate on the right, and House of Representatives on the left, I took my seat. The gentlemen who attended me followed and took their stand behind the Senators; the whole rising as I entered. After being seated, at which time the members of both Houses also sat, I rose, (as they also did) and made my speech; delivering one copy to the President of the Senate, and another to the Speaker of the House of Representatives—after which, and being a few moments seated, I retired, bowing on each side to the assembly (who stood) as I passed, and descending to the lower hall, attended as before, I returned with them to my house.

In the evening a *great* number of ladies; and many ladies, and many gentlemen visited Mrs. Washington.

On this occasion I was dressed in a suit of clothes made at the Woolen Manufactory at Hartford, as the buttons also were.

Saturday, 9th.

Exercised with Mrs. Washington and the children in the coach the 14 miles round. In the afternoon walked round the Battery.

Sunday, 10th.

Went to St. Paul's Chapel in the forenoon—wrote private letters in the afternoon for the Southern mail.

Monday, 11th.

Sent my instructions to the Commissioners (appointed to negotiate a Treaty with the Creek Indians) with the report of their proceedings, to the Senate by the Secretary at War, previous to their being laid before them and the other house in their legislative capacities.

Also communicated to both Houses, transcripts of the adoption and ratification of the New Constitution by the State of North Carolina, with copies of the letter from

His Excellency, Saml. Johnson, President of the Convention, enclosing the same. These were sent by my private Secretary, Mr. Lear.

The Diary of George Washington, from 1789 to 1791, Edited by Benson J. Lossing
p. 67.

Exercises, Addresses, Levées and an Aching Tooth

Tuesday, 12th [January, 1790].

Exercised on horseback between 10 and 12—ye riding bad. Previous to this, I sent written messages to both Houses of Congress, informing them that the Secretary at War would lay before them a full and complete statement of the business as it respected the negotiation with the Creek Indians—my instructions to, and the Commissioners' report of their proceedings with those people—the letters and other papers respecting depredations on the western frontiers of Virginia, and District of Kentucky. All of which was for their *full* information, but communicated in confidence, and under injunction that no copies be taken, or communications made of such parts as ought to be kept secret.

About two o'clock a Committee of the Senate waited on me with a copy of their address, in answer to my speech, and requesting to know at what time and place it should be presented, I named my own house, and Thursday next, at 11 o'clock, for the purpose.

Just before the Levee hour, a Committee from the House of Representatives called upon me to know when and where they should deliver their address. I named twelve o'clock on Thursday; but finding it was their wish it should be presented at the Federal Hall, and offering to surrender the Representatives' Chamber for this purpose, by retiring into one of the Committee rooms, and there waiting till I was ready to receive it, I would consider on the place, and let them know my determination before the House should sit to-morrow.

A respectable, though not a full Levee to-day.

Wednesday, 13th.

After duly considering on the place for receiving the address of the House of Representatives, I concluded that it would be best to do it in my own house—first, because it seems most consistent with usage and custom —2d, because there is no third place in the Federal Hall (*prepared*) to which I could call them, and to go into either of the chambers appropriated to the Senate or Representatives, did not appear proper; and 3d, because I had appointed my own house for the Senate to deliver theirs in, and accordingly appointed my own house to receive it.

Thursday, 14th.

At the hours appointed, the Senate and House of Representatives presented their respective addresses—the members of both coming in carriages, and the latter with the Mace preceding the Speaker. The address of the Senate was presented by the Vice-President—and that of the House by the Speaker thereof.

The following gentlemen dined here to-day, viz:

Messrs. Henry and Maclay, of the Senate—and Messrs. Wadsworth, Trumbull, Floyd, Boudinot, Wynkoop, Seney, Page, Lee, and Matthews, of the House of Representatives and Mr. John Trumbull.

Friday, 15th.

Snowing all day—but few ladies and gentlemen as visitors this evening to Mrs. Washington.

Saturday, 16th.

Exercised in the coach with Mrs. Washington and the two children, about 12 o'clock.

Sent the Report of the Post Master General relative to the necessary changes in that office to the Secretary of the Treasury, that it may be laid before Congress—or such parts thereof as may be necessary for their information.

Sunday, 17th.

At home all day—not well.

Monday, 18th.

Still indisposed with an aching tooth, and swelled and inflamed gums.

Tuesday, 19th.

Not much company at the Levee to-day—but the visitors were respectable.

The Diary of George Washington from 1780 to 1791, Edited by Benson J. Lossing, p. 69.

Planning and Discussing a National Capital

Monday, 28th [March, 1791].

Left Bladensburgh at half after six, & breakfasted at George Town about 8; where, having appointed the Commissioners under the Residence Law to meet me, I found Mr. Johnson one of them (& who is Chief Justice of the State) in waiting & soon after came in David Stuart, & Danl. Carroll Esqrs. the other two. A few miles out of Town I was met by the principal Citizens of the place and escorted in by them; and dined at Sutor's tavern (where I also lodged) at a public dinner given by the Mayor & Corporation previous to which I examined the Surveys of Mr. Ellicot who had been sent to lay out the district of ten miles square for the federal seat; and also the works of Majr. L'Enfant who had been engaged to examine & make a draught of the grds. in the vicinity of George Town and Carrollsburg on the Eastern branch making arrangements for examining the ground myself to morrow with the Commissioners.

Tuesday, 29th.

In a thick mist, and under strong appearances of settled rain (which however did not happen) I set out about seven o'clock, for the purpose above mentioned—

but from the unfavorableness of the day, I derived no great satisfaction from the review.

Finding the interests of the Landholders about Georgetown and those about Carrollsburgh much at variance and that their fears and jealousies of each were counteracting the public purposes & might prove injurious to its best interests whilst if properly managed they might be made to subserve it—I requested them to meet me at six o'clock this afternoon at my lodgings which they accordingly did.

To this meeting I represented that the contention in which they seemed to be engaged, did not in my opinion comport either with the public interest or that of their own;—that while each party was aiming to obtain the public buildings, they might by placing the matter on a contracted scale, defeat the measure altogether; not only by procrastination but for want of the means necessary to effect the work;—That neither the offer from Georgetown or Carrollsburgh, separately, was adequate to the end of insuring the object.—That both together did not comprehend more ground nor would afford greater means than was required for the federal City;—and that, instead of contending which of the two should have it they had better, by combining more offers make a common cause of it, and thereby secure it to the district—other arguments were used to show the danger which might result from delay and the good effects that might proceed from a Union.

Dined at Col. Forrest's to day with the Commissioners & others.

Wednesday, 30th.

The parties to whom I addressed myself yesterday evening, having taken the matter into consideration saw the propriety of my observations; and that whilst they were contending for the shadow they might loose the substance; and therefore mutually agreed and entered into articles to surrender for public purposes, one half of the land

they severally possessed within bounds which were designated as necessary for the City to stand with some other stipulations, which were inserted in the instrument which they respectively subscribed.

This business being thus happily finished and some directions given to the Commissioners, the Surveyor and Engineer with respect to the mode of laying out the district—Surveying the grounds for the City & forming them into lots—I left Georgetown—dined in Alexandria & reached Mount Vernon in the evening.

The Diary of George Washington, from 1789 to 1791, Edited by Benson J. Lossing, p. 158.

Resting on Southern Tour at Mount Vernon

Thursday, 31st, [March, 1791].

From this time, until the 7th of April, I remained at Mount Vernon—visiting my Plantations every day.—and was obliged also, consequence of Colo. Henry Lee's declining to accept the command of one of the Regiments of Levies and the request of the Secretary at War to appoint those officers which had been left to Colo. Lee to do for a Battalion to be raised in Virginia East of the Alligany Mountains to delay my journey on this account—and after all, to commit the business as will appear by the letters & for the reasons there mentioned to Colo. Darke's management.

From hence I also wrote letters to the Secretaries of State,—Treasury and War, in answer to those received on interesting subjects desiring in case of important occurrences they would hold a consultation and if they were of such a nature as to make my return necessary to give me notice & I would return immediately. My Rout was given them & the time I should be at the particular places therein mentioned.

Thursday, 7 April.

Recommenced my journey with Horses apparently much refreshed and in good spirits.

In attempting to cross the ferry at Colchester with the four Horses hitched to the Chariot by the neglect of the person who stood before them, one of the leaders got overboard when the boat was in swimming water and 50 yards from the shore—with much difficulty he escaped drowning before he could be disengaged—His struggling frightened the others in such a manner that one after another and in quick succession they all got overboard harnessed & fastened as they were and with the utmost difficulty they were saved & the Carriage escaped being dragged after them, as the whole of it happened in swimming water & at a distance from shore—Providentially—indeed miraculously—by the exertions of people who went off in Boats & jumped into the River as soon as the Batteau was forced into wading water—no damage was sustained by the horses, Carriage or harness.

Proceeded to Dumfries where I dined—after which I visited & drank Tea with my Niece Mrs. Thos. Lee.

Friday, 8th.

Set out about 6 o'clock—breakfasted at Stafford Court House—dined and lodged at my Sister Lewis's in Fred-
ericksburgh.

Saturday, 9th.

Dined at an entertainment given by the Citizens of the town.—Received and answered an address from the Corporation.

Was informed by Mr. Jno. Lewis, who had, not long since been in Richmond that Mr. Patrick Henry had avowed his interest in the Yazoo Company; and made him a tender of admission into it which he declined—but asking if the Company did not expect the Settlement of the lands would be disagreeable to the Indians was answered by Mr. Henry that the Co. intended to apply to Congress for protection—which, if not granted they would have recourse to their own means to protect the settlement—That General

Scott had a certain quantity of land (I think 40,000 acres) in the Company's grant & was to have the command of the force which was to make the establishment and moreover that General Muhlenburg had offered £1000 for a certain part of the grant-- the quantity I do not recollect if it was mentioned to me.

The Diary of George Washington, from 1789 to 1791, Edited by Benson J. Lossing, p. 161.

" A Long Journey over the Devil's Own Roads "

The coachman, John Fagan, by birth a Hessian, was tall and burly in person, and an accomplished coachman in every respect. He understood the mechanism of a carriage, and could take to pieces and put together again all the parts, should he meet with any accident on his road. He drove for the President throughout his whole tour of the then Southern States, from Mount Vernon to Savannah, and by Augusta and the interior of South and North Carolina, in the white chariot built by Clarke, of Philadelphia, without the slightest accident or misfortune happening in so long a journey.

On the President's return Clarke was in attendance to learn the success of what he deemed his masterpiece of coach-making. No sooner had the horses stopped at the door of the presidential mansion than the anxious coach-maker was under the body of the white chariot, examining everything with a careful and critical eye, till Fagan shouted from the box,

" All right, Mr. Clarke; all right, sir; not a bolt or screw started in a long journey and over the devil's own roads. "

The delighted mechanic now found his hand grasped in that of the President, who complimented him upon his workmanship, assuring him that it had been sufficiently tested in a great variety of very bad roads. Clarke, the happiest of men, repaired to his shop, in Sixth street, where he informed the people of the success of the white chariot,

the account of which he had received from the President's own lips, when the day ended in a jollification at the coachmaker's.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, P. 425.

The Gallant "Ladies' Man"

At his wife's receptions . . . Washington did not view himself as host, and "conversed without restraint, generally with women, who rarely had other opportunity of seeing him," which perhaps accounts for the statement of another eye-witness that Washington "looked very much more at ease than at his own official levees." Sullivan adds that "the young ladies used to throng around him, and engaged him in conversation. There were some of the well-remembered belles of the day who imagined themselves to be favorites with him. As these were the only opportunities which they had for conversing with him, they were disposed to use them." In his Southern trip of 1791 Washington noted, with evident pleasure, that he "was visited about 2 o'clock, by a great number of the most respectable ladies of Charleston—the first honor of the kind I had ever experienced and it was flattering as it was singular." And that this attention was not merely the respect due to a great man is shown in the letter of a Virginian woman, who wrote to her correspondent in 1777, that when "General Washington throws off the Hero and takes up the chatty agreeable Companion—he can be down right impudent sometimes—such impudence, Fanny, as you and I like."

Another feminine compliment paid him was a highly laudatory poem which was enclosed to him, with a letter begging forgiveness, to which he playfully answered,—

"You apply to me, my dear Madam, for absolution as tho' I was your father Confessor; and as tho' you had committed a crime, great in itself, yet of the venial class. You have reason good—for I find myself strangely disposed

to be a very indulgent ghostly adviser on this occasion; and, notwithstanding 'you are the most offending Soul alive' (that is, if it is a crime to write elegant Poetry) yet if you will come and dine with me on Thursday, and go thro' the proper course of penitence which shall be prescribed I will strive hard to assist you in expiating these poetical trespasses on this side of purgatory. Nay more, if it rests with me to direct your future lucubrations, I shall certainly urge you to a repetition of the same conduct, on purpose to shew what an admirable knack you have at confession and reformation; and so without more hesitation, I shall venture to command the muse, not to be restrained by ill-grounded timidity, but to go on and prosper. You see, Madam, when once the woman has tempted us, and we have tasted the forbidden fruit, there is no such thing as checking our appetites, whatever the consequences may be. You will, I dare say, recognize our being the genuine Descendants of those who are reputed to be our great Progenitors."

The True George Washington, Paul Leicester Ford, p. 100.

"Gentlemen, We Are Punctual Here"

Washington accomplished the most part of his great works with apparent ease, by a rigid observance of punctuality. It is known that whenever he assigned to meet Congress at noon, he never failed to be passing the door when the clock struck twelve.

His dining hour was at four, when he always sat down to his table, allowing only five minutes for the variation of timepieces, whether his guests were present or not. It was frequently the case with new members of Congress, that they did not arrive until dinner was nearly half over; and he would remark:

"Gentlemen, we are punctual here; my cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but whether the hour has."

Entertaining Anecdotes of Washington (Boston, 1833), p. 93.

“Hearty Fits of Laughter”

More than one instance is told of Washington being surprised into hearty fits of laughter, even during the war. We have recorded one caused by the sudden appearance of old General Putnam on horseback, with a female prisoner *en croupe*. The following is another which occurred at the camp at Morristown. Washington had purchased a young horse of great spirit and power. A braggadocio of the army, vain of his horsemanship, asked the privilege of breaking it. Washington gave his consent, and with some of his officers attended to see the horse receive his first lesson. After much preparation, the pretender to equitation mounted into the saddle and was making a great display of his science, when the horse suddenly planted his forefeet, threw up his heels, and gave the unlucky Gambado a somersault over his head. Washington, a thorough horseman, and quick to perceive the ludicrous in these matters, was so convulsed with laughter that we are told the tears ran down his cheeks.

Still another instance is given, which occurred at the return of peace, when he was sailing in a boat on the Hudson, and was so overcome by the drollery of a story told by Major Fairlie of New York, of facetious memory, that he fell back in the boat in a paroxysm of laughter.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. IV, p. 539.

Leading Events, 1786 to 1790.

Shays's Rebellion in Western Massachusetts	1786
Convention meets and frames the Constitution	1787
States adopt the Constitution	1788
Settlement of Cincinnati	1788
Washington elected President	1789
First inauguration, in New York City April 30,	1789
United States Government organized	1789
First Census of the United States	1790
Removal of National Capital to Philadelphia	1790

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL REMOVED TO PHILADELPHIA

Removing to Philadelphia

“PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 5th. 1790.

“*Dear Sir,*

“After a pleasant journey we arrived in this city about 2 o'clock on Thursday last. Tomorrow we proceed (if Mrs. Washington's health will permit, for she had been much indisposed since she came here) towards Mount Vernon.

“The house of Mr. R. Morris had, previous to my arrival, been taken by the Corporation for my residence. It is the best they could get. It is, I believe, the best *Single house* in the City; yet without additions, it is inadequate to the *commodious* accommodation of my family. These, I believe will be made.

“The first floor contains only two public Rooms (except one for the *upper* Servants). The second floor will have two public (drawing) Rooms & with the aid of one Room with the partition in it, in the back building will be sufficient for the accommodation of Mrs. Washington & the children & their maids—besides affording me a small place for a private study and dressing room. The third story* will furnish you and Mrs. Lear with a good lodging Room,—a public office (for there is no place below for one) and two Rooms for the Gentlemen of the family. The Garret has four good Rooms which must serve Mr. and Mrs. Hyde (unless they should prefer the Room over the Wash house), William—and such servants as it may not be better to place in the addition (as proposed) to the back building. There is a room over the Stable (without a fireplace, but by means of a Stove) may serve the Coachman and Postillions and

there is the smoke house, which possibly may be more useful to me for the accommodation of servants, than for smoking of meat. The intention of the addition to the back Building is to provide a Servant's Hall, and one or two (as it will afford) lodging Rooms for the Servants, especially those who are coupled. There is a very good Wash house adjoining the Kitchen (under one of the Rooms already mentioned). There are good Stables, but for 12 horses only, and a Coach house which will hold all my carriages.

"The pressure of business under which I laboured for several days before I left New York, allowed me no time to enquire who of the female servants it was proposed or thought advisable to remove here, besides the wives of the footmen,—namely, James and Fidas. The Washerwomen, I believe, are good, but as they or one of them at least, has a family of children—quere, whether it is necessary to incumber the march,—and the family afterwards with them? I neither contradict or advise the measure—your own judgment, and the circumstances of the case must decide the point:—but unless there is better reason than I am acquainted with for bringing Mrs. Lewis, her daughter and their families along, they had better, I should conceive be left:—but as I never investigated the subject, I will give no decisive opinion thereon.

"As I have got to the end of the paper and am tired, I shall only add that your letter of the 3d. with its enclosures came safe—and that Mrs. Washington joins me in best wishes for Mrs. Lear and yourself. I am sincerely & affectionately—

"Yrs.

"P. S.

"In a fortnight or 20 days from this time, it is expected Mr. Morris will have removed out of the house. It is proposed to add bow windows to the two public Rooms in the South front of the house, but as all the other apartments will be close and secure the sooner after that time you

can be in the house, with the furniture, the better, that you may be well fixed and see how matters go on during my absence.

“MR. LEAR.”

Letters and Recollections of George Washington, Tobias Lear, p. 3.

The Pagoda, Lustre, Franklin Stoves, Chariot and Mangle

“MOUNT VERNON, Sept. 27th. 1790.”

“Dear Sir,

“Since my last to you (the date I do not recollect, keeping no copies of my letters to you) I have recd. yours of the 17th. & 20th. Inst. and shall answer such parts of them as require it.

“I am glad to find that the house according to Mr. Morris’s notification to you will be ready about the time you had made arrangements for the removal of my furniture, the mode of doing which, is, I am persuaded, the cheapest and best. How have you disposed (for safety) of the Pagoda? It is a delicate piece of stuff and will require to be tenderly handled.

“I expected that Mr. Macomb, if he found that no other person was disposed to take the house off my hands, would endeavor to impose his own terms; and allowing me only £100 for seven months use of it, when the rent (independent of the houses I put on the lots) is £400, is a pretty strong evidence of it. And if you do not take some measures to see what can be had for the Wash house and Stable, he will impose his own terms there also. But after all, we are in his power, and he must do as he pleases with us.

“As the Lustre is paid for & securely packed up and may suit the largest drawing Room at Mr. Morris’s, I do not incline to part with it; the Franklin Stoves and other fixtures, if they cannot be disposed of without loss, must be brought round with the other furniture: we may find use for them. Such things as are freighted in the common way (if the vessel

you desired Colo. Biddle to procure is unable to carry the whole) had better be of the kinds which require least care.

"The sale of the old Charriot was proper, for although the price is small it will be so much saved for the public. If much worn or lumbering articles could be disposed of to any tolerable amount, might it not be better to sell them at New York & buy (if necessary) new ones at Philadelphia, than to pay freight for them round?

"Mrs. Morris has a mangle (I think they are called) for Ironing of Clothes, which, as it is fixed in the place where it is commonly used, she proposed to leave and take mine. To this I have no objection provided mine is *equally* good and convenient; but if I should obtain any advantage, besides that of its being up, and ready for use, I am not inclined to receive it.

"Mrs. Washington and all of this family unite in best wishes for you and Mrs. Lear, and I am your sincere friend and
"Affectionate Servant,"

[G. WASHINGTON.]

Letters and Recollections of George Washington, Tobias Lear, p. 13.

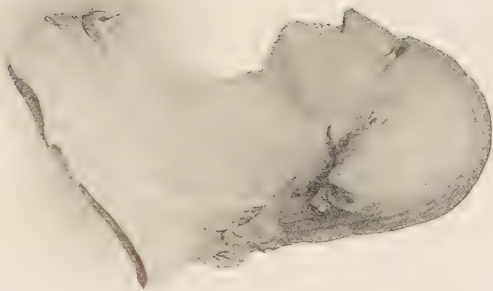
Rather "Plain and Elegant" than "Rich and Elegant"

Congress reassembled, according to adjournment, on the first Monday in December, at Philadelphia, which was now, for a time, the seat of government. A house belonging to Mr. Robert Morris, the financier, had been hired by Washington for his residence, and at his request, had undergone additions and alterations "in a plain and neat, and not by any means in an extravagant style."

His secretary, Mr. Lear, had made every preparation for his arrival and accommodation, and, among other things, had spoken of the rich and elegant style in which the state carriage was fitted up.

"I had rather have heard," replied Washington, "that my repaired coach was plain and elegant than rich and elegant."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 114.



By Houdon



By Ceracchi

TWO BUSTS OF WASHINGTON

Secretary Humphreys' Poetic License

"The President's mansion was so limited in accommodation that three of his secretaries were compelled to occupy one room—Humphreys, Lewis, and Nelson. . . . About this time Humphreys was composing his 'Widow of Malabar.' Lewis and Nelson, both young men, were content, after the labors of the day, to enjoy a good night's repose. But this was often denied them; for Humphreys, when in the vein, would rise from his bed at any hour, and with stentorian voice, recite his verses. The young men, roused from their slumbers, and rubbing their eyes, beheld a great, burly figure, *en chemise*, striding across the floor, reciting with great emphasis, particular passages from his poem, and calling on his room-mates for their approbation. Having in this way, for a considerable time, 'murdered the sleep' of his associates, Humphreys, at length, wearied by his exertions, would sink upon his pillow in a kind of dreamy languor. So sadly were the young secretaries annoyed by the frequent outbursts of the poet's imagination, that it was remarked of them that to the end of their lives . . . they were never known to evince the slightest taste for poetry."

Quoted from *The National Intelligencer* in *The Pictorial Life of General Washington*, J. Frost, LL.D., p. 509.

Lafayette Presents the Key of the Bastile

In concluding his letter, he writes: "Permit me, my dear General, to offer you a picture of the Bastile, such as it was some days after I had given orders for its demolition. I make you homage, also, of the principal key of this fortress of despotism. It is a tribute which I owe you, as son to my adopted father, as *aide-de-camp* to my general, as missionary of liberty to its patriarch."

Thomas Paine was to have been the bearer of this key, but he forwarded it to Washington from London. "I feel myself happy," writes he, "in being the person through whom the marquis has conveyed this early trophy of the

spoils of despotism, and the first ripe fruits of American principles, transplanted into Europe, to his great master and patron. That the principles of America opened the Bastile is not to be doubted, and, therefore, the key comes to the right place."

Washington received the key with reverence, as "a token of the victory gained by liberty over despotism"; and it is still preserved at Mount Vernon, as a precious historical relic.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 106.

The First Division into Parties

About this time Washington received a unique present—the key of the Bastile—from his old associate Lafayette, who was at that time the most prominent figure in the French Revolution, that political change not having yet excited the ambitions of aspiring thieves and murderers. The first President of the American republic had every reason to sympathize with his ally of a few years before, and wrote many letters filled with expressions of hope and cheer. The more noisy class, however, of American sympathizers with the French republicans was led by Jefferson, who, with all his ability, never could distinguish between abstract theories and the men who professed them, so the struggle in France provoked a steady struggle at the American capital, which at the end of 1790, was no longer New York, but Philadelphia. Both cities were gainers by the change; the Quaker city had the satisfaction of having the national government within its own geographical limits, and New York could cease to devote its entire attention to political rumors.

The first year in Philadelphia was marked by the division of the people into parties, not on any grounds of necessity, but because two members of the cabinet—Hamilton and Jefferson—distrusted each other. These wise men—for wise they certainly were in many things—were almost evenly balanced in idiocy about things that

they did not understand. Hamilton urged the establishment of a national bank; that was enough to make Jefferson the violent enemy of banks of all kinds, although he was utterly ignorant of the principles of finance and always remained so until he made Albert Gallatin the custodian of his conscience so far as it affected Treasury affairs. Jefferson also continued to insist that Hamilton was one of a party that wanted to establish a monarchy—a fancy the source of which no one has ever been able to find in any manner creditable to Jefferson's sense. Hamilton's suspicions consisted principally in imagining that Jefferson was a dangerous man, and as he himself had been a soldier and was afraid of nobody, he never lost a chance to strike back at the Secretary of State. The first followers the combatants obtained were from the Cabinet itself, Randolph uniformly siding with Jefferson, and Knox with Hamilton, both Randolph and Knox being far more ignorant than their principals about the points over which disputes occurred. Then members of Congress began to take sides, the people of Philadelphia followed, and the general public came later into a battle that was utterly unnecessary but nevertheless full of fun for the mass of the people, who had nothing to lose and could spare unlimited quantities of talk, which was the only ammunition called for. The rise of parties meant merely the fall of man and parties continue to exist because when man falls on account of an overload of prejudices, he finds it hard work to get up again.

Fortunately the Cabinet discussions were not all on politics. The Indians were troublesome on the border, as Indians always will be when swindled and abused by traders and land-grabbers, and expeditions sent against them had cost much money and many men and brought nothing but disaster. Congressmen, too, had learned the art of fighting viciously, and the rival political newspapers of the capital never let the truth stand in the way of a cutting paragraph, so Jefferson and Hamilton did not monopolize the fighting.

The Discharging of Reuben Rouzy and His Debt

One Reuben Rouzy, of Virginia, owed the great general about 1,000 pounds. While President of the United States, one of his agents brought an action for the money; judgment was obtained, and execution issued against the body of the defendant, who was taken to jail. He had a considerable landed estate, but this kind of property cannot be sold in Virginia for debts, unless at the discretion of the person. He had a large family, and for the sake of his children preferred lying in jail to selling his land.

A friend hinted to him that probably General Washington did not know anything of the proceedings and it might be well to send him a petition, with a statement of the circumstances. He did so; and the very next post from Philadelphia, after the arrival of the petition in that city, brought him an order for his immediate release, together with a full discharge, and a severe reprimand to the agent for having acted in such a manner.

Poor Rouzy was in consequence restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without presenting prayers to Heaven for their "beloved Washington." Providence smiled upon the labors of the grateful family, and in a few years Rouzy enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being able to lay the 1,000 pounds at the feet of the truly great man. Washington reminded him that the debt was discharged. Rouzy replied that the debt of the family to the Father of his Country and preserver of their parent could never be discharged; and the General, to avoid the pleasing importunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money,—only, however, to divide it among Rouzy's children, which he immediately did.

Entertaining Anecdotes of Washington (Boston, 1833), p. 89.

"His Horse Levées"

I asked Mr. Gray if he remembered the Custis children. "Yes," he said; "I often saw them at the windows, or driving out with Mrs. Washington in her English coach."

They did not seem to have left a very vivid and human impression on his memory. With their fine clothes and company manners, with their attendants, tutors, dancing and music masters, they must have seemed very strange, inaccessible, and unenviable little personages to all the happy, free-and-easy children of the neighborhood.

"Do you remember Washington's *levées* and Mrs. Washington's drawing-rooms?" I asked.

"Yes, I remember hearing *about* them. All the evening parties were over by nine o'clock, and the President's house was dark and silent by ten. They were great affairs, but I was too young to know much about them. I attended his *horse-levées*. I was very fond of visiting his stables, early in the morning, at the hour when he always went to inspect them. I liked to see him at that work, for he seemed to enjoy it himself. Like General Grant, he was a great lover of horses. I can almost think I see him now, come striding out from his house across the yard to the stables, booted and spurred, but bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves."

"Washington in his shirt-sleeves!"

"Yes, madam; but he was always Washington. The grooms stood aside, silent and respectful, while he examined every stall and manger, and regularly went over every horse—I mean, he passed over a portion of its coat his large white hand, always looking to see if it was soiled, or if any loose hairs had come off on it. If so, the groom was reprimanded and ordered to do his work over. Generally, however, Washington would say: 'Very well. Now, John, get out Prescott and Jackson' (his white chargers). 'I'll be ready by the time you come round.' "

"Did he ride at so early an hour?"

"Yes; generally between five and six of a pleasant morning he was off; and he almost always rode up to Point-no-Point, on the Delaware, a little way above Richmond. He was a fine horseman, and, being a long-bodied man, looked grandly on horseback. It was a sight worth getting up early to see."

"Such an Example of Luxury and Extravagance!"

We have mentioned Sam. Fraunces, the President's steward. He was a rare Whig in the Revolutionary day, and attached no little importance to his person and character, from the circumstance that the memorable parting of the commander-in-chief with his old and long endeared companions-in-arms had taken place at his tavern in New York.

The steward was a man of talent and considerable taste in the line of his profession, but was at the same time ambitious, fond of display, and regardless of expense. This produced continued difficulties between the President and certainly one of the most devotedly attached to him of all his household.

The expenses of the presidential mansion were settled weekly; and, upon the bills being presented, the President would rate his steward soundly upon his expensiveness, saying that, while he wished to live conformably to his high station, liberally, nay handsomely, he abhorred waste and extravagance, and insisted that his household should be conducted with due regard to economy and usefulness.

Fraunces would promise amendment, and the next week the same scene would be re-enacted in all its parts, the steward retiring in tears, and exclaiming, "Well, he may discharge me; he may kill me if he will; but while he is President of the United States, and I have the honor to be his steward, his establishment shall be supplied with the very best of everything that the whole country can afford."

Washington was remarkably fond of fish. It was the habit for New England ladies frequently to prepare the codfish in a very nice manner, and send it enveloped in cloths, so as to arrive quite warm for the President's Saturday dinner, he always eating codfish on that day in compliment to his New England recollections.

It happened that a single shad was caught in the Delaware in February, and brought to the Philadelphia market for sale. Fraunces pounced upon it with the speed of an

osprey, regardless of price, but charmed that he had secured a delicacy that, above all others, he knew would be agreeable to the palate of his chief.

When the fish was served, Washington suspected a departure from his orders touching the provisions to be made for his table, and said to Fraunces, who stood at his post at the sideboard:

"What fish is this?"

"A shad, a very fine shad," was the reply; "I knew your excellency was particularly fond of this kind of fish, and was so fortunate as to procure this one in market—a solitary one, and the first of the season."

"The price, sir; the price!" continued Washington, in a stern commanding tone; "the price, sir?"

"Three -three -three dollars," stammered out the conscience-stricken steward.

"Take it away," thundered the chief; "take it away, sir; it shall never be said that my table sets such an example of luxury and extravagance."

Poor Fraunces tremblingly obeyed, and the first shad of the season was removed untouched, to be speedily discussed by the gourmands of the servants' hall.

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, p. 420.

"Here!"

An Englishman in Philadelphia, speaking of the presidency of Washington, was expressing a wish to behold him.

"There he goes!" replied the American, pointing to a tall, erect, dignified personage passing on the other side of the street.

"*That* General Washington!" exclaimed the Englishman; "where is his guard?"

"Here!" exclaimed the American, striking his bosom with emphasis.

Entertaining Anecdotes of Washington (Boston, 1833), p. 127.

Fact, Tact and Fiction

Washington showed that he was becoming an adept in diplomacy when he tendered his friend Patrick Henry a place in the government after assuring himself that the offer would be declined with a profusion of thanks. Then the tactful way he evaded the importunity of a French anarchist, named Volney, was worthy of Franklin or even Lincoln. On several accounts he did not wish to refuse to do a favor for the visiting Frenchman, nor did he care to endorse a red republican with a wholesale introduction. So he wrote on his card, simply:

C. Volney

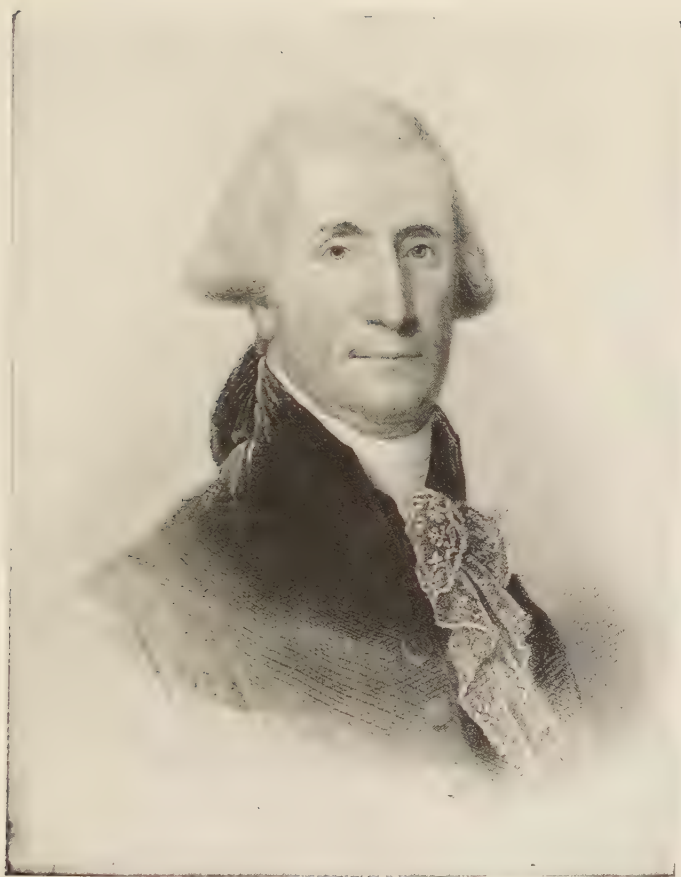
needs no recommendation
from

G^o. Washington

Contrary to the universal notion that practical politics cannot go hand in hand with strict truthfulness, it may be argued that Washington was considered fairly successful in politics. "Parson" Weems is responsible for the general belief that Washington, when a little boy with a little hatchet, "could not tell a lie," but it is asseverated that he overcame this nervous weakness after he became a general and a statesman.

As a general, he proved himself an expert in devising decoys, and ruses which always deceived the British generals, yet when they tried the same tactics with him he saw through them all, so that they managed only to put him on instead of off his guard, and bobbed up, laughing in his sleeve, all ready for them, instead of rushing off in the wrong direction as they had tried to induce him to do.

Washington knew very well that the only way to keep a secret is not to let any one know you have one to keep. In several critical junctures the commander-in-chief did not dare let even his confidential officers know the true state of affairs. Once when he divulged a secret stratagem to a certain colonel who had to be informed in order that he



Engraved by H. B. Hall from the Painting by A. Wertmüller.

AN UNFAMILIAR PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON

might coöperate with the general in its execution, he wrote at the end of his instructions, "For Heaven's sake keep this to yourself; for, if known, it would be fatal to us!"

"All is fair in love and war," and Washington was generally in one or the other—if not both at the same time. Some humorous writers, nowadays, pretend to be shocked because Washington resorted to feints and counterfeits to deceive the enemy, and to diplomatic strategy while President. But it is not widely known that General Washington originated the extravagant joke against the Jersey mosquito. Having his headquarters in New Jersey much of the time, he had excellent opportunities for observing that interesting insect and, one day, he spoke of mosquitoes to an Englishman named Weld, who went home and wrote in his "Travels in America," that "General Washington told me that . . . they used to bite through the thickest boot."

An eminent divine, not seeing the joke, rushed to the rescue with a tarradiddle to save Washington's reputation, stating in another book that "a gentleman of great respectability who was present when General Washington made the observation referred to, told me that he said when describing those mosquitoes to Mr. Weld, that they 'bit through his stockings above the boots.' "

Now, any one who knew about army boots knew that they came far above the stockings, and for a mosquito to bite through them was still more impossible. Washington needed to be defended from his friends, while he was defeating his enemies. His reputation has suffered many things from "gentlemen of great respectability" who never could see through an innocent joke.

W. W.

General St. Clair Made Commander-in-chief

In the course of the present session, Congress received and granted the applications of Kentucky and Vermont for admission into the Union, the former after August, 1792; the latter immediately.

On the 3d of March the term of this first Congress

expired. Washington, after reciting various important measures that had been effected, testified to the great harmony and cordiality which had prevailed. In some few instances, he admitted, particularly in passing the law for higher duties on spirituous liquors, and more especially on the subject of the bank, "the line between the southern and eastern interests had appeared more strongly marked than could be wished," the former against and the latter in favor of those measures, "but the debates," adds he, "were conducted with temper and candor."

As the Indians on the northwest side of the Ohio still continued their hostilities, one of the last measures of Congress had been an act to augment the military establishments, and to place in the hands of the executive more ample means for the protection of the frontiers. A new expedition against the belligerent tribes had, in consequence, been projected. General St. Clair, actually governor of the territory west of the Ohio, was appointed commander-in-chief, of the forces employed.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 120.

Planning and Building "the President's Palace"

While the capital was moved about, Washington gave all the attention he could to planning and building the Federal City. They went to work to erect, first of all, the Capitol and the "President's Palace," as Washington called it. He presided at the laying of the cornerstone of the Mansion, October, 13, 1792, three hundred years, almost to a day, after the discovery of America by Columbus.

There was considerable controversy over this matter. Certain self-appointed "watchdogs of the treasury" claimed that one building would do for both purposes—that the President could live in a wing of the Capitol, or the Houses of Congress could meet in two wings of the "President's Palace." This seems rather ridiculous to us now, but we must bear in mind that the people were few and money was

scarce. New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore were only small towns then; a man with ten thousand dollars was wealthy, and men "worth" one hundred thousand were fewer than multimillionaires to-day. So it was a wonderful thing that, through the great influence of Washington and others, Congress appropriated the then magnificent sum of three hundred thousand dollars for the "palace" alone.

A prize of five hundred dollars had been offered for the best plans for the building. James Hoban, a young Irish architect of Charleston, South Carolina, won this prize, for the design of a palace like the palace of the Duke of Leinster, in Dublin. Hoban was engaged as superintendent of construction, and it took about seven years to get the building ready to live in.

The Story of the White House, Wayne Whipple, p. 14.

How the President Received the News

The President was dining, when an officer arrived from the western army with despatches, his orders requiring that he should deliver them only to the commander-in-chief. The President retired, but soon appeared, bearing in his hand an open letter. No change was perceptible in his countenance, as addressing the company he observed that the army of St. Clair had been surprised by the Indians, and was cut to pieces. The company soon after retired. The President repaired to his private parlor, attended by Mr. Lear, his principal secretary, and a scene ensued of which our pen can give but a feeble description.

The chief paced the room in hurried strides. In his agony, he struck his clenched hands with fearful force against his forehead, and in a paroxysm of anguish exclaimed:

"That brave army, so officered—Butler, Ferguson, Kirkwood—such officers are not to be replaced in a day—that brave army cut to pieces. O God!"

Then turning to the secretary, who stood amazed at a

spectacle so unique, as Washington in all his terrors, he continued:

"It was here, sir, in this very room, that I conversed with St. Clair, on the eve of his departure for the West. I remarked, 'I shall not interfere, General, with the orders of General Knox, and the War Department; they are sufficiently comprehensive and judicious; but, as an old soldier, as one whose early life was particularly engaged in Indian warfare, I feel myself competent to counsel; General St. Clair, in three words, beware of surprise; trust not the Indian, leave not your arms for a moment; and when you halt for the night, be sure to fortify your camp—again and again, General, *beware of surprise!*' And yet that brave army surprised, and cut to pieces, with Butler and a host of others slain, O God!"

Here the struggle ended, as with mighty efforts the hero chained down the rebellious giant of passion, and Washington became "himself again." In a subdued tone of voice, he proceeded: "But he shall have justice done; yes, long, faithful, and meritorious services have their claims. I repeat—he shall have justice."

Thus concluded a scene as remarkable as rare. It served to display this great man as nature had made him, with passions fierce and impetuous, which, like the tornado of the tropics, would burst for a while in awful grandeur, and then show, in higher relief, a serene and brilliant sky.

The first interview of the President with St. Clair, after the fatal fourth of November, was nobly impressive. The unfortunate general, worn down by age, disease and the hardship of a frontier campaign, assailed by the press, and with the current of popular opinion setting hard against him, repaired to his chief, as to a shelter from the fury of so many elements. Washington extended his hand to one who appeared in no new character; for, during the whole of a long life, misfortune seemed to have "marked him for her own." Poor old St. Clair hobbled up to his chief,

seized the offered hand in both of his, and gave vent to his feelings in an audible manner. He was subsequently tried by a commission of government, and proved to have been *unfortunate*.

In the Alexandria Gazette, George Washington Parke Custis, July 12, 1827.

The Same Scene Described Thirty Years Later

Towards the close of a winter's day in 1791, an officer in uniform was seen to dismount in front of the President's in Philadelphia, and, giving the bridle to his servant, knock at the door of his mansion. Learning from the porter that the President was at dinner, he said he was on public business and had despatches for the President. A servant was sent into the dining-room to give the information to Mr. Lear, who left the table and went into the hall where the officer repeated what he had said. Mr. Lear replied that, as the President's secretary, he would take charge of the despatches and deliver them at the proper time. The officer made answer that he had just arrived from the western army, and his orders were to deliver them with all promptitude, and to the President in person; but that he would wait his directions. Mr. Lear returned, and in a whisper imparted to the President what had passed. General Washington rose from the table, and went to the officer. He was back in a short time, made a word of apology for his absence, but no allusion to the cause of it. He had company that day. Everything went on as usual. Dinner over, the gentlemen passed to the drawing-room of Mrs. Washington, which was open in the evening. The General spoke courteously to every lady in the room, as was his custom. His hours were early, and by ten o'clock all the company had gone. Mrs. Washington and Mr. Lear remained. Soon Mrs. Washington left the room.

The General now walked backward and forward slowly for some minutes without speaking. Then he sat down on a sofa by the fire, telling Mr. Lear to sit down. To this

moment there had been no change in his manner since his interruption at table. Mr. Lear now perceived emotion. This rising in him, he broke out suddenly, "It's all over—St. Clair's defeated—routed; the officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale; the rout complete—too shocking to think of—and a surprise into the bargain!"

He uttered all this with great vehemence. Then he paused, got up from the sofa, and walked about the room several times, agitated but saying nothing. Near the door he stopped short and stood still a few seconds, when his wrath became terrible.

"Yes" he burst forth, "here on this very spot, I took leave of him; I wished him success and honor; 'you have your instructions,' I said, 'from the Secretary of War, I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word,—Beware of a surprise! I repeat it, BEWARE OF A SURPRISE—you know how the Indians fight us.' He went off with that as my last solemn warning thrown into his ears. And yet! to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hack'd, butchered, tomahawk'd by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against! O God, O God, he's worse than a murderer! how can he answer it to his country; —the blood of the slain is upon him—the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of Heaven!"

This torrent came out in tones appalling. His very frame shook. 'It was awful!' said Mr. Lear. 'More than once he threw his hands up as he hurled imprecations upon St. Clair.' Mr. Lear remained speechless, awed into breathless silence.

The roused chief sat down on the sofa once more. He seemed conscious of his passion, and uncomfortable. He was silent. His warmth beginning to subside, he at length said in an altered voice: "This must not go beyond this room." Another pause followed—a longer one—when he said in a tone quite low, "General St. Clair shall have justice; I looked hastily through the despatches, saw the

whole disaster but not all the particulars; I will receive him without displeasure; I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have full justice."

He was now, said Mr. Lear, perfectly calm. Half an hour had gone by. The storm was over; and no sign of it was afterwards seen in his conduct or heard in his conversation. The result is known. The whole case was investigated by Congress. St. Clair was exculpated and regained the confidence Washington had in him when appointing him to that command. He had put himself into the thickest of the fight and escaped unhurt, though so ill as to be carried on a litter, and unable to mount his horse without help.

Washington in Domestic Life, Richard Rush, (1857) p. 65.

CHAPTER XXXIV

HIS SECOND TERM

After a Long and Painful Conflict of Feelings

It was after a long and painful conflict of feelings that Washington consented to be a candidate for re-election. There was no opposition on the part of the public, and the vote for him in the electoral college was unanimous. In a letter to a friend, he declared himself gratefully impressed by so distinguished and honorable a testimony of public approbation and confidence. In truth he had been apprehensive of being elected by but a meager majority, which he acknowledged would have been a matter of chagrin.

George Clinton, of New York, was held up for the vice-presidency, in opposition to John Adams; but the latter was re-elected by a majority of twenty-seven electoral votes.

But though gratified to find that the hearts of his countrymen were still with him, it was with no emotion of pleasure that Washington looked forward to another term of public duty, and a prolonged absence from the quiet retirement of Mount Vernon.

On his birthday (Feb. 22) many of the members of Congress were desirous of waiting on him in testimony of respect as chief magistrate of the Union, and a motion was made to adjourn for half an hour for the purpose. It met with serious opposition as a species of homage—it was setting up an idol dangerous to liberty—it had a bias toward monarchy!

To guide him on the coming occasion, Washington called the heads of departments together, and desired they would consult with one another, and agree on any

changes they might consider for the better, assuring them he would willingly conform to whatever they should advise.

They held such consultation, and ultimately gave their individual opinions in writing, with regard to the time, manner and place of the President's taking the oath of office. As they were divided in opinion, and gave no positive advice as to any change, no change was made. On the 4th of March, the oath was publicly administered to Washington by Mr. Justice Cushing, in the Senate Chamber, in the presence of the heads of departments, foreign ministers, such members of the House of Representatives as were in town, and as many spectators as could be accommodated.

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 179.

From Washington's Second Inaugural

*(Delivered in the Senate Chamber, Philadelphia,
March 4, 1793.)*

"Fellow-Citizens:

"I am again called upon, by the voice of my country, to execute the functions of its chief magistrate. When the occasion proper for it shall arrive, I shall endeavor to express the high sense I entertain of this distinguished honor, and of the confidence which has been reposed in me by the people of United America. Previous to the execution of any official act of the President, the Constitution requires an oath of office. This oath I am now about to take and in your presence; that, if it shall be found during my administration of the government, I have in any instance violated willingly or knowingly the injunction thereof, I may, besides incurring constitutional punishment, be subject to the upbraiding of all who are now witnesses of the present solemn ceremony."

Writings of Washington, Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph. D., p. 350.

Reading His Opening Address to Congress

Of the awe and reverence which the presence of Washington inspired we have many records. "I stood," says one writer, "before the door of the Hall of Congress in Philadelphia when the carriage of the President drew up. It was a white coach, or rather of a light cream color, painted on the panels with beautiful groups representing the four seasons. As Washington alighted and ascending the steps, paused on the platform, he was preceded by two gentlemen bearing large white wands, who kept back the eager crowd that pressed on every side. At that moment I stood so near I might have touched his clothes; but I should as soon have thought of touching an electric battery. I was penetrated with deepest awe. Nor was this the feeling of the schoolboy I then was. It pervaded, I believe, every human being that approached Washington; and I have been told that even in his social hours, this feeling in those who shared them never suffered intermission. I saw him a hundred times afterward, but never with any other than the same feeling. The Almighty, who raised up for our hour of need a man so peculiarly prepared for its whole dread responsibility, seems to have put a stamp of sacredness upon his instrument. The first sight of the man struck the eye with involuntary homage and prepared everything around him to obey.

"At the time I speak of he stood in profound silence and had the statue-like air which mental greatness alone can bestow. As he turned to enter the building, and was ascending the staircase to the Congressional hall, I glided along unseen, almost under the cover of the skirts of his dress, and entered into the lobby of the House which was in session to receive him.

"At Washington's entrance there was a profound silence. House, lobbies, gallery, all were wrapped in deepest attention. And the souls of the entire assemblage seemed peering from their eyes as the noble figure deliberately and unaffectedly

advanced up the broad aisle of the hall between ranks of standing senators and members, and slowly ascended the steps leading to the speaker's chair.

"The President having seated himself remained in silence, and the members took their seats, waiting for the speech. No house of worship was ever more profoundly still than that large and crowded chamber.

"Washington was dressed precisely as Stuart has painted him in full-length portrait in a full suit of the richest black velvet, with diamond knee-buckles and square silver buckles set upon shoes japanned with most scrupulous neatness; black silk stockings, his shirt ruffled at the breast and waist, a light dress sword, his hair profusely powdered, fully dressed so as to project at the sides, and gathered behind in a silk bag ornamented with a large rose of black ribbon. He held his cocked hat, which had a large black cockade on one side of it, in his hand, as he advanced toward the chair, and when seated, laid it on the table.

"At length, thrusting his hand within the side of his coat, he drew forth a roll of manuscript which he opened, and rising, read in a rich, deep, full, sonorous voice his opening address to Congress. His enunciation was deliberate, justly emphasized, very distinct, and accompanied with an air of deep solemnity as being the utterance of a mind conscious of the whole responsibility of its position, but not oppressed by it. There was ever about the man something which impressed one with the conviction that he was exactly and fully equal to what he had to do. He was never hurried; never negligent; but seemed ever prepared for the occasion, be it what it might. In his study, in his parlor, at a *levée*, before Congress, at the head of the army, he seemed ever to be just what the situation required. He possessed, in a degree never equaled by any human being I ever saw, the strongest, most ever-present sense of propriety."

**"The Proceedings of a Person Unfortunately Minister
Plenipotentiary"**

In a message to both Houses, on the 5th of December, concerning foreign relations, Washington spoke feelingly with regard to those with the representative and executive bodies in France: "It is with extreme concern that I have to inform you that the proceedings of a person whom they have unfortunately appointed their minister plenipotentiary here, have breathed nothing of the friendly spirit of the nation which sent him; their tendency, on the contrary, has been to involve us in war abroad, and discord and anarchy at home. So far as his acts, or those of his agents, have threatened our immediate commitment in the war, or flagrant insult to the authority of the laws, their effect has been counteracted by the ordinary cognizance of the laws, and by an exertion of the powers confided to me. Where their danger was not imminent, they have been borne with, from sentiments of regard for his nation; from a sense of their friendship toward us; from a conviction, that they would not suffer us to remain long exposed to the action of a person, who has so little respected our mutual dispositions; and, I will add, from a reliance on the firmness of our fellow-citizens in their principles of peace and order."

John Adams, speaking of this passage of the message, says: "The President has given Genet a bolt of thunder." He questioned, however, whether Washington would be supported in it by the two Houses—"although he stands at present, as high in the admiration and confidence of the people as he ever did, I expect he will find many bitter and desperate enemies arise in consequence of his just judgment against Genet."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 233.

**The National Government Removes to Germantown on Account
of Yellow Fever**

Washington set out from Mount Vernon for Germantown on Monday, the 28th of October [1793], accompanied

by his secretary, Bartholomew Dandridge, his coachman, Lewis Lut, and servant, Austin, with five horses. At Baltimore they were overtaken by Thomas Jefferson, who had left Monticello on the 25th. . . . They reached Germantown in time for dinner on Friday, November 1st. This was a cold, rainy day, and Jefferson says they experienced the extremes of heat, cold, dust and rain on the journey. . . .

. . . The President, accompanied by Mr. Dandridge and his servants, set out on the 11th of November for Lancaster and Reading, going first into Philadelphia. He apparently was not satisfied that Congress could be accommodated in Germantown, or at least wished to see for himself what the other Pennsylvania towns had to offer, in case the members declined to meet in Philadelphia. . . .

Washington returned to Germantown on Saturday, the 16th, having been gone all the week. Before leaving he had written a personal note to Colonel Isaac Franks, asking for the use of his house. . . . It reached Colonel Franks, who had sought refuge from the yellow fever, at Bethlehem, Pa., on November 16th, and he immediately responded by hiring a light two-horse wagon, with a driver, and setting out for Germantown with Mrs. Franks, to put the house in order for the President's occupancy.

The Frank's house, or the Morris House, as it is known to-day, remains as it was when Washington occupied it, an interesting and as fine an example of the Colonial period as is to be found anywhere in America. . . .

Washington occupied it until the end of the month, making, however, frequent daily visits into the city, and so well did it suit him that he again occupied it the following summer. . . .

The gathering of the loose ends of business, sundered by the *hiatus* of the yellow fever, the preparation of the President's speech and message, before the assembly of Congress [in Germantown Academy] the first Monday of December, made the month of November, passed in Ger-

mantown, as busy and as important as any in Washington's administration.

In the early days, during Washington's and Adams' administrations, it was customary for the President to appear in person at the opening of Congress before both houses assembled in one body, and read an address to them, designated as the speech, and later the matters to be more specifically communicated were forwarded as messages. Washington's draft of the various subjects which should be included either in the speech or in later messages to Congress is here given:

(Sundry matters to be communicated for the information of Congress either in the speech at the opening of the session or by Messages thereafter as shall be thought best.)

"Proclamation informing the United States of the actual state of things as they stood between them and the powers at war.

"State of our application respecting the surrender of the Western posts.

"Additional instructions of his Britannic Majesty relative to corn, &c., in neutral vessels.

"State of matters as it respects our negotiations with Spain—relative to territory and the navigation of the river Mississippi.

"Correspondence with Mr. Genet, minister from the French republic.

"The impediments which have taken place in the intended ransoms of our citizens, captives in Algiers, and treaty with the Barbary States.

"Treaty attempted with the Western Indians, and the result of it.

"March of the Army in consequence of it delayed by the suspension we were held in thereby.

"State of matters as they relate to the Creeks and Cherokees; and to the frontiers of Georgia and the South-western Territory.

"Would not trade on public ground with all the bordering tribes of Indians (if they can once be made sensible of their folly by the superiority of our arms) be an effectual mean of attaching them to us by the strongest of all ties, interest?

"The utility of establishing proper arsenals, unfolds itself more and more every day; and the propriety of a military academy for teaching the art of gunnery and engineering, can scarcely be doubted. A war at any time would evince the impropriety of such a neglect.

"Might it not be expedient to take off the tax upon the transportation of newspapers, &c.

"An act of the legislature, south-west of the Ohio, passed November 20th, 1792, deposited in the Secretary of States's office.

"As both Representatives and President are newly chosen, and it is their first meeting, may it not be a good occasion, and proper for the latter to express his sentiments of the honor conferred on him by his fellow citizens? The former is an augmented body. The times are critical, and much temper, and cool, deliberate reflection is necessary to maintain peace with dignity and safety to the United States,

"Appointments during the recess of Congress to be laid before the Senate."

Washington in Germantown, Charles Francis Jenkins, pp. 99 to 138

Washington's Wrath over the Ribaldry of the Press

Washington, already weary and impatient, under the incessant dissensions of his Cabinet, was stung by the suggestion that he might be held up as in conflict with Genet, and subjected, as he had been, to the ribaldry of the press. At this unlucky moment Knox blundered forth with a specimen of the scandalous libels already in circulation; a pasquinade lately printed, called the "Funeral of George Washington," wherein the President was represented as placed

upon a guillotine, a horrible parody on the late decapitation of the French King. "The President," writes Jefferson, "now burst forth into one of those transports of a passion beyond his control; inveighed against the personal abuse which had been bestowed upon him, and defied any man on earth to produce a single act of his since he had been in the government that had not been done on the purest motives.

"He had never repented but once the having slipped the moment of resigning his office, and that was every moment since. In the agony of his heart he declared that he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation; that he had rather be on his farm than to be made emperor of the world—and yet, said he, indignantly, they are charging me with wanting to be a king!

"All were silent during this burst of feeling—a pause ensued—it was difficult to resume the question. Washington, however, who had recovered his equanimity, put an end to the difficulty. There was no necessity, he said, for deciding the matter at present; the propositions agreed to, respecting the letter to Mr. Morris, might be put into a train of execution, and, perhaps, events would show whether the appeal would be necessary or not."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 218.

"That Rascal Freneau"

The President was much inflamed; got into one of those passions when he cannot command himself; ran on much on the personal abuse which had been bestowed on him; defied any man on earth to produce one single act of his since he had been in the government, which was not done on the purest motives; that he had never repented but once the having slipped the moment of resigning his office, and that was every moment since; that *by God* he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation; that he had rather be on his farm than to be made *Emperor of the world*; and yet that they were charging him with wanting to be a

King. That that *rascal Freneau* sent him three of his papers every day, as if he thought he would become the distributor of his papers; that he could see in this, nothing but an impudent design to insult him: he ended in this high tone.

"Anas," Works of Thomas Jefferson, Vol. IX, p. 164.

"Ten Thousand People Threatened to Drag Washington out of His House"

Although Washington was twice unanimously elected to the presidency he had many bitter enemies. He was the most vilified and abused of all the Presidents of the United States, excepting Lincoln, perhaps, during the first years of his administration. Popular feeling was so strong in favor of French republicanism that many good men, including Jefferson, then Secretary of State, were greatly incensed against President Washington because he was unwilling to break the existing treaty of neutrality. He saw that the lowest element in Paris had given themselves over to the most unbridled lust for blood and power, and that they "bawled for liberty," their idea of freedom being only license to commit crimes in freedom's name.

John Adams, then Vice-President, wrote of the feeling against Washington at this soul-trying time:

"Ten thousand people in the streets of Philadelphia, day after day, threatened to drag Washington out of his house, and effect a revolution in the government, or compel it to declare in favor of the French Revolution and against England."

In spite of his great popularity there was nothing of bravado or defiance in Washington's attitude toward the people. John Adams once wrote of this:

"General Washington, one of the most attentive men in the world to the manner of doing things, owed a great proportion of his celebrity to this circumstance."

Washington, once speaking on this subject, expressed the following sentiment:

"I have found it of importance and highly expedient to yield to many points in fact, without seeming to have

done it, and this to avoid bringing on a too frequent discussion of matters which in a political view ought to be kept a little behind the curtain, and not to be made too much the subjects of disquisition. Time only can eradicate and overcome customs and prejudices of long standing—they must be got the better of by slow and gradual advances.”

On another occasion he added, “In a word, if a man cannot act in all respects as he would wish, he must do what appears best under the circumstances he is in. This I aim at, however short I may fall of the end.”

W. W.

The Jay Treaty a Benefit to the West

In such a welter of intrigue, of land speculation, and of more or less piratical aggression, there was imminent danger that the West would relapse into anarchy unless a firm government were established, and unless the boundaries with England and Spain were definitely established. As Washington's administration grew steadily in strength and in the confidence of the people the first condition was met. The necessary fixity of boundary was finally obtained by the treaties negotiated through John Jay with England, and through Thomas Pinckney with Spain.

Jay's treaty aroused a perfect torrent of wrath throughout the country, and nowhere more than in the West. A few of the coolest and most intelligent men approved it, and rugged old Humphrey Marshall, the Federalist senator from Kentucky, voted for its ratification; but the general feeling against him was intense. Even Blount, who by this time was pretty well disgusted with the way he had been treated by the central government, denounced it, and expressed his belief that Washington would have hard work in explaining his conduct in procuring its ratification. Yet the westerners were the very people who had no cause whatever to complain of the treaty. It was not an entirely satisfactory treaty; perhaps a man like Hamilton might have

procured rather better terms; but, taken as a whole, it worked an immense improvement upon the condition of things already existing. Washington's position was undoubtedly right. He would have preferred a better treaty, but he regarded the Jay treaty as very much better than none at all.

The Winning of the West, Theodore Roosevelt, Vol. IV, p. 194.

Noble Reply to Jefferson

In Bache's *Aurora* of June 9th, [1796] an anonymous article had appeared, disclosing queries propounded by Washington, in strict confidence, to members of the Cabinet in 1793, as to the conduct to be observed in reference to England and France. As soon as Jefferson saw this article he wrote Washington, (June 19th) disclaiming his having had any concern in that breach of official trust. "I have formerly mentioned to you," observed he, "that from a very early period of my life, I had laid it down as a rule of conduct never to write a single word for the public papers. From this I have never departed in a single instance."

Jefferson further intimates a suspicion that a third party had been endeavoring to sow tares between him and Washington, by representing him (Jefferson) as still engaged in the bustle of politics, and in turbulence and intrigue against the government.

This drew forth a noble reply from Washington. "If I had entertained any suspicions before," writes he, "that the queries, which have been published in Bache's paper, proceeded from you, the assurances you have given me of the contrary, would have removed them; but the truth is, I harbored none."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 305.

A Dinner at the Vice-President's at Richmond Hill

In the centre of the table sat Vice-President Adams, in full dress, with bag and solitaire, his hair frizzed out on each side of his head as you see it in Stuart's old picture of him. On his right sat Baron Steuben, our royalist

republican disciplinarian general. On his left was Mr. Jefferson, who had just returned from France, conspicuous in his red waistcoat and breeches, the fashion of Versailles. Opposite sat Mrs. Adams with her cheerful, intelligent face. She was placed between the courtly Count de Moustier, the French ambassador, in his red-heeled shoes and ear rings, and the grave, polite, and formally bowing Mr. Van Berkel, the learned and able envoy from Holland. Here too was Chancellor Livingston, then still in the prime of life, so deaf as to make conversation with him difficult, yet so overflowing with wit, eloquence, and information that while listening to him the difficulty was forgotten. The rest were members of Congress and of our Legislature, some of them no inconsiderable men.

Being able to talk French, a rare accomplishment in America at that time, a place was assigned to me next the count. De Moustier, after taking a little soup, kept an empty plate before him, took now and then a crumb of bread into his mouth, and declined all the luxuries of the table that were pressed upon him, from the roast beef to the lobsters. We were all in perplexity to know how the count would dine, when at length his own body-cook, in a clean white linen cap, a clean *tablier*, and a brilliantly white *serviette* flung over his arm, and a warm pie of truffles and game in his hand, came bustling eagerly through the crowd of waiters and placed it before the count, who, reserving a moderate share, distributed the rest among his neighbors, of whom being one I can attest the truth of the story and the excellence of the *pâté*.

Reminiscences in The Talisman, in 1829, edited by "Francis Herbert".

How the President Would Encourage Robert Fulton

"PHILADELPHIA 14th December, 1796.

"*To Tobias Lear:*

"A treatise on the improvement of canal navigation, came to my hands by Doctr Edwards as a present from the

Author, a few days ago.—As I shall have no time to look into it while I remain in this City, I make a deposit of it with you, until I return to Mount Vernon.—According to Doctr Edwards account, Fulton's system is putting *Lock Navigation* out of vogue.—I have not read a page in the Book,—but if the Potomack Company can extract any thing useful from it I shall feel happy in having sent it to you."

[G. WASHINGTON.]

Catalogue of the Washington Collection in the Boston Athenæum, p. 544.

"You Are Just a Man!"

Awhile since, in looking over a Philadelphia Directory for 1797 my heart gave a great bound as I came upon this entry:

"Washington, George, 190 High Street."

To the disgrace of Philadelphia, that house, second only in historic interest to Independence Hall, was many years ago demolished.

But, for a few charmed hours of a midsummer evening, some twenty years ago, that mansion stood again for me, and Washington walked again before my eyes, "in his habit as he lived;" and yet the only magic conjuration was the clear memory of a gracious old man, who, in his early childhood, was a neighbor of Washington, his parents living on Sixth street, near High street.

At the house of a friend in Philadelphia, Gen. Hector Tyndal, I was so fortunate as to meet this Mr. Robert E. Gray, a man past fourscore, but wonderfully well preserved—looking much younger than his years—a gentleman of the old school in courteousness of manner and neatness of dress, tall and stately, and with a fresh and handsome countenance.

When I first asked Mr. Gray for his recollections:

"Was Washington the stately and formal person he has been represented?"

"Yes, he was a very dignified gentleman, with the most elegant manners—very nice in his dress, careful and punctual. I suppose he would be thought a little stiff nowadays."

"Did you ever hear him laugh heartily?"

"Why no, I think I never did."

"Was he always grave, as you remember him, or did he smile now and then?"

"Why, bless you, yes, he always smiled on children! He was particularly popular with small boys. When he went in state to Independence Hall, in his cream-colored chariot, drawn by six bays, and with postilions and outriders, and when he set out for and returned from Mount Vernon, we boys were on hand; he could always count us in, to huzza and wave our hats for him, and he used to touch his hats to us as politely as though we had been veteran soldiers on parade."

"Were you ever in his house as a child?"

"Oh, yes; after his great dinners he used to tell the steward to let in the little fellows, and we, the boys of the immediate neighborhood, who were never far off on such occasions, crowded about the table and made quick work of the remaining cakes, nuts, and raisins.

"Washington had a habit of pacing up and down the large room on the first floor, in the early twilight, with his hands behind him; and one evening a little boy, who had never seen him, in attempting to climb up to an open window to look in upon him, fell and hurt himself. Washington heard him cry, rang for a servant, and sent him to inquire about the accident—for, after all, he was very soft-hearted, at least toward children. The servant came back and said:

"'The boy was trying to get a look at you, sir.'

"'Bring him in,' said the General, and, when the boy came in, he patted him on the head and said:

"'You wanted to see General Washington, did you? Well, I am General Washington.'

"But the little fellow shook his head and said:

"No, you are only just a man, I want to see the President.'

"They say Washington laughed, and told the boy that he was the President, and a *man* for all that. Then he had the servant give the little fellow some nuts and cakes and dismissed him."

Stories and Sketches, Grace Greenwood, p. 11.

Publishing the Farewell Address

The period for the presidential election was drawing near, and great anxiety began to be felt that Washington would consent to stand for a third term. No one, it was agreed, had greater claim to the enjoyment of retirement, in consideration of public services rendered; but it was thought the affairs of the country would be in a very precarious condition should he retire before the wars of Europe were brought to a close.

Washington, however, had made up his mind irrevocably on the subject, and resolved to announce, in a farewell address, his intention of retiring.

The publication of the address produced a great sensation. Several of the State Legislatures ordered it to be put on their journals, "The President's declining to be again elected," writes the elder Wolcott, "constitutes a most important epoch in our national affairs."

The address acted as a notice, to hush the acrimonious abuse of him which the opposition was pouring forth under the idea that he would be a candidate for a renomination. "It will serve as a signal, like the dropping of a hat, for the party races to start," writes Fisher Ames, "and I expect a great deal of noise, whipping and spurring."

Congress formed a quorum on the fifth day of December, the first day of the session which succeeded the publication of the Farewell Address. On the 7th, Washington met the two Houses of Congress for the last time. In his speech he recommended an institution for the improve-

ment of agriculture, a military academy, a national university, and a gradual increase of the navy.

"In pursuing this course, however, I cannot forget what is due to the character of our government and nation, or to a full and entire confidence in the good sense, patriotism, self-respect, and fortitude of my countrymen."

In concluding his address he observes: "The situation in which I now stand for the last time in the midst of the representatives of the people of the United States, naturally recalls the period when the administration of the present form of government commenced, and I cannot omit the occasion to congratulate you and my country on the success of the experiment, nor to repeat my fervent supplications to the Supreme Ruler of the universe and Sovereign Arbiter of nations, that his providential care may be still extended to the United States; that the virtue and happiness of the people may be preserved, and that the government which they have instituted for the protection of their liberties may be perpetual."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 311

More Farewell Addresses

Both Houses made formal replies to the address. The Senate attributed much of the success of the government to the ability, firmness, and virtue of the President, and said: "The most effectual consolation that can offer for the loss we are about to sustain arises from the animating reflection that the influence of your example will extend to your succession, and the United States thus continue to enjoy an able, upright and energetic administration."

The House replied in a similar strain, expressing earnest admiration of the President's moderation, magnanimity, wisdom and firmness, and continued, "For our country's sake, and for the sake of republican liberty, it is our earnest wish that your example may be the guide of your successors,

and thus, after being the ornament and safeguard of the present age, become the patrimony of our descendants."

A Virginian named Giles made objection to the expressions of regret and admiration; Mr. Giles was a Franco-maniac. His motion to expunge these expressions received exactly twelve votes, one of which was cast by a young Tennessee member named Andrew Jackson, who could not avoid this splendid opportunity for blundering. Addresses similar to those of Congress began to arrive in large quantities from State legislatures, city councils, etc., all of which were immensely consoling to a man who had previously found, like every other prominent man who ever lived, that enemies are generally a hundred times as noisy as friends.

His last torment in official life was a letter written by the French minister and given to the newspapers, denouncing the proclamation of neutrality as insidious. This letter was evidently written in the interest (though undoubtedly without the knowledge) of Jefferson, who was a candidate for the presidency, but it was unsuccessful, for Adams was elected to succeed Washington.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 312

An Affecting Scene

On the 4th of March, 1797, Washington went to the inauguration of his successor as President of the United States. The Federal Government was sitting at Philadelphia at that time, and Congress held sessions in the courthouse on the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets.

At the appointed hour Washington entered the hall followed by John Adams, who was to take the oath of office. When they were seated Washington arose and introduced Mr. Adams to the audience, and then proceeded to read in a firm clear voice his brief valedictory—not his great "Farewell Address," for that had already been published. A lady who sat on "the front bench," immediately in front of Washington, describes the scene in these words:

"There was a narrow passage from the door of entrance to the room. General Washington stopped at the end to let Mr. Adams pass to the chair. The latter always wore a suit of bright drab, with loose cuffs to his coat. General Washington's dress was a full suit of black. His military hat had the black cockade. There stood the 'Father of his Country' acknowledged by nations the first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. No marshals with gold-colored scarfs attended him; there was no cheering, no noise; the most profound silence greeted him as if the great assembly desired to hear him breathe. Mr. Adams covered his face with both his hands; the sleeves of his coat and his hands were covered with tears. Every now and then there was a suppressed sob. I cannot describe Washington's appearance as I felt it—perfectly composed and self-possessed till the close of his address. Then when strong, nervous sobs broke loose, when tears covered the faces, then the great man was shaken. I never took my eyes from his face. Large drops came from his eyes. He looked as if his heart was with them, and would be to the end,"

Heroes Every Child Should Know, Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie, p 274

"If There Ever Was a Period of Rejoicing, This Is the Moment!"

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," was the pious ejaculation of a man who beheld a flood of happiness rushing upon mankind. If ever there was a time that would license the reiteration of the exclamation, that time is now arrived; for the man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country, is this day reduced to a level with his fellow-citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. If ever there was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment; every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people, ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington, from this day, ceases to give a

currency to political iniquity, and to legalize corruption. A new era is now opening upon us, an era which promises much to the people; for public measures must now stand upon their own merits, and nefarious projects can no longer be supported by a name. When a retrospect is taken of Washington's administration for eight years, it is a subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have cankered the principles of republicanism in an enlightened people, just emerging from the gulf of despotism, and should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence. Such, however, are the facts, and with these staring us in the face, this day ought to be a JUBILEE in the United States.

Aurora, (newspaper) Edited by Benjamin Franklin Bache, March 7, 1797.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE SAGE OF MOUNT VERNON

Only a Man after All

On reaching Mount Vernon, Washington was quickly reminded that he was only a man, for, his house being out of repairs, he was obliged to fill it with carpenters, plasterers, and painters. "I have scarcely a room to put a friend into, or to sit in myself, without the music of hammer or the odoriferous smell of paint." But, as there were no plumbers in those days, his repairs were completed without driving him into bankruptcy or the grave. Then he began to enjoy himself; he wrote to his late Secretary of the Treasury that "To make and sell a little flour annually, to repair houses fast going to ruin, to build for the security of my papers of a public nature, and to amuse myself in agricultural and rural pursuits, will constitute employment for the few years I have to remain on this terrestrial globe. If also I could now and then meet the friends I esteem, it would fill the measure and add zest to my enjoyment, but if this ever happens, it must be under my own vine and fig-tree, as I do not think it probable that I shall go beyond twenty miles from there."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 314.

Neighbor, Business Man and Juryman

Dr. Edward Everett Hale made the statement, in lectures and conversations, that there is good authority for the belief that one reason for Washington's declining to allow his name to be used for a third election to the presidency was because he was by no means certain of carrying his own State, Virginia. While all the other



*From the Original by Gilbert Stuart
in the Museum of the Fine Arts, Boston.*

MARTHA WASHINGTON

States would doubtless have elected him, he seemed to feel it keenly that he was "not without honor save in his own country."

This belief is corroborated, at least, by the fact that, even as late as September in the year 1796, John Adams was elected President he did not know, nor did Washington himself seem to know, whether he intended to accept a third term.

Also, on the same authority, Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President during Lincoln's first term, used to relate that, in 1842, when Hamlin began his first term in Congress, there were Virginians still living at the national capital who knew Washington personally. The neighbors, after his retirement, used to consult him about common farm and business matters, and, notwithstanding the immortal services he had given his country, he even served as a member of the county jury.

W. W.

"Mr. Stuart Is Right"

Stuart, the portrait painter, once said to General Lee that Washington had a tremendous temper, but that he had it under wonderful control. While dining with the Washingtons, General Lee repeated the first part of Stuart's remark. Mrs. Washington flushed and said that Mr. Stuart took a great deal upon himself. Then General Lee said that Mr. Stuart had added that the President had his temper under wonderful control. Washington seemed to be thinking for a moment, and then he smiled and said, "Mr. Stuart is right."

Washington's Birthday, Edited by Robert Haven Schauffler, p. 242.

"A Great Deal of My Work Is Done while Others Sleep"

Washington's last days, like those that preceded them in the course of a long and well-spent life, were devoted to

constant and careful employment. His correspondence both at home and abroad was immense. Yet no letter was unanswered. One of the best-bred men of his time, Washington deemed it a grave offense against the rules of good manners and propriety to leave letters unanswered. He wrote with great facility and it would be a difficult matter to find another who had written so much, who had written so well. General Harry Lee once observed so him:

"We are amazed, sir, at the vast amount of work you get through." Washington answered, "Sir, I rise at four o'clock, and a great deal of my work is done while others sleep."

Heroes Every Child Should Know, Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie, p. 277.

Washington and the Federal City

Although Washington never lived in the White House he did more than any other man toward making it what it is and what it stands for to-day.

But there was no national capital; even the President's official residence had to be rented. The people in the southern States, of course, objected to having a capital as far north as New York. Philadelphia was nearer the center of population, but the most influential men of the time lived in Virginia. Washington, "the Father of his Country"; Jefferson, "the writer of the Declaration of Independence"; Madison, "the Father of the Constitution"; and Monroe, originator of "the Monroe Doctrine," all lived in Virginia, within driving distance of one another. They were four of the first five Presidents of the United States, each of them for eight years, while John Adams, the only President from another State, served only one term of four years, so that, of the first thirty-six years after the establishment of the presidential office, thirty-two were filled by Virginians (after that three more Presidents, Harrison, Tyler and Taylor were Virginia-born); so Virginia was well named "the Mother of Presidents." It was

natural that Virginia, and the States farther south, were desirous of having the national capital located nearer the geographical center of the thirteen original States. On the other hand, Massachusetts, New York and the other States objected to the selection of a Virginia city for the capital of the whole nation. Therefore, the States of Virginia and Maryland each gave a little territory to make a tract ten miles square, which they called the District of Columbia. The location of this district, for "the Federal City," was left to Washington, and he chose the present site on the Potomac river, a few hours' drive from Mount Vernon, his beautiful home estate.

The Story of the White House, Wayne Whipple, p. 11.

"What Would *You* Have Been, Meesther Washington?"

He retired to his home at Mount Vernon where he had been allowed to stay but a few years out of the nearly fifty he had devoted to the service of his country. He had been loyal and true to the king as long as he could be without sacrificing sacred principles and his higher manhood. After a heroic life of toil, hardships, privations and dangers, he was an old man before his time, for he was only sixty-five when he went to take a well-earned rest at beautiful Mount Vernon. Yet he had but little rest, for he often drove over to superintend the building of the palace he was never to see occupied.

It is too easy, now, to think of Washington as having had everything in his favor. But the English were not his bitterest enemies. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country"—and city. Many were incapable of appreciating his greatness. They were mentally near-sighted, and they were too near him. When you stand near a mountain, you see only a part of it and can't take in its true grandeur. There was an old Scotchman, Davie Burns, who lived in a little cottage between the hill on which they were erecting "the palace" and the Potomac,

where a wharf had been built to receive the sandstone brought there for it from Virginia and Maryland. Davie Burns made a great fuss and did his best to hinder and annoy the laborers, because the stone for the building had to be hauled across his land. As this did not interfere with Burns in any way, it was very unreasonable of him, since much of the land for the Federal City had been purchased from him. In fact, it was making him a rich man. Washington, one day, took occasion to remonstrate with him, reminding him that but for the building of the national capital on his land, he would have lived on to the end "nothing but a poor tobacco planter."

"Aye, mon!" retorted the little Scotchman in great wrath, "and what would *you* have been, Meesther Washington, if you hadn't married the Widow Custis, with all her niggers? You'd be nothing but a land surveyor to-day, and a mighty poor one at that!"

This must have been a new idea to Washington. Here was an old fellow without patriotism. Evidently he was grossly ignorant of everything George Washington had done to make this the greatest and best country in the history of the world. He was a too near neighbor. He couldn't see beyond the "niggers" of the "Widow Custis!" In a letter to a friend after this, Washington mentioned the little old Scotchman as "the obstinate Mr. Burns."

The Story of the White House, Wayne Whipple, p. 15.

"Ah, Lee, You Are a Funny Fellow!"

Colonel Harry Lee, too, who used to be a favorite guest at Mount Vernon, does not seem to have been much under the influence of that "reverential awe" which Washington is said to have inspired; if we may judge from the following anecdote. Washington one day at table mentioned his being in want of carriage horses, and asked Lee if he knew where he could get a pair.

"I have a fine pair, General," replied Lee, "but you cannot get them."

"Why not?"

"Because you will never pay more than half price for anything; and I must have full price for my horses."

This bantering reply set Mrs. Washington laughing, and her parrot, perched beside her, joined in the laugh. The General took this familiar assault upon his dignity in great good part.

"Ah, Lee, you are a funny fellow," said he—"see, that bird is laughing at you!"

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. IV, p. 40.

"Dabs about in Every Hole and Corner"

His niece, Harriot, who lived in the Washington home from 1785 to 1796, was a great trial to him. "She has," he wrote, "no disposition to be careful of her clothes, which she dabs about in every hole and corner, and her best things always in use, so that she costs me enough."

One of the characteristics of a truly great man is his readiness to ask pardon. Once when Nelly Custis, Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, was severely reprimanded for walking alone by moonlight in the grounds of Mount Vernon, Washington tried to intercede for the girl.

"Perhaps she was not alone; I would say no more," he said.

"Sir," said Nelly Custis, "you have brought me up to speak the truth, and when I told grandmother that I was alone, I hoped that you would believe me."

"My child," said Washington, bowing in his courtly fashion, "I beg your pardon."

Washington's Birthday, Edited by Robert Haven Schauffler, p. 241.

Physical Proportions of Washington

In person Washington was unique. He looked like no one else. To a stature lofty and commanding he united a form of the manliest proportions, and a dignified, graceful,

and imposing carriage. In the prime of life he stood six feet two inches. From the period of the Revolution there was an evident bending in his frame so passing straight before, but the stoop came from the cares and toils of that arduous contest rather than from years. For his step was firm, his appearance noble and impressive long after the time when the physical properties of men are supposed to wane.

A majestic height was met by corresponding breadth and firmness. His whole person was so cast in nature's finest mould as to resemble an ancient statue, all of whose parts unite to the perfection of the whole. But with all its development of muscular power, Washington's form had no look of bulkiness, and so harmonious were its proportions that he did not appear so tall as his portraits have represented. He was rather spare than full during his whole life.

The strength of Washington's arm was shown on several occasions. He threw a stone from the bed of the stream to the top of the Natural Bridge, Virginia, and another stone across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. The stone was said to be a piece of slate about the size of a dollar with which he spanned the bold river, and it took the ground at least thirty yards on the other side. Many have since tried this feat, but none have cleared the water. . . .

Washington's powers were chiefly in his limbs. His frame was of equal breadth from the shoulders to the hips. His chest was not prominent but rather hollowed in the center. He never entirely recovered from a pulmonary affection from which he suffered in early life. His frame showed an extraordinary development of bone and muscle, his joints were large, as were his feet; and could a cast of his hand have been preserved, it would have been ascribed to a being of a fabulous age. Lafayette said, "I never saw any human being with a hand so large as the General's."

Heroes Every Child Should Know, Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie, p. 280.

How He Was Dressed

The Washington family were subject to hereditary gout. The chief never experienced a pang. His temperance, and the energetic employment of both his body and mind, seemed to forbid the approach of a disease which severely afflicted several of his nearest kindred. His illnesses were of rare occurrence, but were particularly severe. His aversion to the use of medicine was extreme; and, even when in great suffering, it was only by the entreaties of his lady, and the respectful, yet beseeching look of his oldest friend and companion in arms (Dr. James Craik), that he could be prevailed upon to take the slightest preparation of medicine.

General Washington, during the whole of his public and private life, was a very early riser; indeed, in the maternal mansion, at which his first habits were formed, the character of a sluggard was abhorred. Whether as chief magistrate, or the retired citizen, we find this man of method and labor seated in his library from one to two hours before day, in winter, and at daybreak in summer. We wonder at the amazing amount of work which he performed. Nothing but a method the most remarkable and exemplary could have enabled him to accomplish such a world of labor, an amount which might have given pretty full employment to half a dozen ordinary and not idle men all their lives. When we consider the volume of his official papers—his vast foreign, public and private correspondence—we are scarcely able to believe that the space of one man's life could have comprehended the doing of many things and doing them so well.

His toilet was soon made. A single servant prepared his clothes, and laid them in readiness. He also combed and tied his hair. He shaved and dressed himself, but giving very little of his precious time to matters of that sort, though remarkable for the neatness and propriety of his apparel. His clothes were made after the old-fashioned cut of the best, though plainest materials.

What He Ate

The library and a visit to the stables occupied the morning until the hour of breakfast. This meal was without change to him, whose habits were regular, even to matters which others are so apt to indulge themselves in to an endless variety. Indian cakes, honey, and tea, formed this temperate repast. On rising from the table, if there were guests (and it was seldom otherwise), books and papers were offered for their amusement; they were requested to take good care of themselves, and the illustrious farmer proceeded to the daily tour of his agricultural concerns. He rode upon his farms entirely unattended, opening his gates, pulling down and putting up his fences, as he passed, visiting his laborers at their work, inspecting all the operations of his extensive agricultural establishments with a careful eye, directing useful improvements, and superintending them in their progress. He introduced many and valuable foreign as well as domestic modes of improved husbandry, showing, by experiment, their practical utility, and a peculiar adaptment to our system of rural affairs; and, by his zeal and ability, "gave a speed to the plow," and a generous impulse to the cause of agricultural and domestic economy—those important sources of national wealth, industry, and independence.

The tour of the farms might average from ten to fifteen miles per day. An anecdote occurs to us at this moment, which, as it embraces a Revolutionary worthy, a long-tried and valued friend of the chief, and is descriptive of Washington on his farm, we shall, without apology present it to our readers.

We were accosted while hunting by an elderly stranger, who inquired whether the General was to be found at the mansion house, or whether he had gone to visit his estate. We replied, that he was abroad, and gave directions as to the route the stranger was to pursue, observing at the

same time, "You will meet, sir, with an old gentleman riding alone, in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to his saddlebow—that person, sir, is General Washington!"

Recollections of Washington, by His Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis, p. 166.

"Laughing until Tears Rolled down His Face"

When at home he amused himself by managing his estate; as the land under cultivation exceeded five square miles, and his stables and pastures contained several hundred horses and cattle, he could hardly have found time to tell stories at the village store, had there been such a place. With all the responsibilities of a farmer, however, he seemed to have none of the vices peculiar to that station of life; indeed, so different from the farmer of the present day was he, that instead of cutting down shade trees wherever he found them, he planted a great many; at Mount Vernon, more than anywhere else, men learned that the elm was not the only tree that could cast a shadow, and he set the fashion of planting the beautiful horse-chestnut by bringing many of the seeds with him on his return from a trip to what is now the "Buckeye state."

Much as he tried, however, to be a simple farmer and no better than his neighbors, he had still to suffer many of the miseries of greatness. Once he had been great; that was enough to make his mere presence overawe many people with whom he came in contact, so when he wanted to enjoy the spectacle of a merry company he frequently had to keep himself behind a door and peer through the crack. With those who knew him well and familiarly, he was not treated as an idol but was allowed to behave as a human being and be treated as one, and numerous letters and other records prove that in such circumstances he could be jolly good company. It was impossible for him

not to be thoughtful—not to be silent when he had anything to think about, but he was among the first to be infected by any merriment about him. There is a pleasant story about his frequently growing hilarious with old friends at Fredericksburg and laughing at comic songs. Miss Custis, the daughter of Washington's stepson, said, "I have sometimes made him laugh most heartily from sympathy with my joyous and extravagant spirits," and horrible as it may seem to some of his worshipers, there are several well authenticated reports of his laughing until tears rolled down his face.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 259.

Advice in a Love Affair

"Men and women feel the same inclination toward each other now that they always have done, and which they will continue to do until there is a new order of things, and you, as others have done, may find that the passions of our sex are easier raised than allayed. Do not, therefore, boast too soon or too strongly of your insensibility.

Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is therefore contended that it cannot be resisted. This is true in part only, for, like all things else, when nourished and supplied plentifully with aliment, it is rapid in its progress, but let these be withdrawn and it may be stifled in its birth or much stunted in its growth. . . . Although

we cannot avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard. . . . When the fire is beginning to kindle, and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it: Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character? A man of sense? (for be assured a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool). What has been his walk in life?

Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live, and in which my sisters live? And is he one to whom my friends can have

no reasonable objection? If all these interrogatories can be satisfactorily answered, there will remain but one more to be asked; that, however, is an important one. Have I sufficient ground to conclude that his affections are engaged by me?"

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 317.

A Letter to Kosciuszko

"MOUNT VERNON, 15th. Octr. 1797.

"*Dear Sir,*

"Your favour dated Elizabeth Town October—has been duly received.—I am sorry that the state of your health should deprive me of the pleasure of your company at this place,—and I regret still more that the pain you feel from the wounds you have received though glorious for your reputation is the occasion of it.

"Whatever I can do as a private citizen (and in no other capacity I can now act) consistently, with the plan I have laid down for my future government, you may freely command.—You will find however, contrary as it may be to your expectation or wishes, that all pecuniary matters must flow from the Legislature and in a form which cannot be dispensed with. I may add I am sure, that your claim upon the justice & feelings of this country will meet with no delay.—Nor do I suppose that the loss of your certificate will be any impediment. Your rank and services in the American Army are too well known to require that testimony of your claim and the Books of the Treasury will show that you have received nothing in discharge of it—or if any part, to what amount.—With the highest esteem & regard and respect.

"I am, Dear Sir

"Your Most Obedt. Hble. Servant "

"G. WASHINGTON."

"To General Tadeusz Kosciuszko.

Letters and Recollections of George Washington, Tobias Lear, p. 237.

“ Marriage the Most Interesting Event ”

However well Washington thought of “the honorable state,” he was no match-maker, and when asked to give advice to the widow of Jack Custis, replied, “I never did, nor do I believe I ever shall, give advice to a woman, who is setting out on a matrimonial voyage; first, because I never could advise one to marry without her own consent; and, secondly, because I know it is to no purpose to advise her to refrain, when she has obtained it. A woman very rarely asks an opinion or requires advice on such an occasion, till her resolution is formed; and then it is with the hope and expectation of obtaining a sanction, not that she means to be governed by your disapprobation, that she applies. In a word the plain English of the application may be summed up in these words: ‘I wish you to think as I do; but, if unhappily you differ from me in opinion, my heart, I must confess, is fixed and I have gone too far now to retract.’”

Again he wrote:

“It has ever been a maxim with me through life, neither to promote nor prevent a matrimonial connection, unless there should be something indispensably requiring interference in the latter. I have always considered marriage as the most interesting event of one’s life, the foundation of happiness or misery. To be instrumental therefore in bringing two people together, who are indifferent to each other, and may soon become objects of disgust; or to prevent a union, which is prompted by the affections of the mind, is what I never could reconcile with reason, and therefore neither directly nor indirectly have I ever said a word to Fanny or George, upon the subject of their intended connection.”

The question whether Washington was a faithful husband might well be left to the facts already given, were it not that stories of his immorality are bandied about in

clubs, a well-known clergyman has vouched for their truth, and a United States senator has given further currency to them by claiming special knowledge on the subject. Since such are the facts, it seems best to consider the question and show what evidence there actually is for these stories, that at least the pretended "letters," etc., which are always being cited, and are never produced, may no longer have credence put in them, and the true basis for all the stories may be known and valued at its worth.

The True George Washington, Paul Leicester Ford, p. 104.

"I May Be Looking in Doomsday Book"

"I have nothing to say that could either inform or amuse a Secretary of War at Philadelphia. I might tell him that I begin my diurnal course with the sun, that if my hirelings are not in their places at that time, I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition, that having put these wheels in motion, I examine the state of things further; that the more they are probed the deeper I find the wounds that my buildings have sustained by an absence and neglect of eight years; that by the time I have accomplished these matters . . . breakfast is ready; that this being over, I mount my horse and ride round my farm, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss seeing strange faces, come, they say, out of respect to me. Pray, would not the word curiosity answer as well? How different this from having a few friends at a cheerful board!

"The usual time of sitting at table, talk, and tea bring me within the dawn of candlelight, previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve that as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary I will retire to my writing-table and acknowledge the letters I have received, but when the lights are brought, I feel tired and disinclined to engage in this work, conceiving that the next night will do as well. The next night comes, and with it the same cause for postponement and so on.

Having given you the history of a day, it will serve for a year, and I am persuaded you will not require a second edition of it. But it may strike you that in this detail no mention is made of any portion of time allotted for reading. The remark would be just, for I have not looked into a book since I came home, nor shall I be able to do it until I have discharged my workmen—probably not before the nights grow longer, when possibly I may be looking in *Doomsday Book*."

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 315.

Washington as a Joker

Washington was something of a joker himself in his kindly, ponderous way. Once he wrote:

"Without a coinage, or unless a stop can be put to the cutting and clipping of money, our dollars, pistareens, etc., will be converted, as Teague says, into *five quarters!*"

While the Federalists were being accused of stealing from the public treasury, Washington wrote facetiously to a member of the Cabinet:

"And pray, my good sir, what part of the \$800,000 have come to your share? As you are high in office, I hope you did not disgrace yourself in the acceptance of a paltry bribe—\$100,000 perhaps!"

After a certain poetess had sent him some verses which praised him in a somewhat fulsome manner, he wrote to thank her, and ended his letter with this labored humor:

"Fiction is sure to be the very life and soul of poetry. All poets and poetesses have been indulged in the free and indisputable use of it, time out of mind. And to oblige you to make such an excellent poem on such a subject without any materials but those of simple reality would be as cruel as the edict of Pharaoh which compelled the children of Israel to manufacture bricks without the necessary ingredients."

Washington even joked about his own death. In writing out a letter for his wife to copy he continued:

"I am now by desire of the General to add a few words on his behalf; which he desires may be expressed in the terms following, that is to say that despairing of hearing what may be said of him, if he should really go off in an apoplectic, or any other fit (for he thinks all fits that issue in death are worse than a love fit, a fit of laughter, and many other kinds that he could name)—he is glad to hear *beforehand* what will be said of him on that occasion; conceiving that nothing extra will happen between *this* and *then* to make a change in his character for better, or for worse. And besides, as he has entered into an engagement

not to quit *this* world before the year 1800, it may be *relied upon* that no breach of contract shall be laid to him on that account, unless dire necessity should bring it about, maugre all his exertions to the contrary. In that case, he shall hope they would do by him as he would do by them—excuse it. At present there seems to be no danger of his thus giving them the slip, as neither his health nor his spirits were ever in greater flow, notwithstanding he adds, he is descending, and has almost reached the bottom of the hill; or in other words, the shades below. For your particular good wishes on this occasion he charges me to say that he feels highly obliged, and that he reciprocates them with great cordiality."

W. W.

**"What Has Not Been Done within the Last Twenty
Years by Us"**

"Dear Sir,

"I am alone at *present*, and shall be glad to see you this evening.

"Unless some one pops in, unexpectedly—Mrs. Washington & myself will do what I believe has not been done

within the last twenty Years by us,—that is to set down to dinner by ourselves. I am

“Your Affectionate”

[Mr. Tobias Lear.]

[G. WASHINGTON.]

Letters and Recollections of George Washington, Tobias Lear, p. 120.

“I Should Not Intrench Myself under Cover of Age”

(*Letter to John Adams, President of the United States.*)

“Mount Vernon, 4 July, 1798.

“Dear Sir,

“Not being in the habit, since my return to private life, of sending regularly to the post-office, (nine miles from hence) every post-day, it often happens that letters addressed to me lye longer there on that account, than they otherwise would do.

“I have delayed no time unnecessarily since I had the honor of receiving your obliging favor of the 22d ultimo, to thank you for the polite and flattering sentiments you have been pleased to express relatively to me, and to assure you, that, as far as it is in my power to support your administration, and to render it easy, happy, and honorable, you may command me without reserve.

“At the epoch of my retirement, an Invasion of these States by an European Power, or even the probability of such an event happening *in my days*, was so far from being contemplated by me, that I had no conception that that or any other occurrence would arise in so short a period, which could turn my eyes from the shades of Mount Vernon. But this seems to be the age of wonders; and reserved for intoxicated and lawless France (for purposes of Providence far beyond the reach of human ken) to slaughter its own citizens, and to disturb the repose of all the world besides.

“From a view of the past, from the prospect present—and of that which seems to be expected, it is not easy for me to decide satisfactorily on the part it might best become me to

act. In case of *actual Invasion* by a formidable force, I should certainly not Intrinch myself under cover of age and retirement, if my services should be required by my Country to assist in repelling it.

“The difficulty in which you expect to be involved, in the choice of general officers, when you come to form the army, is certainly a serious one; and, in a government like ours, where there are so many considerations to be attended to and to combine, it will be found not a little perplexing. But, as the mode of carrying on the War against the Foe that threatens must differ widely from that practised in the contest for Independence, it will not be an easy matter, I conceive, to find, among the *old set* of Generals, men of sufficient activity, energy, and health, and of sound politics, to train troops to the “quick step,” long marches, and severe conflicts they may have to encounter; and, therefore, that recourse must be had, (for the greater part at least) to the well-known, most experienced, best proved and intelligent officers of the late army without respect to Grade.

“I speak with diffidence, however, on this head, having no list by me with which my memory could be refreshed. There is one thing though, on which I can give a decided opinion; and, as it is of the utmost importance to the Public, to the Army, and to the officer commanding it, be him who he will, I will take the liberty of suggesting it *now*. It is that the greatest circumspection be used in appointing the general staff. If this corps is not composed of respectable characters, with knowledge of the duties of their respective Departments, able, active, and firm, and of incorruptible integrity and prudence, and withal such as the Commander-in-Chief can place entire confidence in, his plans and movements, if not defeated altogether, may be so embarrassed and retarded, as to amount nearly to the same thing; and this is almost with impunity on their part.

“The opening given me in your letter is such, as hath prompted me to express these sentiments with freedom; and

persuading myself, that you will ascribe them to pure motives although they may differ from your own ideas, I have no doubt of their being well received. With the greatest respect and consideration I have the honor to be, dear Sir," &c.,

[G. WASHINGTON.]

Writings of Washington Edited by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D., p. 428.

Preparing for War with France

Early in November (1798) Washington left his retirement and repaired to Philadelphia, at the earnest request of the secretary of war, to meet that public functionary and Major-generals Hamilton and Pinckney, and make arrangements respecting the forces about to be raised. The secretary had prepared a series of questions for their consideration, and others were suggested by Washington, all bearing on the organization of the provisional army. Upon these Washington and the two major-generals were closely engaged for nearly five weeks, at great inconvenience and in a most inclement season. The result of their deliberations was reduced to form, and communicated to the secretary in two letters drafted by Hamilton, and signed by the commander-in-chief. Not the least irksome of Washington's task, in his present position, was to wade through volumes of applications and recommendations for military appointments; a task which he performed with extreme assiduity, anxious to avoid the influence of favor or prejudice, and sensitively alive to the evil of improper selections.

As it was a part of the plan on which he had accepted the command of the army to decline the occupations of the office until circumstances should demand his presence in the field; and as the season and weather rendered him impatient to leave Philadelphia, he gave the secretary of war his views and plans for the charge and direction of military affairs, and then set out once more for Mount Vernon. The cares and concerns of office, however, followed

him to his retreat. "It is not the time nor the attention only," writes he, "which the public duties I am engaged in require, but their bringing me applicants, recommenders of applicants, and seekers of information, none of whom, perhaps, are my acquaintances, with their servants and horses to aid in the consumption of my forage, and what to me is more valuable, my time, that I most regard; for a man in the country, nine miles from any house of entertainment, is differently situated from one in a city, where none of these inconveniences are felt."

Life of George Washington, Washington Irving, Vol. V, p. 282.

"A Very Complete Tumble"

Up to his sixty-eighth year he mounted a horse with surprising agility and rode with ease and grace. Rickets, the celebrated equestrian, used to say, "I delight to see the General ride, and make it a point to fall in with him when I hear he is out on horseback—his seat is so firm, his management so easy and graceful that I who am an instructor in horsemanship would go to him and learn to ride."

In his later days, the General, desirous of riding pleasantly, procured from the North two horses of a breed for bearing the saddle. They were well to look at, and pleasantly gaited under the saddle, but also scary, and therefore unfitted for the service of one who liked to ride quietly on his farm, occasionally dismounting and walking in his fields to inspect improvements. From one of these horses the General sustained a fall—probably the only fall he ever had from a horse in his life. It was upon a November evening, and he was returning from Alexandria to Mount Vernon with three friends and a groom. Having halted a few moments he dismounted, and upon rising in his stirrup again, the horse, alarmed at the glare from a fire near the road-side, sprang from under his rider who came heavily to the ground. His friends rushed to give him assistance, thinking him hurt. But the vigorous old man was upon his feet again, brushing

the dust from his clothes, and after thanking those who came to his aid, said that he had had a very complete tumble and that it was owing to a cause no horseman could well avoid or well control—that he was only poised in his stirrups and had not yet gained his saddle when the scary animal sprang from under him.

Heroes Every Child Should Know, Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie, p. 282.

“ The Recollection of Those Happy Moments ”

But the friend most missed of all was the one who in boyhood had slept under the same blanket side by side with him by light of stars or before wigwam fire in the Shenandoah wilderness—George William Fairfax, whose father had been as a father to him, who had married Sally Cary, the lady of Washington's first love, the true “lowland beauty” of his boyish sighs. Fairfax, a loyalist in sympathy, had gone with his wife, before the actual clash of arms, to England, where, taking possession of an estate in Yorkshire coming to him by inheritance, he had resided until his death, in 1787. Washington's deep regret at the severance of their families tinges many of his letters at the time. Belvoir House—the old mansion, built by the sturdy colonel, who, except his uncle's son, the lord of Greenway Court, was the only Fairfax to settle in America in whose veins ran the blood of the hero of Marston Moor, and at whose lips Washington had learned his first lesson of how a soldier may serve his country—had been destroyed by fire in 1783, after the departure of its owners to live in England. Its melancholy ruin faced the master of Mount Vernon whenever he looked from his river portico southward across Dogue creek, which like a glistening ribbon ran between. In a letter written in the last year of his life to his old love, Sarah Fairfax, then at Bath in England, Washington dwells upon the principal circumstances of the twenty-five years of his career, since their parting, and ends with these words:

"None of these events nor all of them put together, have been able to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, the happiest of my life, which I have enjoyed in your company at Belvoir."

Washington at Mount Vernon, after the Revolution, Constance Cary Harrison, *The Century Magazine*, New Series, Vol. XV, April, 1889, p. 836.

Events of the Last Ten Years of the Eighteenth Century

Establishment of the United States Bank.....	1791
Establishment of the United States Mint.....	1792
First division into political parties	1792
Washington laid the corner-stone of the White House,	
October 13, 1792	
Cotton-gin invented by Eli Whitney	1793
Washington's second inauguration.....	March 4, 1793
The Whiskey Rebellion in Pennsylvania.....	1794
The Jay Treaty with Great Britain	1795
John Adams inaugurated President, Philadelphia..	1797
War with France begun	1798
Peace with France.....	1799
Death of Washington.....	December 14, 1799
City of Washington becomes the national capital..	1800

CHAPTER XXXVI

"FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN"

Washington's Secretary's Account of the General's Last Illness

(A true copy, made at Mrs. Lear's request, from the diary of Col. Lear.)

Saturday, Decr. 14th, 1799.

This day being marked by an event which will be memorable in the History of America, and perhaps of the World, I shall give a particular statement of it, to which I was an eye witness—

The last illness and death of General Washington

On Thursday Decr. 12th. the General rode out to his farms about ten o'clock, and did not return home till past three. Soon after he went out the weather became very bad, rain, hail, and snow falling alternately with a cold wind. When he came in, I carried some letters to him to frank, intending to send them to the Post-Office in the evening. He franked the letters; but said the Weather was too bad to send a servant to the office that evening. I observed to him that I was afraid he had got wet; he said no, his great Coat had kept him dry; but his neck appeared to be wet, and the snow was hanging upon his hair. He came to dinner (which had been Waiting for him) without changing his dress. In the evening he appeared as well as usual.

A heavy fall of snow took place on Friday (which prevented the General from riding out as usual). He had taken cold (undoubtedly from being so much exposed the day before) and complained of a sore throat: he however

went out in the afternoon into the ground between the House and the River to mark some trees which were to be cut down in the improvements of that spot. He had a Hoarseness which increased in the evening; but he made light of it. In the evening the Papers were brought from the Post Office, and he sat in the Parlour, with Mrs. Washington & myself reading them till about nine o'clock —when Mrs. W. went up into Mrs. Lewis's room, who was confined in Child Bed, and left the General & myself reading the papers. He was very cheerful and when he met with anything interesting or entertaining, he wd. read it aloud as well as his hoarseness would permit him. He requested me to read to him the debates of the Virginia Assembly on the election of a Senator and a Governor;—and on hearing Mr. Madison's observations respecting Mr. Monroe, he appeared much affected and spoke with some degree of asperity on the subject, which I endeavoured to moderate, as I always did on such occasions. On his retiring I observed to him that he had better take something to remove his cold. He answered no; "you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came".

Letters and Recollections of George Washington, Tobias Lear, p. 129.

Bled by an Overseer

Between two & three o'clock on Saturday morning, he awoke Mrs. Washington, and told her he was very unwell, and had had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak and breathed with difficulty; and would have got up to call a Servant; but he would not permit her lest she should take cold. As soon as the day appeared, the Woman (Caroline) went into the Room to make a fire, and Mrs. Washington sent her immediately to call me. I got up, put on my clothes as quickly as possible, and went to his Chamber. Mrs. Washington was then up, and related to me his being taken ill as before stated. I found the General breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelli-

gibly. He desired that Mr. Rawlins (one of the overseers) might be sent for to bleed him before the Dr. could arrive. I dispatched a servant instantly for Rawlins, and another for Dr. Craik, and returned again to the General's Chamber, where I found him in the situation as I had left him. A mixture of Molasses, Vinegar & butter was prepared to try its effects in the throat; but he could not swallow a drop. Whenever he attempted it he appeared to be distressed, convulsed and almost suffocated. Rawlins came in soon after sun rise, and prepared to bleed him. When the arm was ready the General observing that Rawlins appeared to be agitated, said, as well as he could speak "*Don't be afraid.*" And after the incision was made, he observed, "*The orifice is not large enough.*" However the blood ran pretty freely. Mrs. Washington not knowing whether bleeding was proper or not in the General's situation, begged that much might not be taken from him, lest it should be injurious, and desired me to stop it; but when I was about to untie the string the General put up his hand to prevent it, and as soon as he could speak, said—"More, more." Mrs. Washington still being very uneasy lest too much blood should be taken, it was stopped after taking about half a pint. Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding, and that nothing would go down the throat, I proposed bathing it externally with salvolatila, which was done; and in the operation, which was with the hand, and in the gentlest manner, he observed "*'tis very sore.*" A piece of flannel dipped in salvolatila was put around his neck, and his feet bathed in warm water; but without affording any relief.

Letters and Recollections of George Washington, Tobias Lear, p. 130.

Bled and Dosed by Three Doctors

In the meantime, before Dr. Craik arrived Mrs. Washington desired me to send for Dr. Brown of Post Tobacco, whom Dr. Craik had recommended to be called, if any case should occur that was seriously alarming. I dispatched a

messenger (Cyrus) immediately for Dr. Brown (between 8 & 9 o'clock). Dr. Craik came in soon after, and upon examining the General, he put a blister of Cantharides on the throat, took some more blood from him, and had a gargle of Vinegar & sage tea, and ordered some Vinegar and hot water for him to inhale the steam which he did;—but in attempting to use the gargle he was almost suffocated. When the gargle came from his throat some phlegm followed it, and he attempted to Cough, which the Doctor encouraged him to do as much as possible; but he could only attempt it. About eleven o'clock Dr. Craik requested that Dr. Dick might be sent for, as he feared Dr. Brown might not come in time. A messenger was accordingly dispatched for him. About this time the General was bled again. No effect however was produced by it, and remained in the same state, unable to swallow anything. A blister was administered about 12 o'clock, which produced an evacuation; but caused no alteration in his complaint.

Dr. Dick came in about 3 o'clock, and Dr. Brown arrived soon after. Upon Dr. Dick's seeing the General and consulting a few minutes with Dr. Craik he was bled again; the blood came very slow, was thick, and did not produce any symptoms of fainting. Dr. Brown came into the chamber soon after; and upon feeling the General's pulse &c. the Physicians went out together. Dr. Craik returned soon after. The General could now swallow a little. Calomel & tarter em. were administered, but without any effect.

Letters and Recollections of George Washington, Tobias Lear, p. 131

His Last Will and Other Papers

About half past 4 o'clock he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bed side, when he requested her to go down into his room, and take from his desk two Wills which she would find there, and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at them he gave her one, which he observed was useless, as being superseded by the other, and

desired her to burn it, which she did, and took the other and put it into her Closet.

After this was done, I returned to his bed side, and took his hand. He said to me, "*I find I am going, my breath can not last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than anyone else, and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters which he has begun*". I told him this should be done. He then asked if I recollected anything which it was essential for him to do, as he had but a very short time to continue among us. I told him I could recollect nothing; but that I hoped he was not so near his end; he observed smiling, that he certainly was, and that as it was the debt that all must pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation.

In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in great pain and distress, from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his position on the bed. On these occasions I lay upon the bed, and endeavoured to raise him, and turn him with as much care as possible. He appeared penetrated with gratitude for my attentions, & often said, "I am afraid I shall fatigue you too much," and upon assuring him that I could feel nothing but a wish to give him ease, he replied, "*Well it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind you will find it.*"

He asked when Mr. Lewis & Washington Custis would return, (they were in New Kent) I told him about the 20th of the month.

About 5 o'clock Dr. Craik came again into the room & upon going to the bed side the Genl. said to him, "*Doctor I die hard; but I am not afraid to go; I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it; my breath can not last long.*"

The Doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word. He retired from the bed side, & sat by the fire absorbed in grief.

Further Details Not in Lear's Diary

The General's servant *Christopher* was in the room through the day; and in the afternoon the General directed him to sit down, as he had been standing almost the whole day; he did so.

About 8 o'clock in the morning he expressed a desire to get up. His clothes were put on and he was led to a chair by the fire. He found no relief from this position, and lay down again about 10 o'clk. About 5 P. M. he was helped up again & after sitting about half an hour desired to be undressed & put in bed; which was done.

During his whole illness he spoke but seldom, and with great difficulty; and in so low & broken a voice as at times hardly to be understood. His patience, fortitude, & resignation never forsook him for a moment. In all his distress he uttered not a sigh, nor a complaint; always endeavouring (from a sense of duty as it appeared) to take what was offered him, and to do as he was desired by the Physicians.

Letters and Recollections of George Washington Tobias Lear, p. 135.

His Last Words

Between 5 & 6 o'clock Dr. Dick & Dr. Brown came into the room, and with Dr. Craik went to the bed; when Dr. Craik asked him if he could sit up in the bed? He held out his hand & I raised him up. He then said to the Physicians,

"I feel myself going, I thank your for your attentions; but I pray you to take no more trouble about me, let me go off quietly, I cannot last long."

They found that all which had been done was without effect; he laid down again and all retired except Dr. Craik. He continued in the same situation, uneasy & restless, but without complaining; frequently asking what hour it was. When I helped him to move at this time he did not speak, but looked at me with strong expressions of gratitude.

About 8 o'clock the Physicians came again into the room

and applied blisters and cataplasms of wheat and bran to his legs and feet; after which they went out (except Dr. Craik) without a ray of hope. I went out about this time and wrote a line to Mr. Law & Mr. Peter, requesting them to come with their wives (Mrs. Washington's Granddaughters) as soon as possible to Mount Vernon.

About ten o'clk he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it, at length he said—

"I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the Vault in less than three days after I am dead."

I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me again and said,

"Do you understand me?"

I replied "Yes."

"'Tis well," said he.

About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten & eleven o'clk.) his breathing became easier; he lay quietly;—he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik who sat by the fire; he came to the bed side. The General's hand fell from his wrist—I took it in mine and put it into my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington (who was sitting at the foot of the bed) asked with a firm & collected voice,

"Is he gone?"

I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more.

"'Tis well," said she in the same voice, *"All is now over. I shall soon follow him! I have no more trials to pass through!"*

Letters and Recollections of George Washington, Tobias Lear, p. 133.

The Last Sad Arrangements

At the time of his decease Dr. Craik and myself were in the situation before mentioned Mrs. Washington was



DEATH OF WASHINGTON

sitting near the foot of the bed. Christopher was standing by the bedside, Caroline, Molly & Charlotte were in the room standing near the door. Mrs. Forbes the House keeper, was frequently in the room during the day and evening.

As soon as Dr. Craik could speak after the distressing scene was closed, he desired one of the servants to ask the Gentln. below to come upstairs. When they came to the bedside; I kissed the cold hand which I had held to my bosom; laid it down, & went to the other end of the room; where I was for some time lost in profound grief; until aroused by Christopher desiring me to take care of the General's keys and other things which were taken out of his pockets; and which Mrs. Washington directed him to give to me; I wrapped them in the General's handkerchief, & took them with me to my room.

About 12 o'clk the Corpse was brought down stairs, and laid out in the large room.

Sunday Decr. 15th.

"The above statement so far as I can recollect is correct.

"JAS. CRAIK."

Sunday Decr. 15th. 1799.

Fair Weather.

Mrs. Washington sent for me in the Morning and desired I would send up to Alxa. and have a Coffin made: which I did. Doctor Dick measured the body, After breakfast I gave Dr. Dick & Dr. Brown forty dollars each, which sum Dr. Craik advised as very proper; and they left us after breakfast.

I wrote letters to the following persons informing them of the late melancholy event:

The President of the United States

General Hamilton

Genl. Pinckney

Bushrod Washington

Col. W. A. Washington

Lawrence Lewis

G. W. P. Custis

Geo. S. Washington

Saml. Washington

Colo. Ball

Capt. Hammond—also to

John Lewis, desiring him to inform his Brothers, George, Robert & Howells.

Mrs. Stuart was sent for in the Morning. About 10 o'clk. Mr. Thos. Peter came down; and about two, Mr. and Mrs. Law to whom I had written on Saturday Eveng. Dr. Thornton came down with Mr. Law. Dr. Craik tarried all day & all night.

In the evening I consulted with Mr. Law, Mr. Peter & Dr. Craik on fixing a day for depositing the Body in the Vault. I wished the ceremony to be postponed until the last of the week, to give time to some of the General's relatives to be here: But Dr. Craik & Dr. Thornton gave it decidedly as their opinion that considering the disorder of which the General died, being of an inflammatory nature, it would not be proper nor perhaps safe, to keep the body so long; and therefore Wednesday was fixed upon for the funeral, to allow a day (Thursday) in case the weather should be unfavorable on Wednesday.

Letters and Recollections of George Washington, Tobias Lear, p. 136.

Preparations for the Funeral

Monday, Decr. 16th. 1799.

I, directed the people to open the family Vault, clean away the rubbish from about it, and make everything decent. Ordered a door to be made to the Vault, instead of closing it again with brick, as had been the custom. Engaged Mr. Inglis and Mr. McMunn to have a Mahogany Coffin made, lined with lead, in which the body was to be deposited.

Dr. Craik, Mr. Peter, & Dr. Thornton left us after

breakfast. Mrs. Stuart & her daughters came in the afternoon. Mr. Anderson went to Alexa. to get a number of things preparatory for the funeral. Mourng. was ordered for the Family Domestics and Overseers.

Having received information from Alexa. that the Militia, Freemasons &c. were determined to show their respect to the General's Memory by attending his body to the Grave, I directed provision to be prepared for a large number of people, as some refreshment would be expected by them. Mr. Robert Hamilton wrote me a letter informing that a Schooner of his wd. be off Mount Vernon to fire Minute guns when the body was carrying to the grave.

Tuesday—Decr. 17th. 1799.

Every preparation for the mournful ceremony was making. Mr. Diggs came here in the forenoon. Also Mr. Stewart, Adjutant to the Alexa. Regimt. to view the ground for the procession.

About one o'clock the Coffin was brought from Alexa. in a stage. Mr. Inglis & Mr. McMunn accompanied it. Also Mr. Grater with a shroud. The Body was laid in the Coffin—at which time I cut off some of the hair.

The Mahogany Coffin was lined with lead, soddered at the joints—and a cover of lead to be soddered on after the body should be in the Vault. The whole was put into a case lined & covered with black Cloth.

Wednesday—Decr. 18th. 1799.

About eleven o'clk numbers of people began to assemble to attend the funeral, which was intended to have been at twelve, but as a great part of the Troop expected did not get down in time, it did not take place till three.

Eleven pieces of Artillery were brot. from Alexa. and a Schooner belonging to Mr. R. Hamilton came down & lay off Mt. Vernon to fire Minute guns.

About 3 o'clock the procession began to move. The

arrangements of the procession were made by Colonels Little, Simms & Deneale, and Dr. Dick.

When the Body arrived at the Vault the Revd. Mr. Davis read the service & pronounced a short extempore speech.

The Masons performed their ceremonies, & the Body was deposited in the Vault.

Letters and Recollections of George Washington, Tobias Lear, p. 138.

The Faithful Secretary after the Funeral

After the Ceremony the Company returned to the house where they took some refreshment, & retired in good order. The remains of the provisions were distributed among the blacks.

Mr. Peter, Dr. Craik & Dr. Thornton tarried here all night.

When the Ceremony was over I retired to my room (leaving to Mr. Law & Mr. Diggs the care of the Company) to give a loose to those feelings which I had been able to keep under control, while I found it necessary for me to give personal attention to the preparations for interring the body of my deceased friend.

What those feelings were is not to be told, if it were even possible to describe!

Monday Decr. 23d. 1799.

Employed as yesterday.

Tuesday Decr. 24th. 1799.

Spent the day in looking over & arranging papers in the General's Study.

Wednesday Decr. 25th. 1799.

I this day sent to Alexa. for the Plumber to come down & close the leaden Coffin containing the General's Body, as Judge Washington had arrived, and did not incline to see the remains. The Plumbers came. I went with them to the Tomb—I took a last look—a last farewell of that face,

which still appeared unaltered. I attended the Closing of the Coffin—and beheld for the last time that face wh. shall be seen no more here; but *wh. I hope to meet in Heaven.*

Letters and Recollections of George Washington, Tobias Lear, p. 141.

Washington's Most Vicious Enemy

The most vicious of Washington's enemies, however, was Thomas Paine, a man of noblest possible sentiments, but whose practices were so unlike his theories that had he been a church member he would have come down to posterity branded as the most villainous hypocrite that ever breathed. In his later days, which should have been his nobler ones, Paine delighted to gather his neighbors in a grove and preach to them the purest, sweetest religion of humanity, his manner and matter suggesting that of the preacher of the Sermon on the Mount; on Monday he would borrow money on which to get drunk. That he was as much in earnest in his virtues as in his vices can never be doubted; but, unfortunately, he never neglected a chance to give his vices exercise. He did so much for his country in her early hours of need, and he told so many noble truths, that it is not strange that the man who now keeps his monument in order (and without charge) is a staunch Presbyterian four score years of age; on the other hand, the results of his improvidence, dissipation, and uncurbed temper have compelled his fellow-countrymen to believe him the worst of the vilifiers of the first President.

"A man is known by the company he keeps." If men will judge Washington by his friends and admirers, they will believe better of him than any human pen can ask them to. No man has written higher praise of him than Jefferson, the nominal leader of his political enemies. All the other honored names of the revolutionary and formative period—the Adamses, the Trumbulls, the Clintons, the Lees, the Pinckneys; Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, Alexander Hamilton; the better of his generals, with noble

Greene and Schuyler at their head—all these are to be found prominent in the list of Washington's friends, and among his foreign contemporary admirers even such unlike and unsympathetic characters as Talleyrand and Napoleon were obliged to appear, while at the court of the nation from which he has wrested the best part of a continent, his personal character was of more service to his country than were the assurances of his country's envoys. Is this the sort of man to be hidden away in Fourth-of-July smoke and the mists of tradition?

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 330.

Some of His Worst Admirers

Of Washington's admirers who were also enemies, the worst, after Jefferson, was Jared Sparks, D.D., LL.D., once president of Harvard College. To this gentleman was intrusted the duty of editing Washington's writings; his method was to correct the grammar and spelling—the dear, old, delightfully inaccurate spelling—to expunge the alleged profanity (which never was profane)—to reduce the thousands of vigorous idioms to the linguistic level of a bacca-laureate sermon, and then—oh, stupid, inexcusable Sparks!—to burn the originals! Were it not for the occasional discovery, since the death of Mr. Sparks, of letters that had escaped the envious tooth of time and the remorseless pen of the reviser, the entire world might still believe that Washington never wrote without a Latin dictionary and a “gentleman's complete letter-writer” at his elbow. If old scores can be settled by personal combat in the next world, Jared Sparks must have been a pitiable object to look at within five minutes after he entered the pearly gates, for Washington's detestation of “fine writing” was a prominent trait in his character.

Portrait painters did almost as much as Sparks to remove the real Washington from the knowledge of later generations. It is said that they were assisted by a dentist,

who made Washington a set of teeth that changed the shape of his face for the worse. This may be true, but the said teeth do not seem to have greatly troubled Gilbert Stuart, whose painting—not the countless engravings and chromos that have caricatured it—discloses fine features, a magnificent complexion, an expression of alertness yet one of composure, from all of which it is hard for a beholder to tear himself away. An inveterate "ladies' man" once said to the writer of these pages that he would travel further to look at Stuart's Washington than to see the handsomest woman in America. The best proofs of the accuracy of Stuart's picture are, that the artist himself said he wasted much time in waiting at formal sittings for Washington to look like himself, and that Stuart was obliged to make no less than twenty-six copies of it. Other portraits were painted from life, some very bad and others, notably Peale's, not so bad; the latter are not to be despised, for they catch expressions peculiar to certain strains of thought and experience. Most of those painted after the Revolutionary period, however, were taken in such quick succession—when painters were so numerous at Mount Vernon that they awaited their "turn" like so many unshaven men at a barber's shop—that the pictures have a weary, resigned, lamb-led-to-the-slaughter look which is entirely unfair to the subject.

If sculptors were not unfair to Washington as were the painters, it was only because there were fewer of them to spoil raw material. As it is still the fashion to transpose a man's face into marble or metal, it may be conceded that the sculptors of a century ago knew no better, but the best head of Washington extant looks as if its subject had been operated upon, in early youth, by some expert from the Flathead Indian tribe. Fortunately, however, most of the statues stand so high above the beholder, and have gathered so much dust, that it is difficult to realize how bad they are.

Washington's Nurses

A proper regard for the shapeliness of a book would suggest that comments upon the persons who nursed a man in his infancy should appear in the earlier chapters, instead of the later ones, and that the headquarters of a soldier should receive due mention at such times as campaigns are the subjects of narratives. There is reason in such a suggestion, as a rule, but not in the case of Washington; for neither his nurses nor his headquarters were ever heard of until long after his death.

Still, "better late than never." It is now known, on the authority of a great many persons whose stories were implicitly believed by those to whom they were first told, that in childhood's happy hour the Father of his Country was cared for by at least two thousand nurses, all colored. For how many years he enjoyed the ministrations of these faithful persons is not known, but as the cherry-tree incident occurred in his sixth year, it is unreasonable to imagine him cared for by nurses after that date. Two thousand nurses in six years gives an average of about one a day, so the amount of information and reminiscence that each dusky "mammy" brought from the Washington mansion is a lasting rebuke to those obstinate persons who persist that the colored race is deficient in power and memory. The apparent plethora of nurses in the Washington family has been accounted for, by some thinkers, on the theory that Washington's mother, being very particular, took each nurse on trial for a few hours, and had to discharge most of them as unsatisfactory; but this train of reasoning will not do, for in Virginia, a century and a half ago, nurses were bought, not hired. How it was that although Washington, nor his father, nor his mother, ever sold slaves, and although all the two thousand or more nurses survived their distinguished charge, there never were half that many persons on the combined estates of the family has not yet been

explained. It is to be hoped that mathematical science will some day reconcile the seeming discrepancy; if it does not, then so much the worse for the reputation of mathematics, for of course the statements of the nurses were entirely accurate*—the nurses themselves said so.

*In estimating the number of Washington's nurses at two thousand, the author of this volume reserves the right to modify the figures in coming editions; for although the lists seem to have been completed some years ago, influences now at work may suddenly enlarge it. The Southern negro now enjoys all the advantages of free schools and free Bibles; when the former have enabled him to read the latter and learn that some persons have lived to be a thousand years old, he may be expected to resuscitate some of Washington's nurses—now supposed to be dead—and materially extend their years.

George Washington, John Habberton, p. 324.

The Greatest Man Had There Been No Revolution

If, as Professor McMaster has said, "George Washington is an unknown man," it is because we know the heroic figure and have forgotten the sane, busy, clear-headed man portrayed in his diary. Washington, in the abstract, as taking command of the Continental army under the Cambridge elm, is an unknown man; not so the Washington viewing his white oak land on the upper Potomac, or fighting an honest land claim in the courts, or sleeping a night in his military cloak amid the great glades of the Youghiogheny. "It does not detract from Washington's true greatness," wrote Professor Adams, "for the world to know this material side of his character. On the contrary, it only exalts that heroic spirit which, in disaster, never faltered, and which, in success, would have no reward. To be sure, it brings Washington nearer the level of humanity to know that he was endowed with the passions common to men, and that he was as diligent in business as he was fervent in his devotion to country. It may seem less ideal to view Washington as a man than as a hero or statesman, but it is the duty of history to deal with great men as they actually are. Man lives for himself, as well as in and for

the State, and the distinction of individual from patriotic motives is one of the necessary tasks of historical investigation." In passing it should be noted that in all his endeavors to "open the door to the West", Washington was ever subject to the accusation of self-interest; he virtually acknowledges in a letter to Jefferson that he is looked upon as a prejudiced prophet when he affirmed that he (Washington) was glad to know that Jefferson coincided with him in the importance of the intercommunication scheme although he had no property in the West. So far as self-interest goes Washington was insistent for Potomac improvement, whereas the vast bulk of his Western property lay on the lower fifty miles of the Great Kanawha River; had he been influenced by personal motives he would have given his whole attention to the James River improvement and not the Potomac; it would have meant far more to him financially. And when both (Potomac and James) companies were established, the State of Virginia subscribed to fifty shares in both and voted them to George Washington in token of public esteem for services rendered; yet Washington refused the gift until he had found a method of acceptance that left him not one penny the richer for it.

But return to the proposition made by Professor Adams, that it not only does not lessen our esteem of Washington to know the details of his business enterprises, but indeed increases it. I submit that it has been *because* of the lack of knowledge of Washington's private ambitions and interests that Professor McMaster can say that the General and President are known to us, but "George Washington is an unknown man." What is needed to keep the personality of that truly great man distinct and vivid is a properly adjusted estimate of the "material" as well as the "heroic" elements of his character; in no case is there more urgent need of a "distinction of individual from patriotic motives" than in that of Washington; else we shall keep the "General" and "President" and lose this man most

perfectly represented in the diary of 1784 and its affiliated correspondence—the greatest man in America had there been no Revolutionary War.

Washington and the West, Archer Butler Hulbert, p. 198.

The Sublimest Figure in American History

The sublimest figure in American history is Washington on his knees at Valley Forge. He was in that hour and place the American people personified, not depending on their own courage or goodness, but asking aid from God, their Father and Preserver. Washington knew that morals are priceless, but he knew that morals are from within. And he knew that in that dread day when all, save courage, had forsaken the American arms, appeal must be to that Power beyond ourselves, eternal in the heavens, which after all, in every crisis of the lives of men and nations, has been their surest source of strength.

Men and nations go forward in their prosperous days boastfully content with their well-fed and often narrowly righteous lives. Men and nations in these fruitful periods of their existence glory in their strength and even in their goodness. But the strength is intoxication; the righteousness is conventionality. Fate, that schoolmaster of the universe, brings to such men and nations her catastrophes. And in an instant their proud tongues are still, their arrogant hearts humbled, and they learn the great truth that enduring power and peace come not from within, but from the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

George Washington knew that. That is why he made the snows of Valley Forge his altar, and on his knees asked aid from Him whom the enemy had forgotten. The enemy trusted in numbers and munitions—in infantry, cavalry, artillery. Washington trusted in these things, too; but he also trusted in the God of men and nations. And Washington won.

American Character Illustrated by Washington, in Work and Habits, Albert J. Beveridge, p. 77.

Washington the Property of All Mankind

Such was the government whose policy and whose aims were directed against our rights and liberties during the Revolutionary War. As soon as the struggle began, it was obvious that England could hold dominion over no part of the country, except what her armies occupied or wasted for the time; and that the issue of the contest turned on the question as to which would first yield,—the obstinacy of the king or the fortitude of the Americans. It was plain that George the Third would never yield except under compulsion from the other forces of the English constitution; that, as long as a corrupt House of Commons would vote supplies, he would prosecute the war, no matter what might be the expense of blood and treasure to England, no matter what might be the infliction of misery upon America. Conquest was hopeless; and Lord North, before the war was half concluded, was in favor of abandoning it. But all considerations of policy and humanity were lost upon the small mind and conscientiously malignant temper of the king. Indeed, the peculiarity of our struggle consisted in its being with an unwise ruler, who could not understand that war waged after the objects for which it was declared have utterly failed becomes mere rapine and murder; and our energy and endurance were put to the terrible test of bearing up against the king's armies, until the English nation, humbling its irritated pride, should be roused in our behalf, and break down the king's stubborn purpose. We all know, and may we never forget, that this resistance to tyrannical innovation was no fiery outbreak of popular passion, spending itself in two or three battles, and then subsiding into gloomy apathy; but a fixed and reasonable resolve, proof against corrupt and sophistical plans of reconciliation, against defeats and massacres, against universal bankruptcy and commercial ruin,—a resolve, which the sight of burning villages, and cities turned into British camps, only mad-



H. K. Brown, Sculptor.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON
Union Square, New York.



dened into fiercer persistence, and which the slow consuming fever of eight years' war, with its soul-sickening calamities and vicissitudes, could not weaken into submission. The history, so sad and so glorious, which chronicles the stern struggle in which our rights and liberties passed through the awful baptism of fire and blood, is eloquent with the deeds of many patriots, warriors, and statesmen; but these all fall into relations to one prominent and commanding figure, towering up above the whole group in unapproachable majesty, whose exalted character, warm and bright with every public and private virtue, and vital with the essential spirit of wisdom, has burst all sectional and national bounds, and made the name of Washington the property of all mankind.

Character and Characteristic Men, Edwin P. Whipple, p. 303.

Man, Soldier, Hero, Statesman

There dwelt a Man, the flower of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his nobler mind.
There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword ne'er drew
But in a righteous cause, to Freedom true.
There dwelt the Hero, who ne'er killed for fame,
Yet gained more glory than a Cæsar's name.
There dwelt the Statesman, who, devoid of art,
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart;
And, O Columbia, by thy sons caressed,
There dwelt the Father of the realms he blessed;
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise;
But there retiring, breathed in pure renown,
And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown.

The Home of Washington, Written by William Day on the back of a picture of Mount Vernon.

"To the memory of the Man, *first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.*"

(Resolutions drafted by Colonel Henry [Light-horse Harry] Lee and presented to the House of Representatives, December 26, 1799.)

WORDS OF WASHINGTON

- "We should never despair."
- "Influence is not government."
- "The voice of mankind is with me."
- "The work is done, and well done."
- "Discourage vice in every shape."
- "For Heaven's sake, who are Congress?"
- "Men are very apt to run into extremes."
- "Letters of friendship require no study."
- "Speak not evil of the absent, it is unjust."
- "True friendship is a plant of slow growth."
- "Men's minds are as variant as their faces."
- "Be courteous to all, but intimate with few."
- "Peace with all the world is my sincere wish."
- "It is better to be alone than in bad company."
- "Let your hand give in proportion to your purse."
- "Those murderers of our cause—the monopolizers!"
- "I require no guard but the affections of the people."
- "True religion affords government its surest support."
- "It is our duty to make the best of our misfortunes."
- "Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bidder."
- "Commerce and industry are the best mines of a nation."
- "It is not for man to scan the wisdom of Providence."
- "Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all."

"A good moral character is the first essential in a man."

"I feel everything that hurts the sensibility of a gentleman."

"Time may unfold more than prudence ought to disclose."

"My policy has been to cultivate peace with all the world."

"A brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast."

"I shall ever be happy to relieve the anxiety of parted friends."

"When we assumed the Soldier, we did not lay aside the Citizen."

"Unnecessary severity, and every species of insult I despise."

"Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid growth."

"Let us, as a nation be just; let us fulfil the public contracts."

"The Constitution is the guide which I never can abandon."

"Faithful to ourselves, we have violated no obligations to others."

"I hate deception even where the imagination only is concerned."

"The power, under the Constitution, will always be in the people."

"I do not like to add to the number of our national obligations."

"The friendship I have conceived will not be impaired by absence."

"The tumultuous populace of large cities are ever to be dreaded."

"The love of my country will be the ruling influence of my conduct."

"It is impossible to reason without arriving at a Supreme Being."

"Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one."

"To correspond with those I love is one of my highest gratifications."

"We are now an independent people and have yet to learn political tactics."

"A wagon-load of money will scarcely purchase a wagon-load of provisions!"

"To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny."

"The scene is at last closed. I feel myself eased of a load of public care."

"I hope, some day, we shall become a store-house and granary for the world."

"The company in which you will improve most will be least expensive to you."

"Resentment, reproaches and submission seem to be all that would be left to us."

"To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace."

"To an active external commerce the protection of a naval force is indispensable."

"Bankruptcy will probably be made their ladder to climb to absolute authority."

"Could the poor horses tell their tale, it would be a strain still more lamentable."

"I pray devoutly that we may both witness, and that shortly, the return of peace."

"There is no restraining men's tongues or pens, when charged with a little vanity."

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience."

"Let us have a government by which our lives, liberties and properties shall be secured."

"I believe that man was not designed by the all-wise Creator to live for himself alone."

"I shall always strive to prove a faithful and impartial patron of genuine, vital religion."

"The man who wishes to steer clear of shelves and rocks must know where they lie."

"It is a maxim with me not to ask what, under similar circumstances, I would not grant."

"To patch up an inglorious peace, after all the toil, blood and treasure we have spent."

"Why should I expect to be exempt from censure, the unfailing lot of an elevated station."

"It is my full intention to devote my life and fortune to the cause we are engaged in, if needful."

"The welfare of the country is the great object to which our cares and efforts ought to be directed."

"Remember, officers and soldiers, that you are free-men fighting for the blessings of liberty."

"Slavery will be your portion and that of your posterity, if you do not acquit yourselves like men."

"We do not wish to be the only people to taste the sweets of an equal and good government."

"We must not despair; the game is yet in our own hands; to play it well is all we have to do."

"To the efficacy and permanency of our Union a government for the whole is indispensable."

"I can never think of promoting my convenience at the expense of a friend's interest and inclination."

"The great Ruler of events will not permit the happiness of so many millions to be destroyed."

"I shall rely confidently on that Providence which has hitherto preserved and been bountiful to me."

"Would to God the harmony of nations were an object that lay nearest to the hearts of sovereigns!"

"Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion."

"Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections."

"I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that 'honesty is the best policy.' "

"That the [U. S.] Government, though not actually perfect, is one of the best in the world, I have little doubt."

"Our cause is noble. It is the cause of mankind; and the danger to it is to be apprehended from ourselves."

"No punishment, in my opinion, is too great for the man who can build his greatness upon his country's ruin."

"The once happy and peaceful plains of America are either to be drenched with blood, or inhabited by slaves."

"Nothing short of independence, it appears to me, can possibly do. A peace on other terms would be a peace of war!"

"The history of the war is a history of false hopes and temporary expedients. Would to God they were to end here!"

"Speculation, peculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration."

"As you were pleased to leave it to my discretion to punish or pardon the criminals, I have resolved on the latter."

"Nothing is more a stranger to my breast, or a sin that my soul abhors, than that black and detestable one of *ingratitude*."

"I cannot conceive one [rank] more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people."

"It appears to me that little more than common sense and common honesty would be necessary to make us a great and happy nation."

"The foundation of a great empire is laid; and I please myself with the persuasion that Providence will not leave its work imperfect."

"Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the Union of the whole."

"With joy I once beheld my country feeling the liveliest sense of her rights and maintaining them with a spirit apportioned to their worth."

"I am resolved that no misrepresentations, falsehoods, or calumny shall make me swerve from what I conceive to be the strict line of duty."

"I believe there is public virtue enough left among us to deny ourselves everything but the bare necessities of life to accomplish our ends."

"It does not accord with the policy of this government to bestow offices, civil or military, upon foreigners to the exclusion of our own citizens."

"The consciousness of having attempted faithfully to discharge my duty, and the approbation of my country, will be sufficient recompense for my services."

"The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government."

"It is only in our united character, as an empire, that our independence is acknowledged, that our power can be regarded, or our credit supported among foreign nations."

"The great Searcher of human hearts is my witness that I have no wish which aspires beyond the humble and happy lot of living and dying a private citizen on my own farm."

"I need not mention to you that every possible tenderness that is consistent with the security of him should be shown to the person whose unfortunate lot it may be to suffer."

"Though I prize, as I ought, the good opinion of my fellow-citizens, yet, if I know myself, I would not seek or retain popularity at the expense of one social duty or moral virtue."

"The affairs of this country cannot go amiss. There are so many watchful guardians of them (!)—and such infallible guides (!) that no one is at a loss for a director at every turn."

"Happy, thrice happy, shall they be pronounced, who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions."

"It appears as clear to me as ever the sun did in its meridian brightness, that America never stood in more eminent need of the wise, patriotic, and spirited exertions of her sons than at this period."

"There is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it [slavery]. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself into the minds of the people of this country!"

“Avoid gaming. This is a vice which is productive of every possible evil. It has been the ruin of many a worthy family, the loss of many a man’s honor, and the cause of suicide. Few gain by this abominable practice, while thousands are injured.”

“The supplicating tears of the women, and moving petitions of the men, melt me into such deadly sorrow that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, providing that would contribute to the people’s ease.” [From a letter written when he was 24.]

“’Tis well.” [His last words.]

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